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**SHAKESPEARE'S**  
**COMEDIES,**  
**HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES, AND**  
**POEMS.**

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**EDITED BY**  
**J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.**

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**THE SECOND EDITION.**

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**IN SIX VOLUMES.**

**VOL. IV.**

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**SECOND PART**  
**OF**  
**KING HENRY VI.**

**VOL. IV.**

**B**



**"The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Hvmfrey,"** was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-seven pages; viz. from p. 120 to p. 146 inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It fills the same place in the subsequent folio impressions.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

THIS "history" is an alteration of a play printed in 1594, 4to, under the following title: "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime unto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under St. Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594." By whom it was written we have no information; but it was entered on the Stationers' Registers on the 12th March, 1593-4. Millington published a second edition of it in 1600, some copies purporting to have been printed by W. W., and others by Valentine Simmes: on the 19th April, 1602, it was assigned by Millington to Tho. Pavier, and we hear of it again, in the Stationers' Registers, merely as "Yorke and Lancaster," on the 8th November, 1630. A reprint of this play, from the unique copy in the Bodleian Library, 4to, 1594, was made by the Shakespeare Society in 1843.

The name of Shakespeare was not connected with "the first part of the Contention" until about the year 1619, when T. P. (Thomas Pavier) printed a new edition of the first, and what he called "the second, part" of the same play, with "Written by William Shakespeare, Gent." upon the general title-page. The object of Pavier was no doubt fraudulent: he wished to have it believed, that the old play was the production of our great dramatist.

Shakespeare's property, according to our present notions, was only in the additions and improvements he introduced, which are included in the folio of 1623. In Act iv. sc. 1, is a line necessarily taken from "the first part of the Contention," as the sense, without it, is incomplete; but the old play has many passages which Shakespeare rejected, and the murder of Duke Humphrey is somewhat differently managed. In general, however, Shakespeare adopted the whole conduct of the story, and did not think it necessary to correct the obvious historical errors of the original.

It is impossible to assign a date to this play excepting by conjecture. Its success, perhaps, led to the entry at Stationers' Hall of the older play in March, 1593-4, and to its appearance from the press in 1594.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>.

---

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, his Uncle.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.

DUKE OF SOMERSET, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF  
BUCKINGHAM, LORD CLIFFORD, and his Son,—of the  
King's Party.

EARL OF SALISBURY, EARL OF WARWICK,—of the  
York Faction.

LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower. LORD SAY. SIR  
HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother. SIR JOHN  
STANLEY.

WALTER WHITMORE, and a Sea-captain, Master, and Master's  
Mate.

Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with SUFFOLK. VAUX.

HUME and SOUTHWELL, Priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.

THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer. PETER, his Man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Alban's.

SIMPCOX, an Impostor. Two Murderers.

JACK CADE, and GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH the  
Weaver, MICHAEL, &c., his Followers.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

MARGERIE JOURDAIN, a Witch. Wife to SIMPCOX.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a  
Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers,  
Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, in various Parts of England.

<sup>1</sup> First made and prefixed by Rowe.

## SECOND PART

OF

## KING HENRY VI.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

London. A Room of State in the Palace.

*Flourish of Trumpets : then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT ; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK ; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others, following.*

*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As procurator to your excellence,  
To marry princess Margaret for your grace ;  
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,  
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,  
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops<sup>1</sup>,  
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :  
And humbly now, upon my bended knee,  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
Deliver up my title in the queen  
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent ;

<sup>1</sup> — TWENTY reverend bishops,] So Holinshed, and Hall whom he copied. The 4to, 1594, of "The first Part of the Contention," reads erroneously, probably from mishearing, "and then the reverend bishops;" but the edition 1619 of the same play corrects it to "twenty," as in the chronicles and folios.

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd<sup>1</sup>.

*K. Hen.* Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:  
I can express no kinder sign of love,  
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;  
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gracious lord,  
The mutual conference that my mind hath had  
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,  
In courtly company, or at my beads,  
With you mine alderlievest sovereign<sup>2</sup>,  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,  
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;  
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—  
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

*All.* Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

*Q. Mar.* We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

*Suf.* My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the articles of contracted peace,  
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,  
For eighteen months, concluded by consent.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] "Imprimis: it is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry

<sup>1</sup> The fairest queen that ever king RECEIV'D.] "That ever king *possess'd*" is the word in the old "Contention," 1594. The reason for the change was, of course, that "receiv'd" is a better antithesis to "gave," than the older word *possess'd*.

<sup>2</sup> With you mine ALDERLIEVEST sovereign.] "Alderlievest" is a compound word, which does not occur in "The First Part of the Contention," where the whole speech is different. It is derived from *alder* or *aller*, as Tyrwhitt states, the genitive case plural, and the superlative of *lieve*: it means *dearest of all*, or *all-dearest*. In the German translation of Professor Mommsen it is *allerliebster Herr*. In English, "alderlievest" is met with in Chaucer, Gascoigne, and in Marston; but the latter gives it to his Dutch Courtesan. It is not of frequent occurrence; but we find it, in the comparative degree, in "The Cobbler of Canterbury," 4to, 1590:—

"An *alder liefer* swaine, I weene,  
In the barge there was not scene."

shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father “”—

[*He lets the treaty fall.*]

*K. Hen.* Uncle, how now?

*Glo.* Pardon me, gracious lord;  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

*K. Hen.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Win.* Item,—“It is farther agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England’s own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.”

*K. Hen.* They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down<sup>4</sup>:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your grace from being regent  
I’ the parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expir’d.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;  
We thank you all for this great favour done  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform’d.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*]

<sup>4</sup> — and delivered to the king her father”] In the 4to. “Contention,” 1594, Gloster breaks off at the first syllable of the word “father,” and a stage-direction is added, “Duke Humphrey lets it fall.” No such intimation is given in the folio, 1623, and we are to suppose that Winchester picks up the treaty, and that the King, in consequence, requires him to continue the perusal of it. The corr. fo. 1632 adds *Pausing* as a stage-direction after the word “father.” There is a verbal variation between what Gloster has read, as part of the document, and the words Winchester reads: possibly it was not meant that Gloster should give the exact words, on account of the state of his mind; but still he is more particular on some points than Winchester.

<sup>5</sup> They please us well.—Lord MARQUESS, kneel down:] Unless we read “marquess” as three syllables the line is incomplete, and the corr. fo. 1632 inserts *thee* after “kneel,” in order to make out the measure; but nothing of the sort is found in the old “Contention” where the passage is exactly as in the folio, 1623, and we make no change.

*Glo.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
 To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
 Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
 What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
 His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?  
 Did he so often lodge in open field,  
 In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,  
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
 To keep by policy what Henry got?  
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
 Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
 Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?  
 Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,  
 With all the learned council of the realm,  
 Studied so long, sat in the council-house  
 Early and late, debating to and fro  
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?  
 And hath his highness in his infancy  
 Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?  
 And shall these labours, and these honours, die?  
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?  
 O peers of England! shameful is this league:  
 Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,  
 Blotting your names from books of memory,  
 Razing the characters of your renown,  
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
 Undoing all, as all had never been<sup>1</sup>.

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

<sup>6</sup> And HATH his highness in his infancy

BEEN crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?] The folio, 1623, reads,

"And hath his highness, in his infancy  
 Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?"

which accords with the form of expression used above, "Or *hath* mine uncle," &c. The fact, according to the corr. fo. 1632, and probability, seems to be that "Been" was accidentally omitted at the beginning of the second line: Steevens was therefore right in supplying "Been" instead of altering "hath" to *was* in the preceding line, as recommended by some other commentators.

<sup>7</sup> Undoing all, as all had never been.] This speech consists of only fifteen lines in the old "Contention," 1594, and it ends as follows:—

"Reversing monuments of conquer'd France,  
 Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done."

The whole is an irregular and confused jumble, and at least two out of the fifteen lines are borrowed from Gloster's next speech.

This peroration with such circumstance?  
For France, 'tis our's; and we will keep it still.

*Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;  
But now it is impossible we should.  
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,  
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal.* Now, by the death of him that died for all,  
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

*War.* For grief, that they are past recovery;  
For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears,  
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?<sup>\*</sup>  
Mort Dieu!

*York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;  
And our king Henry gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,  
Before—

*Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot,  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

*Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:  
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.

<sup>\*</sup> And are the cities that I got with WOUNDS,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words? It seems possible that for  
"wounds" we ought to read *swords*, and that the speech ended with a rhyming  
couplet: it is prose in the copies of the old "Contention," but there Warwick asks,  
"must that, then, which we won with our *swords*, be given away with words."  
Of course, our text is from the folio, 1623.



Rancour will out : proud prelate, in thy face  
 I see thy fury. If I longer stay,  
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—  
 Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,  
 I prophesied, France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*]

*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
 'Tis known to you he is mine enemy ;  
 Nay more, an enemy unto you all,  
 And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
 Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,  
 And heir apparent to the English crown :  
 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
 Look to it, lords : let not his smoothing words  
 Bewitch your hearts ; be wise, and circumspect.  
 What though the common people favour him,  
 Calling him, "Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster ;"  
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,  
 "Jesu maintain your royal excellence !" —  
 With—"God preserve the good duke Humphrey !" —  
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
 He will be found a dangerous protector.

*Buck.* Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,  
 He being of age to govern of himself?—  
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
 And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,  
 We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

*Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay ;  
 I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.]

*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,  
 And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
 Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal :  
 His insolence is more intolerable  
 Than all the princes in the land beside.  
 If Gloster be plac'd, he'll be protector.

*Buck.* Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
 Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows him.  
 While these do labour for their own preferment,  
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
 I never saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster,

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.  
 Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,  
 More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,  
 As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,  
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself  
 Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—  
 Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,  
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,  
 Have won the greatest favour of the commons,  
 Excepting none but good duke Humphrey :—  
 And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,  
 In bringing them to civil discipline,  
 Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,  
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign,  
 Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people.—  
 Join we together, for the public good,  
 In what we can to bridle and suppress  
 The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,  
 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;  
 And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,  
 While they do tend the profit of the land \*.

*War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,  
 And common profit of his country.

*York.* And so says York,—for he hath greatest cause.

*Sal.* Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

*War.* Unto the main ? O father ! Maine is lost ;  
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win <sup>1</sup>,  
 And would have kept, so long as breath did last :  
 Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine,  
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

*York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;  
 Paris is lost : the state of Normandy  
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.  
 Suffolk concluded on the articles,

\* While they do tend THE profit of the land.] In the corr. fo. 1632, "the" is changed to *to*,

"While they do tend *to* profit of the land :"

it may be right, meaning, of course, while they tend to the advantage of the land ; but as the words in the old editions may be said to bear the same sense, we do not see the necessity of the alteration.

<sup>1</sup> Warwick did win.] For some unexplained, and not obvious reason, the old annotator on the folio, 1632, alters the places of "Warwick" and "did," reading "did Warwick win."

The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,  
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
 I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?  
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
 And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,  
 Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;  
 While as the silly owner of the goods  
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands<sup>2</sup>,  
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
 While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,  
 Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:  
 So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
 While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.  
 Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,  
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,  
 As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,  
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon<sup>3</sup>.  
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!  
 Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,  
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
 A day will come when York shall claim his own;  
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,  
 And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,  
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.  
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.  
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
 Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state,  
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,  
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:

<sup>2</sup> — and wrings his HAPLESS hands,] We make no alteration here, because it is not required; but it is fit to note that the corr. fo. 1632 has *helpless* for "hapless." There is no such simile in the old "Contention;" and were the two epithets presented to us, without information as to which had been printed in the folio, 1623, we should certainly prefer *helpless*, in reference to the forlorn condition of the plundered merchant.

<sup>3</sup> Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.] This allusion to the life of Meleager is not in the old "Contention," and is erased in the corr. fo. 1632.

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,  
And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster<sup>4</sup>;  
And, force pèrforce, I'll make him yield the crown,  
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER's House.

*Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.*

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,  
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
As frowning at the favours of the world?  
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,  
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
Until thy head be circled with the same.  
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—  
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
And having both together heav'd it up,  
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
And never more abase our sight so low,  
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

*Glo.* O Nell! sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:  
And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
Be my last breathing in this mortal world.  
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

*Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it  
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

*Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,

<sup>4</sup> TO GRAPPLE with the house of Lancaster;] It is *graffe*, misheard for "grapple," in the edit. of 1594 of the old "Contention," but it was subsequently amended to "grapple." The speech in the earlier copies in 4to. begins after the allusion to Meleager, and continues to the end.

Was broke in twain : by whom, I have forgot,  
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal ;  
 And on the pieces of the broken wand  
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.  
 This was my dream : what it doth bode God knows<sup>5</sup>.

*Duch.* Tut ! this was nothing but an argument,  
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,  
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke :  
 Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,  
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
 And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd<sup>6</sup> ;  
 Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,  
 And on my head did set the diadem.

*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.  
 Presumptuous dame ! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor !  
 Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
 And the protector's wife, belov'd of him ?  
 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?  
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
 To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,  
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?  
 Away from me, and let me hear no more.

*Duch.* What, what, my lord ! are you so choleric

<sup>5</sup> — what it doth bode God knows.] In the old play of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, this speech is given very differently : viz.

"This night, when I was laid in bed, I dream'd that  
 This my staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd  
 The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester,  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

This could not be as it originally must have stood, and in the 4to. of the same play, printed about 1619, the dream was thus represented :—

"This night, when I was laid in bed, I dream'd  
 That this my staffe, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot guess,  
 But, as I think, by the cardinal. What it bodes  
 God knows ; and on the ends were plac'd  
 The heads of Edmund, duke of Somerset,  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

Our text is as it is given in the folio, 1623,—the third form it took.

<sup>6</sup> — where kings and queens were crown'd ;] Most modern editors have substituted *are* for "*were*," against all authority.

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?  
 Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
 And not be check'd.

*Glo.* Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,  
 You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,  
 Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

*Glo.* I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord; I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

Follow I must; I cannot go before,  
 While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.  
 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,  
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks:  
 And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
 To play my part in fortune's pageant.  
 Where are you there? Sir John '! nay, fear not, man,  
 We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

*Enter HUME.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

*Duch.* What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

*Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,  
 Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

*Duch.* What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd  
 With Margery Jourdain \*, the cunning witch,

\* Sir John!] i. e. Sir John Hume: he was a priest, and to persons of his profession the title of "sir" was of old frequently applied. See "Twelfth-Night," Vol. ii. p. 700. In Davenport's "New Trick to Cheat the Devil," 1639, we meet with this expression:—"Sir me no sirs: I am no knight or churchman." In the old "Contention," 1594, he is called Sir John Hum on his entrance and afterwards, and Sir John in the prefixes.

\* With MARGERY JOURDAIN,] It appears (says Douce, Illustr. of Shakesp. ii. 7), from Rymer's "Foedera," Vol. x. p. 505, that in the tenth year of King Henry the Sixth, *Margery Jourdemayn*, John Virley, clerk, and friar John Ashwell, were, on the ninth of May, 1433, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards, by an order of council, delivered into the custody of the lord chancellor. The same day it was ordered by the lords of council, that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour, they should be set at liberty; and in like manner that Jourdemayn should be discharged on her husband's finding security. This woman was afterwards burned in Smithfield, as stated in the play, and also in the chronicles.

And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?  
And will they undertake to do me good?

*Hume.* This they have promised,—to show your highness  
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions,  
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

*Duch.* It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.  
When from St. Alban's we do make return,  
We'll see these things effected to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Duchess.*]

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold,  
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!  
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum<sup>9</sup>:  
The business asketh silent secrecy.  
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:  
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.  
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:  
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,  
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;  
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,  
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,  
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,  
And buz these conjurations in her brain.  
They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;  
Yet am I Suffolk, and the Cardinal's broker.  
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,  
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,  
And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall.  
Sort how it will<sup>10</sup>, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>9</sup> Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:] By the mode in which Hume's name is spelt in the old "Contention," in every edition, he is made to begin his soliloquy with a rhyme—perhaps not intended:—

"Now, sir John Hum, No words but mum."

He also ends with a couplet.

"But whist, sir John: no more of that, I trow,  
For fear you lose your head before you go."

<sup>10</sup> Sort how it will,] i. e. Let it happen as it will: an etymological use of the word "sort" very common in our old writers.

## SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter PETER, and other Petitioners, with papers.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close : my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in sequel <sup>1</sup>.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man. Jesu bless him !

*Enter SUFFOLK and Queen MARGARET.*

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool ! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

*Suf.* How now, fellow ! wouldst any thing with me ?

1 *Pet.* I pray my lord, pardon me : I took ye for my lord protector.

*Q. Mar.* "To my lord protector !" are your supplications to his lordship ? Let me see them. What is thine ?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

*Suf.* Thy wife too ! that is some wrong indeed.—What's your's ?—What's here ? [*Reads.*] "Against the duke of

<sup>1</sup> — and then we may deliver our supplications in SEQUEL.] i. e. In *sequence* or *succession* : but the first Petitioner makes a very palpable blunder between one word and another. The Rev. Mr. Dyce devotes two pages of his "Few Notes" (pp. 99, 100) to showing that *Peter* (who does not here speak at all) did not blunder ; but the blunder is not by Peter, but by the first Petitioner, 1 *Pet.* in the old copies : when Peter afterwards speaks he is so called in the prefixes. The Rev. Mr. Dyce (and Mr. Singer after him, though he does not cite his authority) would read "in the coil," and for the sake of their conjecture would spell "coil" *quoil*, and explain it "in the stir." No speculation could well be more unhappy, and the very words the first Petitioner uses, "I'll be the first, sure," show that he meant *sequence*, though he said "sequel;" he would make certain of being earliest in the delivery of his petition. If Mr. Dyce and Mr. Singer had but read four lines farther, even they could hardly have refused to see that "sequel" is the very word that is wanted, and that *the quil* was a very easy and probable corruption for it. They were, however, in such haste to oppose the MS. correction in the folio, 1632, that they would not give themselves time to look at the context.



Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave!

2 *Pet.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*Peter.* [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown?

*Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown.

*Pet.* That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

*Suf.* Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with PETER.*]

*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the petition.* Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

*Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,  
Is this the fashion in the court of England?  
Is this the government of Britain's isle,  
And this the royalty of Albion's king?  
What! shall king Henry be a pupil still,  
Under the surly Gloster's governance?  
Am I a queen in title and in style,  
And must be made a subject to a duke?  
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

<sup>3</sup> That my MASTER was?] The old copy has *mistress* for "master," an error occasioned, no doubt, by "master" having been denoted, in the MS. from which this play was printed, merely by the letter M. It may be worth while here to insert the reading of the 4to, "First Part of the Contention," 1594, as it confirms Malone's alteration of *mistress* to "master." Peter is there called, in the prefixes, *Peter Thump*.

"*Peter Thump.* Marry, sir, I come to tel you that my maister said, that the duke of Yorke was true heire unto the crowne, and that the king was an usurer.

"*Queene.* An usurper, thou wouldst say.

"*Peter.* I, forsooth, an usurper.

"*Queene.* Didst thou say the king was an usurper?

"*Peter.* No forsooth; I said my maister said so, th' other day, when we were scowring the duke of Yorks armour in our garret."

Consistently with this reading, *mistress* is amended to "master" in the corr. fo. 1632. In the old copies, 4to. and folio, Peter is called "the armourer's man" in the stage-direction. Here Peter (like 1 *Pet.* in the very beginning of the scene) commits an ignorant blunder, "usurer" for *usurper*,

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,  
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,  
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,  
In courage, courtship, and proportion ;  
But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads :  
His champions are the prophets and apostles ;  
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ ;  
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.  
I would, the college of the cardinals  
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,  
And set the triple crown upon his head :  
That were a state fit for his holiness.

*Suf.* Madam, be patient : as I was cause  
Your highness came to England, so will I  
In England work your grace's full content.

*Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,  
The imperious churchman ; Somerset, Buckingham,  
And grumbling York : and not the least of these,  
But can do more in England than the king.

*Suf.* And he of these that can do most of all,  
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils :  
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

*Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,  
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife :  
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,  
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.  
Strangers in court do take her for the queen :  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.  
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?  
Contemptuous base-born callat<sup>3</sup> as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,  
The very train of her worst wearing gown  
Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

*Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her ;  
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,

<sup>3</sup> — base-born CALLAT] "Callat" was a term of abuse applied to women, of frequent occurrence in almost every writer of the time of Shakespeare, as well as considerably earlier. See "The Winter's Tale," Vol. iii. p. 45, but it occurs also in "Othello" and in other plays.

That she will light to listen to their lays<sup>4</sup>,  
 And never mount to trouble you again.  
 So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me,  
 For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
 Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,  
 Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
 As for the duke of York, this late complaint  
 Will make but little for his benefit:  
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last<sup>5</sup>,  
 And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET; Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

*K. Hen.* For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
 Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

*York.* If York have ill demean'd himself in France,  
 Then let him be deny'd the regentship<sup>6</sup>.

*Som.* If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
 Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

*War.* Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,  
 Dispute not that York is the worthier.

*Car.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

*War.* The cardinal's not my better in the field.

*Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

*War.* Warwick may live to be the best of all.

*Sal.* Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,  
 Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

*Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

*Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself  
 To give his censure<sup>7</sup>. These are no women's matters.

<sup>4</sup> — to listen to THEIR lays,] So the corr. fo. 1632, and not "*the* lays" as in the folio, 1623: it is clearly, though not necessarily, right, the abridgment of "*their*" having been misprinted *the*.

<sup>5</sup> So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last.] The corr. fo. 1632 makes this part of the scene conclude with a rhyming couplet by altering this line as follows:—

"So, one by one, we will weed all *the realm*;"

Perhaps it was so spoken or written, but we adhere to what was printed.

<sup>6</sup> Then let him be DENAY'D the regentship.] To employ the verb "*to deny*" for *to deny* was not unusual. In "*Twelfth-Night*," Vol. ii. p. 675, we have had "*denay*" used as a substantive, for denial.

<sup>7</sup> To give his CENSURE.] "*Censure*" was of old generally used merely in the sense of *opinion*, *judgment*, or *decision*. We have seen it twice in this sense in "*As You Like It*," A. iv. sc. 1.

*Q. Mar.* If he be old enough, what needs your grace  
To be protector of his excellence?

*Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm,  
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

*Suf.* Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.  
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)  
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:  
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,  
And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags  
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

*Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,  
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

*Buck.* Thy cruelty, in execution  
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,  
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

*Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,  
If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her fan.*]

Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?

[*Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?

*Duch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:  
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

*K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her will.

*Duch.* Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;  
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:  
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd<sup>\*</sup>.

[*Exit Duchess.*]

<sup>\*</sup> She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.] We give this part of the scene as it stands in "The First Part of the Contention," 1594. It is to be observed, that it there follows the accusation of York.

"The Queene lets fall her glove, and hits the Dutches of Gloster a boxe on the eare.

"Queene. Give me my glove: why, minnion, can you not see?

[*She strikes her.*]

I cry you mercy, madame, I did mistake.  
I did not thinke it had bene you.

"Elnor. Did you not, proud French-woman?  
Could I come neare your daintie visage with my nayles,  
I'de set my ten commandments in your face.

[*King.*]

*Buck.* Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds :  
She's tickled now ; her fume can need no spurs<sup>9</sup>,  
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction<sup>1</sup>.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

*Re-enter* GLOSTER.

*Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown  
With walking once about the quadrangle,  
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.  
As for your spiteful false objections,  
Prove them, and I lie open to the law ;  
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,  
As I in duty love my king and country.  
But, to the matter that we have in hand.—  
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man  
To be your regent in the realm of France.

*Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave  
To show some reason, of no little force,  
That York is most unmeet of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.  
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride :  
Next, if I be appointed for the place,  
My lord of Somerset will keep me there<sup>2</sup>,  
Without discharge, money, or furniture,  
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.  
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,  
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

" *King.* Be patient, gentle aunt :  
It was against her will.

" *Elnor.* Against her will ! good king, sheele dandle thee,  
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rude by her.  
But let it rest : as sure as I do live,  
She shall not strike dame Elnor unrevengde.

[*Exit Elnor.*]

" *King.* Beleeve me, my love, thou wart much to blame.  
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,  
My noble uncle had bene here in place !"

<sup>9</sup> She's tickled now ; her fume CAN need no spurs,] "Can" is from the second folio : it probably dropped out from the first in the press.

<sup>1</sup> She'll gallop FAST enough to her destruction.] It is "far enough" in the folios, and amended to "fast enough" in the corr. fo. 1632. Pope made the same change in his edition.

<sup>2</sup> My lord of Somerset will keep me THERE,] *i. e.* In France : it is printed *here* in the old impressions ; but wrongly, since York is referring to the manner in which he shall be treated while Regent in France, as indeed he had before been treated. *Here* is made "there" in the corr. fo. 1632.

*War.* That can I witness ; and a fouler fact  
Did never traitor in the land commit.

*Suf.* Peace, headstrong Warwick !

*War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my peace ?

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.*

*Suf.* Because here is a man accus'd of treason :  
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself !

*York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

*K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? tell me, what are  
these ?

*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man  
That doth accuse his master of high treason.  
His words were these :—that Richard, duke of York,  
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

*K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words ?

*Hor.* An't shall please your majesty, I never said, nor  
thought, any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely  
accused by the villain.

*Pet.* By these ten bones<sup>3</sup>, my lords, [*Holding up his hands.*]  
he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were  
scouring my lord of York's armour.

*York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,  
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—  
I do beseech your royal majesty,  
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

*Hor.* Alas ! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.  
My accuser is my prentice ; and when I did correct him for  
his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would  
be even with me. I have good witness of this : therefore, I  
beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a  
villain's accusation.

*K. Hen.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

*Glo.* This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge<sup>4</sup> :—

<sup>3</sup> By these ten bones,] Steevens, in needless illustration of this common expression, quotes from Wager's interlude, "The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art," and gives it the date of 1570. This is misleading, for the piece has no date. (See Extr. from Stat. Registers, i. 191.) Mr. Singer, quoting, as usual, second-hand, naturally falls into Steevens's error.

<sup>4</sup> This doom, my GRACIOUS lord, if I may judge :—] The word "gracious" is from the corr. fo. 1632 : it had, probably, been accidentally omitted, for the whole of Gloster's speech is regular with the exception of this line. It would be the natural epithet on the occasion.

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,  
 Because in York this breeds suspicion ;  
 And let these have a day appointed them  
 For single combat in convenient place,  
 For he hath witness of his servant's malice.  
 This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty<sup>5</sup>.

*Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Pet.* Alas ! my lord, I cannot fight : for God's sake, pity  
 my case ! the spite of man prevaieth against me<sup>6</sup>. O, Lord  
 have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able to fight a blow.  
 O Lord, my heart !

*Glo.* Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

*K. Hen.* Away with them to prison ; and the day  
 Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—  
 Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

The Same. The Duke of GLOSTER's Garden.

*Enter* MARGERY JOURDAIN', HUME, SOUTHWELL, and  
 BOLINGBROKE.

*Hume.* Come, my masters : the duchess, I tell you, expects  
 performance of your promises.

*Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will  
 her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms ?

<sup>5</sup> I humbly thank your royal majesty.] Before this line the "First Part of the Contention," 1594, has this passage :

"*King.* Then, be it so : my lord of Somerset,  
 We make your grace Regent over the French,  
 And to defend our rights 'gainst forraine foes,  
 And so do good unto the realme of France.  
 Make hast, my lord ; 'tis time that you were gone :  
 The time of truse, I thinke, is full expirde."

Some editors have inserted the two first lines in their text, but if any part be taken we ought surely to take the whole. Malone followed the folio, 1623, and we adopt the same course for the same reason, viz. that it is likely the King expressed his assent to Gloster's "doom" by an inclination of the head, upon which Somerset returned his thanks.

<sup>6</sup> — the spite of man prevaieth against me.] The corr. fo. 1632 has "the spite of *this* man," but the change is injurious.

<sup>7</sup> Enter Margery Jourdain.] Bolingbroke calls her "mother Jordan" in the folio ; but in the stage-directions and in the prefixes, she is only styled "witch."

*Hume.* Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

*Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

*Enter Duchess above.*

*Duch.* Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

*Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silence of the night<sup>1</sup>,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,  
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves<sup>2</sup>,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle: BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth*<sup>3</sup>.

*Spir.* Adsum.

*M. Jourd.* Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

*Spir.* Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done!

*Boling.* First, of the king: what shall of him become<sup>4</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> Deep night, dark night, the SILENCE of the night.] The folio, 1623, misprints "silence" *silent*; but it is "silence" in the corr. fo. 1632, and "silence" in all the editions of the old "Contention." We have therefore no difficulty in restoring the word which must have come from the poet's pen. We do not think it necessary to add to our note examples of the use of such a phrase as "the silence of night" in other authors.

<sup>2</sup> — break up their graves.] This may be right, but the corr. fo. 1632 has "break *ope* their graves."

<sup>3</sup> — then the Spirit riseth.] This stage-direction is from the folio, 1623: the old copies of the "Contention" are without the first part of it.

<sup>4</sup> First, of the king: what shall of him become?] The modern editors here insert "Reading out of a paper;" but it is wanting in the old copies, and is not necessary: a needless multiplication of stage-directions is to be avoided. Malone objects that Bolingbroke reads, and not Southwell, who had been told by



*Spir.* The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*

*Boling.* What fates await the duke of Suffolk ?

*Spir.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

*Boling.* What shall befall the duke of Somerset ?

*Spir.* Let him shun castles :

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

*Boling.* Descend to darkness, and the burning lake :

False fiend, avoid !

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards.*

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash !

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

What ! madam, are you there ? the king and common-weal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains :

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

*Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this.

[*Showing her the papers.*

Away with them ! let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us :

Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit Duchess from above.*

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming ;

All.—Away ! [*Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.*

*York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well :

Bolingbroke to read ; but what Southwell was to read was the invocation, *Conjuro te*, &c. We need not suppose that Bolingbroke's questions were written in the first instance, though Southwell must have written down both Bolingbroke's questions and the answers of the Spirit, because Buckingham afterwards seizes and reads them.

\* False fiend, avoid !] In the corr. fo. 1632 the epithet "false" is altered to *foul* ; and although *foul* was the most usual word on such occasions (and here more appropriate, inasmuch as Bolingbroke wished it to be believed that what the Spirit had said was true), we refrain from adopting the change, since "false" very likely was the word of the author.

\* We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming ;] The corr. fo. 1632 inserts *are* after "here :—" it perhaps accidentally escaped and it completes the line ; but we may doubt whether the verse was meant to be regular.

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon !  
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here ?

[*Reads.*

"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just

*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest :

"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?—

By water shall he die, and take his end."

"What shall betide the duke of Somerset ?—

Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lords ;

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood<sup>1</sup>.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans ;

With him the husband of this lovely lady :

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them ;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector<sup>2</sup>.

*Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,  
To be the post in hope of his reward.

*York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within  
there, ho !

*Enter a Servant.*

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,  
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> These oracles are HARDLY attain'd,

And hardly understood.] This is the regulation of the verse, as far as verse it can be called, of the old copies : the meaning is, that it has been hard to attain the oracles, and hard to understand them. Theobald altered the first "hardly" to *hardily*, but without any improvement ; and the poet would scarcely have written *hardily* in one line and "hardly" in the next.

<sup>2</sup> A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.] There is no trace of any portion of this speech in "The First Part of the Contention," 1594 ; and Bolingbroke there, in dismissing the Spirit, fills half a dozen lines with the mention of Pluto's fiery waggon, Dis, the river Styx, &c. Neither the copyist nor the printer seem to have understood what one wrote, and the other composed.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET', GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.*

*Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day :  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,  
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

*K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
And what a pitch she flew above the rest.  
To see how God in all his creatures works !  
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

*Suf.* No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well :  
They know their master loves to be aloft,  
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

*Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*Car.* I thought as much : he'd be above the clouds.

*Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal ; how think you by that ?  
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven ?

*K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy !

*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and thoughts  
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart :  
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal !

*Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory ?  
*Tantane animis celestibus iræ ?*

Churchmen so hot ? good uncle, hide such malice ;  
And with such holiness you well can do it<sup>a</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Queen Margaret.] " With her hawk on her fist," is the direction of the 4to, "Contention," 1594 ; showing the particularity with which such matters were sometimes attended to on our old stage, and as an ocular proof to the audience that the royal party were engaged in hawking. The folio, 1623, omits the words ; and possibly when the play was acted, as it is there printed, the Queen had no "hawk on her fist," but was only supposed to enter from hawking.

<sup>b</sup> AND with such holiness YOU WELL can do it.] In the old copies the line is —

" With such holiness can you do it ;"

*Suf.* No malice, sir ; no more than well becomes  
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

*Glo.* As who, my lord ?

*Suf.* Why, as you, my lord ;  
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

*Glo.* Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

*Q. Mar.* And thy ambition, Gloster.

*K. Hen.* I pr'ythee, peace,  
Good queen ; and whet not on these furious peers,  
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make  
Against this proud protector with my sword.

*Glo.* 'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that !

[*Aside to the Cardinal.*

*Car.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*

*Glo.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter ;  
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

*Car.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep : an if thou dar'st,  
This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* How now, my lords !

*Car.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,  
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.

[*Aside to Glo.*

*Glo.* True, uncle.

*Car.* Are you advis'd ? the east side of the grove.

*Glo.* Cardinal, I am with you '. [*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* Why, how now, uncle Gloster !

*Glo.* Talking of hawking ; nothing else, my lord.—

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*

clearly imperfect. Mr. Singer suggests what he finds in the corr. fo. 1632, viz. the transposition of *can you* ; but he omits "And" and "well" called for by the measure. If we can believe one error in a line, we may reasonably suppose others, and we therefore make our text entirely correspond with the emendation : he would only go half way, and says nothing of the source of the improvement. When the corr. fo. 1632 recommends the insertion of words in a manner that seems uncalled for, we do not adopt them merely because we find them there, as in a line just above, where *so* is placed before "peremptory" : it is not wanted, and we apprehend that the old annotator wrote it in his margin, because he had heard the passage so delivered on the stage. For "do it" the old "Contention," 1594, has *doate*.

' Cardinal, I am with you.] Such is Theobald's judicious distribution of the dialogue : in the folio this and the two preceding speeches are given to Gloster, which introduces confusion, and spoils the effect of the scene.

*Car. Medice teipsum :*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*

*K. Hen.* The winds grow high ; so do your stomachs, lords.  
How irksome is this music to my heart !  
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony ?  
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter one, crying, "A Miracle!"*

*Glo.* What means this noise ?—

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim ?

*One.* A miracle ! a miracle !

*Suf.* Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

*One.* Forsooth, a blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine,  
Within this half-hour hath receiv'd his sight ;  
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

*K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren<sup>1</sup>; and  
SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and  
a great multitude following.*

*Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,  
To present your highness with the man.

*K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,  
Though by his sight his sin be multiplied.

*Glo.* Stand by, my masters ; bring him near the king :  
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

*K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,  
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.  
What ! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd ?

*Simp.* Born blind, an't please your grace.

*Wife.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*Suf.* What woman is this ?

*Wife.* His wife, an't like your worship.

*Glo.* Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better  
told.

<sup>10</sup> Enter one, crying, "A Miracle!"] Such is the stage-direction in the 4to. and folio editions, and it is needless to modernize it to "Enter an Inhabitant of St. Albans, crying, A Miracle." Malone truly states that this scene is founded upon a story in Sir Thomas More's Works, 1557, p. 134; but the author of the "Contention," 1594, we may be sure, had it from the Chronicles.

<sup>1</sup> — and his Brethren;] The stage-direction in 1594 adds "with music," omitted in the folio, 1623, because perhaps the "music" was then omitted.

*K. Hen.* Where wert thou born ?

*Simp.* At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

*K. Hen.* Poor soul ! God's goodness hath been great to thee :

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,  
Or of devotion to this holy shrine ?

*Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion ; being call'd  
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,  
By good Saint Alban ; who said,—“ Simpcox, come<sup>2</sup> ;  
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.”

*Wife.* Most true, forsooth ; and many time and oft  
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

*Car.* What ! art thou lame ?

*Simp.* Ay, God Almighty help me !

*Suf.* How cam'st thou so ?

*Simp.* A fall off of a tree.

*Wife.* A plum-tree, master.

*Glo.* How long hast thou been blind ?

*Simp.* O ! born so, master.

*Glo.* What ! and wouldst climb a tree ?

*Simp.* But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

*Wife.* Too true ; and bought his climbing very dear.

*Glo.* 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture  
so.

*Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,  
And made me climb with danger of my life.

*Glo.* A subtle knave ; but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes :—wink now ;—now open them.—

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

*Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day ; I thank God and Saint  
Alban.

*Glo.* Say'st thou me so ? What colour is this cloak of ?

*Simp.* Red, master ; red as blood.

*Glo.* Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of ?

*Simp.* Black, forsooth ; coal-black as jet.

<sup>2</sup> SIMPCOX, come;] The old “Contention” gives no names, but calls this impostor “Poor Man” in the prefixes: the folio has *Simp.* before what he says, and his real name was Saunder, or Alexander Simpcox. Here, however, in the folio he speaks of himself as *Simon*, “Simon, come;” which was probably a mere misprint for “Simpcox.” *Simon* was the reading till the time of Theobald.

*K. Hen.* Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

*Suf.* And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

*Glo.* But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

*Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.

*Glo.* Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

*Simp.* Alas! master, I know not.

*Glo.* What's his name?

*Simp.* I know not.

*Glo.* Nor his?

*Simp.* No, indeed, master.

*Glo.* What's thine own name?

*Simp.* Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

*Glo.* Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lying'st knave<sup>3</sup>  
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,  
Thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus  
To name the several colours we do wear.  
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly  
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—  
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;  
And would ye not think his cunning to be great<sup>4</sup>,  
That could restore this cripple to his legs?

*Simp.* O, master, that you could!

*Glo.* My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in  
your town, and things called whips?

*May.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

*Glo.* Then send for one presently.

*May.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Glo.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool is brought.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from  
whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

*Simp.* Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:  
You go about to torture me in vain.

<sup>3</sup> Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lying'st knave] "Thou" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and, as it gives force to the line, and completeness to the verse, without the slightest apparent objection, we insert it.

<sup>4</sup> — his cunning to be great.] It is "*it* cunning to be great," which has generally been taken for "*that* cunning to be great;" but not only is *it* altered to "*his*" in the corr. fo. 1632, but it is the very pronoun used in the same place in the old "*Contention*," 1594. Mr. Singer prints "*his*," but assigns a different reason. In the next line *again* is thrust in at the end, "*to his legs again*;" but it is mere surplusage as regards both measure and meaning, probably from mis-recitation, and it is erased in the corr. fo. 1632.

*Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.*

*Glo.* Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

*Bead.* I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

*Simp.* Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. [*After the Beadle hath hit him one jerk<sup>1</sup>, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow and cry, "A Miracle!"*]

*K. Hen.* O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?

*Q. Mar.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

*Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

*Wife.* Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

*Glo.* Let them be whipp'd through every market town, Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came<sup>2</sup>.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

*Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

*Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent<sup>3</sup>,  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout,  
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,  
Dealing with witches, and with conjurors:  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;

<sup>1</sup> After the Beadle hath hit him ONE JERK,] The word "jerk," very old in our language, and very comprehensible as a smart blow, is from the "Contention," 1594: the folio, 1623, reads "hath hit him once."

<sup>2</sup> — FROM whence they came.] So every folio; and as Berwick was pronounced in the time of one syllable, the preposition "from" is necessary for the line. Mr. Singer silently omits it; but if he thought it too much for verse (very irregular in this scene), he ought to have mentioned his deviation from the old copies. He however offends in company, for Malone set him the example.

<sup>3</sup> A SORT of naughty persons, LEWDLY bent,] i.e. A company of naughty persons wickedly inclined. See "Midsummer Night's Dream," A. iii. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 219, and "Much ado about Nothing" A. v. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 77.



Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,  
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,  
And other of your highness' privy council,  
As more at large your grace shall understand.

[*Giving a paper.*]

*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means  
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London<sup>8</sup>.  
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;  
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.  
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;  
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
Or to the meanest groom.

*K. Hen.* O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones;  
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

*Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest<sup>9</sup>;  
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,  
How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;  
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.  
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:  
Noble she is, but if she have forgot  
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such  
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,  
I banish her, my bed, and company,  
And give her as a prey to law, and shame,  
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

*K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:  
To-morrow, toward London, back again,  
To look into this business thoroughly,  
And call these foul offenders to their answers;  
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,  
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails<sup>10</sup>.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> Your lady is FORTHCOMING yet at London.] i. e. In custody, and ready to be "forthcoming."

<sup>9</sup> — the TAINTURE of thy nest;] This is the only place in Shakespeare where "tainture" occurs; but, as Richardson shows, we meet with it in Beaumont and Fletcher ("Humorous Lieutenant," A. iii. sc. 6) and in Bishop Hall.

<sup>10</sup> Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.] In the old "Contention," 1594, the King is made to go out declaring his belief in the innocence of Gloster:—

"Come, uncle Gloster, [come] along with us:  
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent."

## SCENE II.

London. The Duke of York's Garden.

*Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

*York.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,  
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,  
In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at the full<sup>1</sup>.

*War.* Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,  
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

*York.* Then thus:—

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:  
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;  
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,  
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,  
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;  
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;  
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;  
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.  
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,  
And left behind him Richard, his only son;  
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king,  
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,  
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,  
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,  
Seized on the realm; depos'd the rightful king<sup>2</sup>;  
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,  
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,  
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

*War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth:  
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

*York:* Which now they hold by force, and not by right;

<sup>1</sup> My lord, I long to hear it at the full.] The line is defective without "the," which we obtain from the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>2</sup> — depos'd the RIGHTFUL king;] By some strange misconception it is "merthful king" in the old "Contention," 1594, and the nonsensical epithet was repeated in the later impressions. If it meant any thing, the printer must have supposed that it applied to Henry V. in his "sallad days."

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,  
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

*Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

*York.* The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose line  
I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,  
Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March.  
Edmond had issue—Roger, earl of March :  
Roger had issue—Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

*Sal.* This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,  
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;  
And but for Owen Glendower had been king,  
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.  
But to the rest.

*York.* His eldest sister, Anne,  
My mother, being heir unto the crown,  
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge ; who was son<sup>\*</sup>  
To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.  
By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir  
To Roger, earl of March ; who was the son  
Of Edmond Mortimer ; who married Philippe,  
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence.  
So, if the issue of the elder son  
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

*War.* What plain proceeding is more plain than this ?  
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth son ; York claims it from the third.  
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign :  
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,  
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—  
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together ;  
And, in this private plot, be we the first  
That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king !

*York.* We thank you, lords ! But I am not your king,  
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd  
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster ;

<sup>\*</sup> Married Richard, earl of Cambridge ; who was son] We think we were in error formerly, in printing the passage as it is given in the folio, 1623, viz.,

" Married Richard, earl of Cambridge, who was

To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son, son."

The verse, more than the sense, seems to require the removal of "son" from the last to the first line here quoted.

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with advice, and silent secrecy.  
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,  
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,  
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,  
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,  
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,  
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.  
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,  
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

*Sal.* My lord, break we off: we know your mind at full.

*War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick  
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,  
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick  
The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

The Same. A Hall of Justice.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

*K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:  
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins  
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—  
You four, from hence to prison back again;

[*To JOURDAIN, &c.*

From thence, unto the place of execution:  
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,  
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—  
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here, in banishment,  
With sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

*Duch.* Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

*Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee :  
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
Ah, Humphrey ! this dishonour in thine age  
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.—  
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go ;  
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

*K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster. Ere thou go,  
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself  
Protector be ; and God shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.  
And go in peace, Humphrey ; no less belov'd,  
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of years  
Should be protected, like a child, by peers\*.—  
God and king Henry govern England's helm.  
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff ;  
To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.  
As willingly do I the same resign,  
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine :  
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,  
As others would ambitiously receive it.  
Farewell, good king : when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit.*]

*Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen ;

\* Should be protected like a child BY PEERS.] This and the next speech by Gloster are entirely in rhyme according to the corr. fo. 1632, and so we print them without hesitation, with the recovery of a missing line, which must have accidentally made its escape, as was the very case elsewhere in Mr. Singer's own edition,—so difficult is it sometimes to prevent blunders of the sort. We subjoin the whole as it has hitherto appeared in old and modern impressions, observing only that Mr. Singer has adopted "helm" from the corr. fo. 1632, without acknowledgment, at the very time when he was repudiating the other changes it introduces :—

" *Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of years

Should be to be protected like a child.—

God and King Henry govern England's realm.

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff ;

As willingly do I the same resign,

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine," &c.

Here "realm" could hardly have been repeated in two consecutive lines. Gloster, in the midst of his grief, is assuming mirthfulness at the notion that he should wish, under such circumstances, to keep his staff of office.

And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,  
That bears so shrewd a maim : two pulls at once,—  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;  
This staff of honour raught<sup>1</sup> :—there let it stand,  
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

*Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;  
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her proudest days<sup>2</sup>.

*York.* Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely, therefore,  
Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.

*K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:  
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

*York.* I never saw a fellow worse bestead,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it, a drum before him: at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff, accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco<sup>3</sup>.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

<sup>1</sup> This staff of honour RAUGHT:] "Raught" is usually considered the old preterite of to reach, and so we have seen it used in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iv. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 130, and in "Henry V.," A. iv. sc. 6, Vol. iii. p. 618; but here, as Ritson remarks, it seems to be taken as that part of the verb to reave or bereave, which is usually printed *reft* and *bereft*. This mode of employing the word is not unprecedented.

<sup>2</sup> Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her PROUDEST days.] It is "youngest days" in the folios, which must be wrong, and "proudest days" is the emendation of the corr. fo. 1632: the reduplication is in Shakespeare's manner, and there can be little doubt that "proudest" is the proper superlative: *youngest* is an error, because Eleanor was at this date far from young. Mr. Singer, without the slightest authority, inserts a word of his own—*strongest*.

<sup>3</sup> — here's a cup of CHARNECO.] "Charneco," or "Charnico," is a species of wine, named from the place of its manufacture near Lisbon. It is mentioned by many writers of the time of Shakespeare.

*Hor.* Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, both, and fall to blows\*.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*Hor.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow<sup>1</sup>.

*York.* Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* They fight, and PETER hits his Master on the head and fells him<sup>2</sup>.]

*Hor.* Hold, Peter, hold!—I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

*York.* Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

*Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

\* Come, leave your drinking BOTH, and fall to blows.] "Both" is from the corr. fo. 1632. A line seems to have been intended.

<sup>1</sup> — have at thee with a downright blow.] After these words modern editors have introduced "as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart," from "The First Part of the Contention," 1594. But there are many passages much more important, sometimes to the extent of ten or twelve lines, omitted in the folio, which we should be without excuse for leaving out in our text, if we did not exclude this needless reference to the old romance. The presumption of course is, that Shakespeare himself rejected it; but we add it in a note for the information of the reader, though we exclude it from the play.

<sup>2</sup> — and fells him.] Such is the stage-direction in the old "Contention," 1594.

*K. Hen.* Go, and take hence<sup>3</sup> that traitor from our sight;  
 For by his death we do perceive his guilt:  
 And God in justice hath reveal'd to us  
 The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,  
 Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—  
 Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

*Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.*

*Glo.* Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;  
 And after summer evermore succeeds  
 Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:  
 So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—  
 Sirs, what's o'clock?

*Serv.* Ten, my lord.

*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me  
 To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
 Uneath may she endure<sup>4</sup> the flinty streets,  
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook  
 The abject people, gazing on thy face  
 With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame<sup>5</sup>,  
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,  
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.  
 But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare  
 My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with verses upon her back<sup>6</sup>, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.*

*Serv.* So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

<sup>3</sup> Go, AND take hence] "And" is from the corr. fo. 1632: it is clearly of no value, excepting as it perfects the line.

<sup>4</sup> UNEATH may she endure] "Uneath" is *scarcely*, or *not easily*; from *un* and *eath*, *easy*. We have lost *eath*, but, happily, not yet "uneath."

<sup>5</sup> With ENVIOUS looks, STILL laughing at thy shame,] *Envy* and *envious* are often used by our old writers for *hatred* and *hateful*, or *malicious*. The editor of the folio, 1632, inserted the word *still* in the middle of this line; and though it is not found either in the folio, 1623, or in the old "Contention," from which Shakespeare adopted the line, it seems required.

<sup>6</sup> — with VERSES upon her back,] This part of the stage-direction is derived



*Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives: let her pass by.

*Duch.* Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?  
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:  
See, how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.  
Ah, Gloster! hide thee from their hateful looks;  
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies', both mine and thine.

*Glo.* Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

*Duch.* Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;  
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,  
And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,  
Mail'd up in shame<sup>8</sup>, with papers on my back,  
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice  
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.  
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;  
And when I start the envious people laugh,  
And bid me be advised how I tread.  
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?  
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,  
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?  
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:  
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.  
Sometime I'll say I am duke Humphrey's wife,  
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;  
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,  
To every idle rascal follower.  
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:  
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death  
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;

from the old "Contention," 1594. It is omitted in the folio; and modern editors, by substituting *papers* for "verses," have left it doubtful what kind of papers were fixed upon the dress of the Duchess.

<sup>7</sup> And BAN thine enemies,] *i. e.* And *curse* thine enemies. See "Henry VI., Part I.," A. v. sc. 3, Vol. iii. p. 724, &c.

<sup>8</sup> MAIL'd up in shame,] Johnson tells us, that "Mail'd up in shame" means "wrapped up, bundled up in disgrace." The Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Remarks," p. 128) quotes very appositely from Randle Holmes' Acc. of Arm., b. ii. p. 239, "to *mail* a hawk, is to wrap her up in a handkerchief," as the Duchess was inclosed in the white sheet. He admits, however, as we stated in our first edition, that "mail'd up in" are words applied to armour, which is all we contended for.

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all  
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—  
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;  
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.  
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,  
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

*Glo.* Ah, Nell! forbear; thou aimest all awry:  
I must offend before I be attainted;  
And had I twenty times so many foes,  
And each of them had twenty times their power,  
All these could not procure me any scathe,  
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?  
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,  
But I in danger for the breach of law.  
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;  
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:  
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Her.* I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,  
holden at Bury the first of this next month.

*Glo.* And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?  
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.— [*Exit Herald.*]  
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,  
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

*Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays;  
And sir John Stanley is appointed now  
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

*Glo.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

*Glo.* Entreat her not the worse<sup>9</sup>, in that I pray  
You use her well. The world may laugh again;  
And I may live to do you kindness, if  
You do it her: and so, sir John, farewell. [*Going.*]

<sup>9</sup> ENTREAT her not the worse,] "Entreat" was not unfrequently put for *treat*, especially when, as here, a syllable was wanted to complete the line: see "Richard II.," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 262. In the corresponding passage of the old "Contention," 1594, we find this very word employed in its more ordinary sense; for Gloster there says,

—————"use her ne'er the worse,  
In that I *entreat* you use her well."

*Duch.* What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*]

*Duch.* Art thou gone so? All comfort go with thee,  
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;  
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—  
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;  
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,  
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

*Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;  
There to be us'd according to your state.

*Duch.* That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:  
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?

*Stan.* Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady:  
According to that state you shall be used.

*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,  
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd.—  
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,  
And go we to attire you for our journey.

*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:  
No; it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

*A Sennet*<sup>1</sup>. *Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.*

*K. Hen.* I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:  
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,

<sup>1</sup> Art thou gone so?] The corr. fo. 1632 has "so" for *to* of the folio, 1623. The only person gone was Gloster, with his servants, and "Art thou gone *too*," the usual text, must therefore be wrong.

<sup>2</sup> A Sennet.] The etymology of "sennet" has been disputed, but it certainly meant a *sounding* of trumpets, and may have been derived from the Fr. *sonner*,

Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

*Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not observe  
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?  
With what a majesty he bears himself;  
How insolent of late he is become,  
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?  
We know the time since he was mild and affable;  
And if we did but glance a far-off look,  
Immediately he was upon his knee,  
That all the court admir'd him for submission:  
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,  
When every one will give the time of day,  
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,  
But great men tremble when the lion roars;  
And Humphrey is no little man in England.  
First, note, that he is near you in descent,  
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.  
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,  
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,  
And his advantage following your decease,  
That he should come about your royal person,  
Or be admitted to your highness' council.  
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,  
And, when he please to make commotion,  
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.  
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;  
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,  
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
If it be fond<sup>3</sup>, call it a woman's fear;

and perhaps ought strictly to have been spelt *sonnet*, but altered to *sennet* for the sake of distinction. It is a term constantly used by our early dramatists in their stage-directions, and it is variously spelt by our old printers: in Marlowe's "Edward II." and in "Jeronymo," it is given *signate*, which might lead us to a different derivation of the word. In "Henry VIII." A. ii. sc. 4, the stage-direction begins, "Trumpets Sennet and Cornets." In the folio, 1623, the word is ordinarily printed *sennet* or *senet*.

<sup>3</sup> If it be *FOND*,] i. e. *Foolish* or *weak*, as frequently before; and, farther on in this scene (p. 47), we have "*fond* affiance," used by Queen Margaret for *foolish*, or indiscreet confidence.

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
 I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.  
 My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham, and York,—  
 Reprove my allegation, if you can<sup>4</sup>,  
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

*Suf.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke ;  
 And had I first been put to speak my mind,  
 I think, I should have told your grace's tale.  
 The duchess by his subornation,  
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices ;  
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,  
 Yet, by reputing of his high descent<sup>5</sup>,  
 As next the king he was successive heir,  
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,  
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,  
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,  
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb :  
 No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man  
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

*Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

*York.* And did he not, in his protectorship,  
 Levy great sums of money through the realm  
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?  
 By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

*Buck.* Tut ! these are petty faults to faults unknown,  
 Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Hum-  
 phrey.

*K. Hen.* My lords, at once : the care you have of us,  
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
 Is worthy praise ; but shall I speak my conscience ?  
 Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent  
 From meaning treason to our royal person,  
 As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.  
 The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given  
 To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

<sup>4</sup> Reprove my allegation, if you can,] So the old copies, but the corr. fo. 1632, with plausibility instructs us to read *allegations* ; the ordinary lection may, however, stand. "Reprove" has here the force of *disprove*.

<sup>5</sup> Yet, by *reputing* of his high descent,] The meaning of "reputing" here seems to be *valuing himself* upon his high descent.

*Q. Mar.* Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond  
affiance?

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,

For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,

For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf<sup>a</sup>.

Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?

Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all

Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET.*

*Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!

*K. Hen.* Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from  
France?

*Som.* That all your interest in those territories

Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

*K. Hen.* Cold news, lord Somerset; but God's will be  
done.

*York.* [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of  
France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England<sup>1</sup>.

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away;

But I will remedy this gear ere long<sup>2</sup>,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!

Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

*Suf.* Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*Glo.* Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush<sup>3</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.] The old reading is *wolves*; but we have had "dove," "raven," and "lamb," just above, in the singular, and the verb "is," in the same number, shows that we ought to read "wolf." It is *wolf* in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>1</sup> As firmly as I hope for fertile England.] This line (with a small variation) and its predecessor have occurred already in a speech by York near the end of A. i. sc. 1, p. 12. They are only met with here in the old "Contention," 1594.

<sup>2</sup> But I will remedy this gear ere long.] "Gear" is generally used for *matter* or *affair*. See "Merchant of Venice," A. i. sc. 1 and sc. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,] So the second folio, to remedy the defective metre. The 4to. "Contention" has "Suffolk's duke," &c.,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest :  
 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.  
 The purest spring is not so free from mud,  
 As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.  
 Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

*York.* 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of  
 France,

And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay ;  
 By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

*Glo.* Is it but thought so ? What are they that think it ?  
 I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
 Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.  
 So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,  
 Ay, night by night, in studying good for England !  
 That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,  
 Or any groat I hoarded to my use,  
 Be brought against me at my trial day !  
 No : many a pound of mine own proper store,  
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
 Have I dispursed to the garrisons,  
 And never ask'd for restitution.

*Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

*Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me God !

*York.* In your protectorship you did devise  
 Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,  
 That England was defam'd by tyranny.

*Glo.* Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,  
 Pity was all the fault that was in me ;  
 For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
 And lowly words were ransom for their fault :  
 Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
 Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,  
 I never gave them condign punishment.  
 Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd  
 Above the felon, or what trespass else.

*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easily, quickly answer'd<sup>1</sup> ;  
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

which, Steevens observes, is perhaps too respectful an address under the circumstances. The objection may be hypercritical.

<sup>1</sup> My lord, these faults are EASILY, quickly answer'd ;] We can have no hesitation in substituting the adverb for the adjective here, "easily," of the corr. fo. 1632, for *easy* of the folio, 1623 : "easily" occurs in the next line but one.

I do arrest you in his highness' name;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal,  
To keep until your farther time of trial.

*K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,  
That you will clear yourself from all suspect':  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

*Glo.* Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous:  
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd your highness' land.  
I know, their complot is to have my life;  
And if my death might make this island happy,  
And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness:  
But mine is made the prologue to their play,  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,  
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;  
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue  
The envious load that lies upon his heart;  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,  
By false accuse doth level at my life.—  
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,  
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up  
My liefest liege<sup>2</sup> to be mine enemy.—  
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:  
Myself had notice of your conventicles,  
And all to make away my guiltless life<sup>3</sup>.  
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;  
The ancient proverb will be well effected<sup>4</sup>,—

<sup>2</sup> — from all SUSPECT:] "From all *suspense*" in the folios, but altered to "suspect" (Steevens read *suspects*) in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>3</sup> My LIEFEST liege] i. e. My *dearest* liege. Lief is *dear*, and occurs in many places in the sense of *willingly*, "I had as lief bear," as "lief hear," &c.; but this is the only place where it is used in the superlative by Shakespeare: A. S. *leof*, dilectus. We have had "alderliest" in this play, p. 6.

<sup>4</sup> And all to make away my guiltless life.] This line is omitted in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell.

<sup>5</sup> The ancient proverb will be well EFFECTED,] i. e. Well carried into effect:



A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable.  
If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,  
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,  
And the offender granted scope of speech,  
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

*Suf.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, here,  
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,  
As if she had suborned some to swear  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

*Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

*Glo.* Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed.  
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false;  
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

*Buck.* He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—  
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

*Glo.* Ah! thus king Henry throws away his crutch,  
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:  
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!  
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with GLOSTER.*]

*K. Hen.* My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,  
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here. [Rising\*]

*Q. Mar.* What! will your highness leave the parliament?

*K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,  
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;  
My body round engirt with misery,  
For what's more miserable than discontent?—  
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see  
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;  
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come  
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.  
What lowering star now envies thy estate,

some modern editors read *affected*, which, in the language of the time, meant *beloved*. In proof that our interpretation is correct, it may be stated that "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, reads *perform'd* for "effected."

\* Rising.] This stage-direction is from the corr. fo. 1632, and proves that it was then the custom of the stage for the King to quit his seat, and to make his last speech standing.

That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,  
 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
 Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:  
 And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,  
 Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;  
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,  
 Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,  
 With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes  
 Look after him, and cannot do him good,  
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.  
 His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,  
 Say—"Who's a traitor? Gloster! he is none." [Exit.

*Q. Mar.* Free lords', cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry, my lord, is cold in great affairs,  
 Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show  
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;  
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,  
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.  
 Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,  
 (And yet herein I judge mine own wit good)  
 This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,  
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

*Car.* That he should die is worthy policy,  
 But yet we want a colour for his death:  
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

*Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:  
 The king will labour still to save his life;  
 The commons haply rise to save his life:  
 And yet we have but trivial argument\*,  
 More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

\* Free lords,] The epithet "free" is changed to *fair* in the corr. fo. 1632, but without any very evident propriety: "free" seems, however, rather an unusual mode of address under such circumstances.

\* And yet we have but trivial argument,] It is "*As yet*," &c. in the corr. fo. 1632, which is probably right; but "And" is hardly so certainly wrong as to warrant us in making the change.

*York.* So that, by this, you would not have him die.

*Suf.* Ah, York! no man alive so fain as I.

*York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason<sup>9</sup> for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,

Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,

Wer't not all one an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

*Q. Mar.* So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

*Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: and wer't not madness, then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed?

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As Humphrey prov'd, by reasons, to my liege.

And do not stand on quilllets<sup>1</sup> how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,

Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,

So he be dead; for that is good deceit

Which mates him first<sup>2</sup>, that first intends deceit.

*Q. Mar.* Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

*Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done,

For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;

But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—

Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—

<sup>9</sup> — that hath MORE reason] "More reason" is in the same predicament as the last proposed emendation in the corr. fo. 1632: "more" is there altered to *most*, with some appearance of fitness; but in cases like the present, it seems probable that the marginal memoranda of the old annotator represent a difference of recitation, on some occasion when he was present at the acting of the play.

<sup>1</sup> And do not stand on QUILLETS] *i. e.* On *quidlibets*, of which it is an abridgment: it means usually in Shakespeare nice distinctions, or legal subtleties. We have already had the word in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iv. sc. 3; and in "Henry VI., Pt. I.," A. ii. sc. 4, in the expression "nice sharp quilllets of the law." Coles, in his Dict., renders "quillet" *res frivola*.

<sup>2</sup> Which MATES him first.] To "mate" is to *destroy* or *confound*, and in that sense it is often used by Shakespeare, as well as by Greene, Peele, Drayton, &c. See "The Comedy of Errors," A. iii. sc. 2. The etymology has been doubted, but in Spanish the ordinary sense of *matar* is to kill or destroy. It seems to have been figuratively applied to chess: Palsgrave translates *Je amatte*, I mate or overcome, and I mate at chess. The *Prompt. Parv.* has "*matyn* and *matted* at the chesse," but nothing more: Edit. Camd. Soc. p. 329.

Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

*Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,  
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.

Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,  
And I'll provide his executioner ;

I tender so the safety of my liege.

*Suf.* Here is my hand ; the deed is worthy doing.

*Q. Mar.* And so say I.

*York.* And I : and now we three have spoke it,  
It skills not<sup>3</sup> greatly who impugn our doom.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,  
To signify that rebels there are up,  
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.  
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
Before the wound do grow incurable ;  
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

*Car.* A breach that craves a quick expedient stop<sup>4</sup> !  
What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

*York.* That Somerset be sent as regent thither.  
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd ;  
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

*Som.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,  
Had been the regent there, instead of me,  
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

*York.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.  
I rather would have lost my life betimes,  
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,  
By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin :  
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

*Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,  
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—  
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still :—  
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

<sup>3</sup> It *SKILLS* not] An idiomatic phrase for "it *matters* not," or "it does not signify." See "Twelfth Night," A. v. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 720.

<sup>4</sup> — a quick *EXPEDIENT* stop !] Here the sense of "expedient" might be *convenient* or *fitting* : but it is constantly used by Shakespeare for *expeditions*, as we have already seen in "King John," A. ii. sc. 1, and A. iv. sc. 2, &c. In "The Tempest" alone (A. v. sc. 1) he has "expeditions."

*York.* What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all.

*Som.* And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

*Car.* My lord of York, try what your fortune is.  
The uncivil kernes of Ireland<sup>5</sup> are in arms,  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :  
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each county some,  
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

*York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

*Suf.* Why our authority is his consent,  
And what we do establish, he confirms :  
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

*York.* I am content.—Provide me soldiers, lords,  
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

*Suf.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.  
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

*Car.* No more of him ; for I will deal with him,  
That henceforth, he shall trouble us no more :  
And so break off ; the day is almost spent.  
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

*York.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,  
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,  
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

*Suf.* I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*]

*York.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,  
And change misdoubt to resolution :  
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art  
Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying.  
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,  
And find no harbour in a royal heart.  
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,  
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.  
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,  
Weaves tedious snarcs to trap mine enemies.  
Well, nobles, well ; 'tis politicly done,  
To send me packing with an host of men :  
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

<sup>5</sup> — kernes of Ireland] Irish peasants were sometimes called "kernes," but here they mean light-armed foot-soldiers. See "Richard II.," A. ii. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 245. Skinner derives the word from the A. S. *cyrran*, from the admitted activity of the Irish in *turning*.

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.  
 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me :  
 I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd,  
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band<sup>6</sup>,  
 I will stir up in England some black storm,  
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell ;  
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
 Until the golden circuit on my head,  
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw<sup>7</sup>.  
 And, for a minister of my intent,  
 I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,  
 John Cade of Ashford,  
 To make commotion, as full well he can,  
 Under the title of John Mortimer.  
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade  
 Oppose himself against a troop of kernes ;  
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :  
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen  
 Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco<sup>8</sup>,  
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.  
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,  
 Hath he conversed with the enemy,  
 And undiscover'd come to me again,  
 And given me notice of their villainies.  
 This devil here shall be my substitute ;  
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :

<sup>6</sup> Whiles I in Ireland Nourish a mighty band,] Unless we read "nourish" in the time of one syllable, this line is overloaded : still "nourish" means more than *march*, which is substituted for it in the corr. fo. 1632, and we therefore leave it in the text.

<sup>7</sup> — mad-bred FLAW.] "Flaw" is a violent gust of wind. Cotgrave, in his French Dict., translates *lis de vent*, "a gust or *flaw* of wind;" and Florio, in his Italian Dict. 1598, renders *grosso*, "a *flaw* or *berrie* of wind." In his second edit. 1611, it is to be remarked that Florio omits the word *flaw*, and calls it in Italian *grosso di vento*.

<sup>8</sup> — like a wild MORISCO.] Or, as he was familiarly termed, a *Morris-dancer*. *Moresco* is Italian for a *Moor*, and the Morris-dance has been supposed to be the same as the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*. In two places in his Beaumont and Fletcher, ii. 386 and viii. 190, the Rev. Mr. Dyce speaks of *moriscos* merely as dances ; but they were, in fact, *dancers*, and "mad morisco," in his first instance, is the same as the "wild Morisco" of Shakespeare.

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
 How they affect the house and claim of York.  
 Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,  
 I know, no pain they can inflict upon him  
 Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.  
 Say, that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,  
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;  
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
 And Henry put apart, the next for me'. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

Bury. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter certain Murderers, hastily*<sup>1</sup>.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,  
 We have despatch'd the duke as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?  
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

*Suf.* Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

<sup>1</sup> And Henry put apart, THE next for me.] "Then next for me" in the corr. fo. 1632, but the change only merits mention.

<sup>2</sup> Enter certain Murderers, hastily.] The stage-direction in the folio is this:—"Enter two or three, running over the stage, from the murder of Duke Humphrey." According to the old "Contention," 1594, the murder was first exhibited in dumb show before the audience: the stage-direction, and what immediately follows it, are there thus given:—

"Then the curtienes being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast, and smothering him in his bed; and then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.

"*Suff.* How now, sirs! what, have you dispatcht him?

"*One.* I, my lord: hees dead, I warrant you.

"*Suff.* Then see the clothes laid smooth about him still,  
 That when the king comes, he may perceive  
 No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

"2. All things is hansom now, my lord.

"*Suff.* Then draw the curtienes againe, and get you gone,  
 And you shall have your firme reward anon.

[Exit murderers.]

*Exet* is always put for *exit* and *exerunt* in this impression.

*Suf.* Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;  
I will reward you for this venturous deed.  
The king and all the peers are here at hand.  
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,  
According as I gave directions?

1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

*Suf.* Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

*Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET,  
Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.*

*K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:  
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

*Suf.* I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,  
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,  
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,  
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

*Q. Mar.* God forbid any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a noble man!  
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

*K. Hen.* I thank thee, Meg<sup>1</sup>; these words content me  
much.—

*Re-enter SUFFOLK.*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?  
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

*Q. Mar.* Marry, God forefend!

*Car.* God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night,  
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*The King swoons*<sup>2</sup>.]

<sup>1</sup> I thank thee *Meg*;] In the folio, 1623, where this line is first found, it is printed, "I thank thee, *Nell*," &c., which certainly suits the metre, but not the person, the Queen's name being Margaret. It seems most likely that *Nell* was misprinted for *Meg*., the abbreviation of Margaret; but at the same time it is to be observed, that in the Queen's speech in this scene, *Eleanor* is thrice put for "Margaret," the same error having run through it by the carelessness of the transcriber; but in those places *Eleanor* suits the line as well as *Margaret*. Theobald would read, "I thank thee *well*," for "I thank thee, *Nell*;" but in the corr. fo. 1632 *Nell* is altered to "Meg," and in the Queen's long speech "Margaret" is put for *Eleanor* wherever it is required.

<sup>2</sup> The King swoons.] The stage direction in the folio is *King sounds*, and in



*Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

*Som.* Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

*Q. Mar.* Run, go; help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!

*Suf.* He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

*K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

*Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?

*Suf.* Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

*K. Hen.* What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,  
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.—  
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;  
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,  
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

*Q. Mar.* Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?  
Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:  
And for myself, foe as he was to me,  
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,  
And all to have the noble duke alive.  
What know I how the world may deem of me?  
For it is known we were but hollow friends:  
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away;  
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,  
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

the old "Contention," 1594, "The King falls in a *sound*;" but surely this is no sufficient reason for retaining the old corrupt spelling of "swoons," and printing *King sounds*, or *swounds* as the Rev. Mr. Dyce repeatedly recommends in his Beaumont and Fletcher, especially when he himself is so often inconsistent.

This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy !  
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy !

*K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man !

*Q. Mar.* Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.  
What ! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face ?  
I am no loathsome leper ; look on me.  
What ! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf ?  
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.  
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb ?  
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy :  
Erect his statue, then, and worship it <sup>4</sup>,  
And make my image but an alehouse sign.  
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,  
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank  
Drove back again unto my native clime ?  
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind  
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.  
What did I then, but curs'd th' ungentle gusts <sup>5</sup>,  
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves ;  
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,  
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.  
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
But left that hateful office unto thee :  
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,  
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore  
With tears, as salt as sea, through thy unkindness :

<sup>4</sup> Erect his statue, THEN, and worship it,] We find "then" inserted in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632: it is not absolutely necessary, because "statue" was formerly sometimes pronounced as a trisyllable. The addition of "then" saves an awkwardness to modern ears, and we may conclude that "statue" was made a disyllable in the time of the old corrector. When "statue" was meant to be a trisyllable, it was sometimes spelt *statua*.

<sup>5</sup> What did I then, but curs'd th' UNGENTLE gusts,] It is "*gentle gusts*" in every old copy, and so it has always been represented in every modern copy, until that of Mr. Singer, who quotes his own second folio for the MS. correction. This fortunate circumstance saved him from the annoyance of referring to our corr. fo. 1632 for the identical emendation: there it is found, and from thence it was transferred to the Vol. of "*Notes and Emendations*," 8vo. 1853. We are not aware that the change in Mr. Singer's folio, 1632, was ever hinted at, until after the appearance of that work. However, we gladly avail ourselves of the confirmation thus afforded to an emendation, which in truth requires no enforcement. Mr. Singer has been reluctantly compelled to notice our corr. fo. 1632 in so many places, that we may be sure the change of *gentle* to "*ungentle*," there made, could not have escaped him; and some may be surprised that he did not notice it, as affording powerful support to the change he was introducing.

The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,  
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,  
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.  
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,  
 When from the shore the tempest beat us back,  
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm;  
 And when the dusky sky began to rob  
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,  
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,—  
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—  
 And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd it,  
 And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:  
 And even with this I lost fair England's view,  
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue  
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)  
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did<sup>6</sup>,  
 When he to madding Dido would unfold  
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?  
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?  
 Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,  
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long<sup>7</sup>.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY. The  
 Commons press to the door.*

*War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
 That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd  
 By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.  
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
 Until they hear the order of his death.

*K. Hen.* That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;

<sup>6</sup> To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,] The folio, 1623, has *watch*: but the misprint is detected (as Theobald pointed out) in the next line but two, "Am I not *witch'd* like her?" According to Virgil, as every body is aware, Ascanius did not *witch* Dido, but Cupid *witch'd* her in the shape of Ascanius.

<sup>7</sup> — that thou dost live so long.] It may be fit to note that the whole of this speech, after the fifth line, is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632.

But how he died, God knows, not Henry.  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.

*War.* That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,  
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*WARWICK goes into an inner room*\*, and  
*SALISBURY retires.*

*K. Hen.* Oh, thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts !  
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
For judgment only doth belong to thee.  
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain<sup>9</sup>  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling ;  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,  
And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

*The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER  
is discovered dead in his bed ; WARWICK and others standing  
by it*<sup>10</sup>.

*War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

*K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave is made ;  
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,  
For seeing him<sup>1</sup>, I see my life in death.

\* *Warwick goes into an inner room.*] In the simplicity of our old stage the different apartments were only separated by a curtain ; therefore, in the 4to. "Contention," 1594, the stage-direction is, "Warwick draws the curtains, and shows Duke Humphrey in his bed."

<sup>9</sup> — and to *RAIN*] So the corr. fo. 1632 ; and Mr. Singer was quite right in availing himself of an emendation which Steevens had conjectured.

<sup>10</sup> — *Warwick and others standing by it.*] In the old "Contention," there is here no new stage-direction ; but in the folio, 1623, we have merely "Bed put forth." Malone and others (including Mr. Singer) inform us that the stage-direction in the folio is, "A bed *with Gloster's body* put forth ;" but there is no authority for the words in *Italic*, one modern editor having taken the word of another in this and many other instances, without reference to the original. In the 4to. edition of the "Contention," 1594, it was unnecessary to put forth a bed, because Warwick, by drawing the curtains (as above stated), had discovered duke Humphrey's body to the King already.

<sup>1</sup> *For seeing him.*] "*And seeing him,*" in the corr. fo. 1632, but though the change is plausible, it is by no means unavoidable.

*War.* As surely as my soul intends to live  
 With that dread King, that took our state upon him  
 To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,  
 I do believe that violent hands were laid  
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

*Suf.* A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!—  
 What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

*War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face.  
 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost<sup>2</sup>,  
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
 Being all descended to the labouring heart;  
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth  
 To blush, and beautify the cheek again.  
 But see, his face is black, and full of blood;  
 His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,  
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:  
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;  
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd,  
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.  
 Look on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;  
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.  
 It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
 The least of all these signs were probable.

*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?  
 Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection,  
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

*War.* But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes,  
 And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:  
 'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,  
 And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

*Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
 As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

*War.* Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,  
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
 But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?

<sup>2</sup> — a timely-parted ghost,] The Rev. Mr. Dyce has a note and quotation ("Remarks," p. 129) to show that "a timely-parted ghost" means a recently dead body. He blames us that we had no note upon the point in our first edition; but surely the passage speaks for itself: why are we to explain words the meaning of which the context makes so obvious?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

*Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

*Suf.* I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;  
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,  
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—  
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som., and others.*]

*War.* What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

*Q. Mar.* He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

*War.* Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;  
For every word you speak in his behalf  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,  
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:  
And, after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

*Suf.* Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,  
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

*War.* Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.  
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,

And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

*K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just<sup>3</sup>;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within*<sup>4</sup>.]

*Q. Mar.* What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.*

*K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

*Suf.* The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,  
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. [*Noise of a Crowd within.*]

*Re-enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; [*Speaking to those within.*] the king shall know your mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England's territories,

They will by violence tear him from your palace,

And torture him with grievous lingering death.

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death;

And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking,

Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

<sup>3</sup> Thrice is he arm'd, &c.] With reference to this passage the commentators quote what they call, and was then believed to be, Marlowe's "Lust's Dominion." Marlowe, as already observed, was dead five years before the events in that play occurred; yet although that fact was pointed out thirty years ago, and has since been repeatedly mentioned, we find Mr. Singer again falling into the error. It is important, because it shows that here Shakespeare was not the imitator, but the poet imitated. See particularly our note, Vol. iii. p. 206.

<sup>4</sup> A noise within.] So the folio, 1623; but the 4to. "Contention," 1594, is more explanatory: "Then all the Commons within cry, Down with Suffolk! down with Suffolk! And then enter again the duke of Suffolk, and Warwick, with their weapons drawn."

They say, in care of your most royal person,  
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,  
And charge, that no man should disturb your rest  
On pain of your dislike<sup>1</sup>, or pain of death,  
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
That slily glided towards your majesty,  
It were but necessary, you were wak'd;  
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:  
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,  
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;  
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

*Commons.* [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury!

*Suf.* 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,  
Could send such message to their sovereign;  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To show how quaint an orator you are:  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,  
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,  
Sent from a sort of tinkers<sup>2</sup> to the king.

*Commons.* [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

*K. Hen.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,  
I thank them for their tender loving care,  
And had I not been 'cited so by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;  
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:  
And therefore, by his majesty I swear,  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,  
He shall not breathe infection in this air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

*Q. Mar.* O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

<sup>1</sup> On pain of your dislike.] "*In* pain," old copies; but below we have "*on* the pain of death." The printer used the wrong preposition.

<sup>2</sup> Sent from a sort of tinkers] *i. e.* A company of tinkers, as frequently before.



No more, I say : if thou dost plead for him,  
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word,  
 But when I swear it is irrevocable.—  
 If after three days' space thou here be'st found  
 On any ground that I am ruler of,  
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—  
 Come, Warwick, come ; good Warwick, go with me,  
 I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.*]

*Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you !  
 Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,  
 Be playfellows to keep you company !  
 There's two of you ; the devil make a third,  
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps !

*Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,  
 And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

*Q. Mar.* Fie, coward, woman, and soft-hearted wretch !  
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy ?

*Suf.* A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?  
 Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan<sup>7</sup>,  
 I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome eave.  
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;  
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;  
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;  
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :  
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !  
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !  
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees !

<sup>7</sup> Would curses kill, as doth the MANDRAKE'S GROAN,] Reed made the following apposite quotation from Bulleine's "Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness," &c. fol. 1597, p. 41 ; speaking of Mandragora, he says : "They do affirme that this herbe cometh of the seede of some convicted dead men : and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore, they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof with a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this *Mandrack*. In whych cry it doth not only dye itselfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !  
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings<sup>1</sup> !  
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
And boding screech-owls make the concert full !  
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

*Q. Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk : thou torment'st thyself ;  
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,  
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,  
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

*Suf.* You bade me ban<sup>2</sup>, and will you bid me leave ?  
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*Q. Mar.* Oh ! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy  
hand,  
That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;  
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my woeful monuments.  
Oh ! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,  
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.  
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;  
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,  
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.  
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,  
Adventure to be banished myself ;  
And banished I am, if but from thee.  
Go ; speak not to me : even now be gone.—  
Oh ! go not yet.—Even thus two friends condemn'd  
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,  
Loather a hundred times to part than die.  
Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee.  
*Suf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,  
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.  
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence :  
A wilderness is populous enough,

<sup>1</sup> Their softest touch, as SMART as lizard's stings !] This is one of the old  
lections that we do not displace on the authority of the corr. fo. 1632 : it has  
*sharp* for "smart ;" but as the latter may refer to the effect of the supposed sting  
of a lizard, we think it ought to remain.

<sup>2</sup> You bade me BAN,] *i. e.* Curse : see Suffolk's last speech ; and A. ii. sc. 4.

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company ;  
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
 With every several pleasure in the world,  
 And where thou art not, desolation.  
 I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life ;  
 Myself to joy in nought, but that thou liv'st <sup>10</sup>.

*Enter VAUX.*

*Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I  
 pr'ythee?

*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,  
 That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death ;  
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,  
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.  
 Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost  
 Were by his side ; sometime he calls the king,  
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
 The secrets of his overcharged soul :  
 And I am sent to tell his majesty,  
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

*Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit VAUX.*]

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?  
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears?  
 Their's for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.  
 Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming:  
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live;  
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else,  
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
 As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,  
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips;  
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

<sup>10</sup> Myself to joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.] The reading of every ancient and modern edition has hitherto been "Myself *no* joy in nought," and so it might have continued but for an emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, of which Mr. Singer avails himself, but again spared himself the pain of acknowledgment.

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth :  
 So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,  
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
 To die by thee were but to die in jest ;  
 From thee to die were torture more than death.  
 Oh ! let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Q. Mar.* Away ! though parting be a fretful corrosive,  
 It is applied to a deathful wound.  
 To France, sweet Suffolk : let me hear from thee ;  
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
 I'll have an Iris<sup>1</sup> that shall find thee out.

*Suf.* I go.

*Q. Mar.* And take my heart with thee.

*Suf.* A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st casket<sup>2</sup>  
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we :  
 This way fall I to death.

*Q. Mar.* This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

### SCENE III.

London. Cardinal BEAUFORT's Bed-chamber.

*Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others. The  
 Cardinal in bed<sup>3</sup> ; Attendants with him.*

*K. Hen.* How fares my lord ? speak, Beaufort, to thy  
 sovereign<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I'll have an Iris] i. e. A messenger. See "Troilus and Cressida," A. i. sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st casket] Mr. Singer conjectures that *caske* of the old copies, is put for "casket;" and with good reason, inasmuch as he found it among the emendations of the corr. fo. 1632, although he says nothing about it. He tells us, moreover, that "casket" would give "a redundant syllable." We can but wonder that he does not yet know that hundreds of lines, in this very play and others, are perfect measure, though ending with what he calls "a redundant syllable:" the last speech but two of Queen Margaret contains three such lines out of nine: it is one of the perfections of blank-verse.

<sup>3</sup> The Cardinal in bed:] The expressive stage-direction in the "First Part of the Contention," 1594, runs thus:—"Enter King and Salisbury; and then the curtain is drawn, and the Cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were madde." The folio only has, "Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed."

<sup>4</sup> How fares my lord ? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.] Here Mr. Singer

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

*War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—

Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*K. Hen.* Oh, thou eternal mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

Oh! beat away the busy meddling fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair.

*War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

*Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

*K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if't God's good pleasure be<sup>s</sup>.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

*K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,

And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*

might truly say that there is "a redundant syllable." The corr. fo. 1632 therefore has *king* for "sovereign;" but we make no change, none being absolutely required, though the measure is somewhat irregular.

<sup>s</sup> — if't God's good pleasure be.] Here we make the slightest possible change, from the corr. fo. 1632, viz. "if't" (i. e. if it) for *if*, and complete a sentence that has hitherto always been given imperfectly.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

*Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain<sup>6</sup>, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, disguised; and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

*Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea,  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings  
Clip dead men's graves<sup>7</sup>, and from their misty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.  
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;  
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,  
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,  
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—  
*Master*, this prisoner freely give I thee;—  
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—  
The other, [*Pointing to SUFFOLK,*] *Walter Whitmore*, is thy  
share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

*Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes your's.

*Cap.* What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,  
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—  
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall.  
Can lives of those<sup>8</sup> which we have lost in fight,  
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

<sup>6</sup> Then enter from a Boat, a CAPTAIN,] In the folio, 1623, he is called only a *Lieutenant*: in the 4to. "Contention," a "Captain."

<sup>7</sup> CLIP dead men's graves,] i. e. Embrace dead men's graves, in the sense of overshadowing them. See Vol. iii. pp. 106. 194.

<sup>8</sup> CAN lives of those] There is no reasonable doubt of the fitness of the alteration here proposed in the corr. fo. 1632: the old lection is "The lives of those," &c., but it is a question, and the emendation at once elucidates the sense and preserves the metre. Malone, absurdly we must say, introduced two redundant syllables into the last line, and made it a mere observation.

*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die; [To *Suf.*  
And so should these, if I might have my will.

*Cap.* Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

*Suf.* Look on my George: I am a gentleman.  
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

*Whit.* And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.  
How now! why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.  
A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
And told me that by *water* I should die<sup>1</sup>:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;  
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

*Whit.* *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;  
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[Lays hold on *SUFFOLK*.]

*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,  
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

*Whit.* The duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:  
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?<sup>2</sup>

*Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood<sup>3</sup>,  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
How often hast thou waited at my cup,

<sup>1</sup> And told me that by *water* I should die:] The earliest impression of the old "Contention," that of 1594, here has *water*, but in the edit. of 1600 it is misprinted *Walter*, which destroys the point: in 1619 the right word was restored.

<sup>2</sup> Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?] This line, necessary to the congruity of the dialogue, is derived from the 4to. "First Part of the Contention," 1594, sign. r 2.

<sup>3</sup> Obscure and *LOWLY* swain, king Henry's blood,] In all the folios, this line is assigned to the Captain, it certainly belongs to Suffolk; and the word "lowly" is misprinted *lowey*: the old "Contention" has the words "*lowly swain*," but not as part of this line. As might be expected, it is amended to "*lowly swain*" in the corr. fo. 1632.

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
 When I have feasted with queen Margaret?  
 Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;  
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.  
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,  
 And duly waited for my coming forth.  
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

*Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?<sup>3</sup>

*Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Suf.* Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side  
 Strike off his head.

*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

*Cap.* Yes, Poole.

*Suf.* Poole?<sup>4</sup>

*Cap.* Poole; Sir Poole! lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
 Now, will I dam up this thy yawning mouth  
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm:  
 Thy lips that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;  
 And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,  
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
 Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:  
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
 For daring to affy a mighty lord  
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.  
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd  
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.<sup>5</sup>  
 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:  
 The false revolting Normans thorough thee  
 Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy

<sup>3</sup> the FORLORN SWAIN?] It is *foul-tongu'd slave* in the corr. fo. 1632; which we note without the introduction of so bold a novelty, where it is not imperatively called for.

<sup>4</sup> Poole?] This name, and the preceding "Yes, Poole," are from the 4to. "Contention," and are clearly necessary to the sense.

<sup>5</sup> With gobbets of thy MOTHER'S bleeding heart.] So the corr. fo. 1632, and such has been the usual text; but in the folio, 1623, (where this speech is first found, although nearly the whole of it is crossed out in the corr. fo. 1632,) it is made a compound epithet—*mother-bleeding*.



Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,  
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.  
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,  
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,  
 As hating thee, are rising ' up in arms :  
 And now the house of York—thrust from the crown  
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,  
 And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,—  
 Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours  
 Advance our half-fac'd sun', striving to shine,  
 Under the which is writ—*In vitis nubibus*.  
 The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms ;  
 And to conclude, reproach, and beggary,  
 Is crept into the palace of our king,  
 And all by thee.—Away !—Convey him hence.

*Suf.* Oh, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder  
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !  
 Small things make base men proud : this villain, here,  
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate\*.  
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.  
 It is impossible, that I should die  
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.  
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :

\* — ARE rising] The folio, "and rising." Corrected by Rowe; and the same evident emendation is found in the corr. fo. 1632.

' — whose hopeful colours

Advance our half-fac'd sun,] "Edward III." according to Camden's Remains, "bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud." It is stated also, that Edward IV. adopted the sun, or suns, in consequence of the vision of three suns.

\* Than BARGULUS the strong Illyrian pirate.] "Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est, apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit." Hist. Theopomp. lib. ii. cap. xi. as quoted by Warburton. For "Bargulus," of the folio, we have another hero in the old "Contention," 1594 : the Captain, says Suffolk,

"Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,

The great Macedonian pirate."

*Abradas* is mentioned by Greene, in his "Penelope's Web," printed about 1588. This circumstance also remotely connects the old play with Greene : see the Introduction to the "Third Part of Henry VI."

\* Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :] Malone tells us, that in the "original play," the "First Part of the Contention," this line is assigned to the Captain, and he objects to Shakespeare's judgment in depriving him of it, and giving it to Suffolk : other commentators have remarked upon the same circumstance, without referring to the "original play," 4to, 1594, or they would have seen that the line there forms part of Suffolk's speech, as in the folio, 1623. It is difficult to account for Malone's blunder, and the implicit adoption of it by

I go of message from the queen to France;  
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

*Cap.* Walter!—

*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

*Suf.* *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus*<sup>1</sup>:—it is thee I fear.

*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

*1 Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him; speak him fair.

*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear, than you dare execute.

*Cap.* Hail him away, and let him talk no more.

*Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can<sup>2</sup>,

That this my death may never be forgot.—

Great men oft die by vile bezonians<sup>3</sup>:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders

Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Suf., with Whit. and others.*]

*Cap.* And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Steevens and Boswell; but that the line is Suffolk's is clear, because in the old "Contention" the Captain observes upon the word "fury," there used by Suffolk instead of "rage" of the folio,

"Ay, but my deeds shall stay thy fury soon."

<sup>1</sup> *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus*:] "*Penè*" is misprinted *Pine* in the folio, 1623; and as the editor of the folio, 1632, could make nothing of the word, he omitted it. The author of this scrap of Latin, which is not in the 4to. "*Contention*," has not been pointed out: Malone substituted "*Penè*" for *Pine*.

<sup>2</sup> Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,] Although this line is assigned to the Lieutenant in the folio, 1623, there can be no doubt that it belongs to Suffolk. The sense, which clearly runs on, does not however appear to have detected the error, until the time of Sir Thomas Hanmer.

<sup>3</sup> — vile BEZONIANS:] "*Bezonians*" are low needy persons. See "*Henry IV., Part II.,*" A. v. sc. 3, p. 524.

*Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK's body.*

*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it.

[*Exit.*

*1 Gent.* Oh, barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
His body will I bear unto the king:  
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the body.*

## SCENE II.

Blackheath.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.*

*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath:  
they have been up these two days.

*John.* They have the more need to sleep now, then.

*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the  
commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

*John.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it  
was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

*Geo.* Oh miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handi-  
crafts-men.

*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

*Geo.* Nay more; the king's council are no good workmen.

*John.* True; and yet it is said,—labour in thy vocation:  
which is as much as to say<sup>4</sup>,—let the magistrates be la-  
bouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

*Geo.* Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave  
mind, than a hard hand.

*John.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the  
tanner of Wingham.

*Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's  
leather of.

*John.* And Dick, the butcher.

*Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's  
throat cut like a calf.

*John.* And Smith, the weaver.

<sup>4</sup> — which is as much as to say,] So the corr. fo. 1632, "as" having been  
misplaced in the old editions—"which is as much to say as."

*Geo.* *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

*John.* Come, come; let's fall in with them.

*Drum.* Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver,  
and others, in great number<sup>5</sup>.

*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

*Dick.* Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*

*Cade.* —For our enemies shall fall before us<sup>6</sup>, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

*Dick.* Silence!

*Cade.* My father was a Mortimer,—

*Dick.* He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[*Aside.*

*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

*Dick.* I knew her well; she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

*Dick.* She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

*Dick.* Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*

*Cade.* Valiant I am.

*Smith.* 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*Dick.* No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

*Smith.* He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

*Dick.* But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

<sup>5</sup> — and others, in GREAT NUMBER.] “With *infinite numbers*” says the folio, very unusually; but we are to suppose it to mean as many as the company could afford to send on as supernumerary rebels. “And the rest with long staves” are the words in the “Contention,” 1594.

<sup>6</sup> For our enemies shall fall before us,] Alluding to his name, Cade, as if derived from the Latin *cado*: in the folio, 1623, it is misprinted “*fail* before us.” “A cade of herrings,” mentioned by Dick the butcher, was a cask (*cadus*, Lat.), smaller than a barrel, and containing six hundred herrings.”

*Cade.* Be brave then ; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny : the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

*All.* God save your majesty !

*Cade.* I thank you, good people :—there shall be no money ; all shall eat and drink on my score ; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment ? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man ? Some say, the bee stings ; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.—How now ! who's there ?

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham : he can write and read, and cast accompt.

*Cade.* Oh monstrous !

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain !

*Smith.* H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

*Cade.* Nay then, he is a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

*Cade.* I am sorry for't : the man is a proper man, of mine honour ; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee : what is thy name ?

*Clerk.* Emmanuel.

*Dick.* They use to write it on the top of letters'.—'Twill go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man ?

<sup>7</sup> They use to write it on the top of letters ;] i. e. Of letters missive, and similar public acts. We do not recollect to have seen " Emmanuel " at the top of private letters, but it was not uncommon, in the time of Shakespeare, and earlier, to put the name of the Saviour, or a small cross, at the commencement of them, especially when written by clergymen.

*Clerk.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain, and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. *[Exeunt some with the Clerk.]*

*Enter MICHAEL.*

*Mich.* Where's our general?

*Cade.* Here I am, thou particular fellow.

*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

*Cade.* Stand! villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. *[Kneels.]*—Rise up sir John Mortimer. *[Rises.]*\* Now have at him.

*Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his brother, with Drum and Forces.*

*Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,  
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:  
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.  
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

*W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,  
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

*Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not\*:  
It is to you, good people, that I speak,  
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;  
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

*Staf.* Villain! thy father was a plasterer;  
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.

*W. Staf.* And what of that?

\* *Rises.]* Jack Cade kneeling, and afterwards rising, having in the interval knighted himself, must have had a very ludicrous effect. The stage-directions are from the corr. fo. 1632, and show part of the old comic business of the scene. In the "Contention," 1594, Cade bestows the same honour on "Sir Dick Butcher."

\* — *I pass not:]* An idiomatic phrase of the time for I care not, or I pay them no regard. It was in frequent use. In the 4to. "Contention" the words are "I pass not a pin."

*Cade.* Marry, this :—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, Married the duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not ?

*Staf.* Ay, sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*W. Staf.* That's false.

*Cade.* Ay, there's the question ; but, I say, 'tis true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse,  
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away ;  
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.  
His son am I : deny it, if you can.

*Dick.* Nay, 'tis too true : therefore, he shall be king.

*Smith.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it : therefore, deny it not.

*Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,  
That speaks he knows not what ?

*All.* Ay, marry, will we ; therefore, get ye gone.

*W. Staf.* Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

*Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]—Go to, sirrah : tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign ; but I'll be protector over him.

*Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

*Cade.* And good reason ; for thereby is England maimed<sup>1</sup>, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch ; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

*Staf.* Oh, gross and miserable ignorance !

*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can : the Frenchmen are our enemies : go to then, I ask but this ; can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no ?

<sup>1</sup> — for thereby is England MAIMED,] The folio has *main'd*, which may be right, Cade intending to joke upon the name of Maine. The "Contention," 1594, however, reads "maimed," and it introduces Anjou as well as Maine ; but the same play upon the word was intended there. Malone refers to Daniel's "Civil Wars," 1595, for the identical joke upon "Maine" and *maim*, which Mr. Singer, quoting as usual at second hand, and misquoting, spoils : Daniel's line, as Malone cites it, is,

"Anjou and Maine, the *maim* that foul appears."

*All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

*W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,  
Assail them with the army of the king.

*Staf.* Herald, away; and, throughout every town,  
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;  
That those which fly before the battle ends,  
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,  
Be hang'd up for example at their doors.—  
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*]

*Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—  
Now show yourselves men: 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:  
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

*Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most out of  
order. Come: march! forward!<sup>2</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

#### Another Part of Blackheath.

*Alarum.* *The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the  
STAFFORDS are slain.*

*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

*Dick.* Here, sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou  
behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-  
house: therefore, thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall be  
as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill  
for a hundred years lacking one<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> Come: march! forward!] In the old "Contention," 1594, Jack Cade makes no separate speech to his followers, but goes out exclaiming "Come, sirs: Saint George for us and Kent."

<sup>3</sup> The Lent shall be as long AGAIN as it is, and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred YEARS lacking one.] Malone added a *week* after "lacking one," because it is found in the old "Contention;" but it rather obscures than explains the meaning, which has reference to the prohibition of butchers to kill flesh-meat during Lent, from which, for his services, Dick was to be exempted for *ninety-nine* years, i. e. "a hundred years lacking one." The term of ninety-nine years was familiar then as now, and the word "years" is derived from the corr. fo. 1632.



*Dick.* I desire no more.

*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; [*Putting on STAFFORD'S armour.*]<sup>4</sup> and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

*Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee.—Come; let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY with him; at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK'S head.*

*Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,  
And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?  
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;  
But where's the body that I should embrace?

*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

*K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;  
For God forbid, so many simple souls  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.—  
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face  
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,  
And could it not enforce them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same?

*K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

<sup>4</sup> Putting on Stafford's armour.] This stage-direction, which is necessary to explain what was done by Cade, is in no old copy, but is inserted in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632. The fact was derived from Holinshed.

*Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

*K. Hen.* How now, madam !

Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death<sup>5</sup> ?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

*Q. Mar.* No, my love ; I should not mourn, but die for thee<sup>6</sup>.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*K. Hen.* How now ! what news ? why com'st thou in such haste ?

*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark : fly, my lord !

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,

Descended from the duke of Clarence' house,

And calls your grace usurper openly,

And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless :

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed.

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

*K. Hen.* Oh graceless men ! they know not what they do.

*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth<sup>7</sup>,

Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

*Q. Mar.* Ah ! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

*K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,

Therefore away with us to Kenilworth.

<sup>5</sup> Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death ?] A very bad line, thus amended in the corr. fo. 1632 :—

“ Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death ;” which we are confident is right, but the change is not required excepting for the sake of the measure.

<sup>6</sup> — but die for thee.] The previous speeches of the Queen, addressed to Suffolk and his head, are not in the “Contention,” 1594. The head is there only spoken of in the introduction to the scene.

<sup>7</sup> — retire to KENILWORTH.] The Rev. Mr. Dyce is very anxious (“Remarks,” p. 130) that we should spell “Kenilworth” (its proper name), *Killingworth* (its corruption), because it so stands in the old editions. In Shakespeare's time there was no uniformity, and why are we to revive obsolete archaisms ? We could produce instances where “Kenilworth” is spelt *Kellingworth*, *Kellinworth*, and *Kimnehoorth*, but what does it prove, but that we ought now to use a recognised and established form ? It is, in our view, a point of the smallest possible importance, however artificially magnified.

*Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger.  
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;  
And therefore in this city will I stay,  
And live alone, as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge:  
The citizens fly and forsake their houses.  
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,  
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

*Buck.* Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

*K. Hen.* Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

*Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord: [*To Lord SAY.*] trust not the  
Kentish rebels.

*Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd\*.

*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

The Same. The Tower.

*Enter Lord SCALES, and others, walking on the walls. Then  
enter certain Citizens, below.*

*Scales.* How now! is Jack Cade slain?

*1 Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have  
won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The  
lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend  
the city from the rebels.

*Scales.* Such aid as I can spare, you shall command,  
But I am troubled here with them myself:  
The rebels have essay'd to win the Tower.  
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.

\* — *BE* betray'd.] "Be," accidentally omitted in the first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. It is necessary for the sense; but there are many passages in these plays injured by the insertion, or non-insertion, of mere expletives.

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;  
And so farewell: rebellion never thrives<sup>9</sup>. [Exeunt.

## SCENE VI.

The Same. Cannon Street.

*Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his sword on London-stone*<sup>1</sup>.

*Cade.* Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

*Sold.* Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there. [They kill him.

*Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

*Dick.* My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smith-field.

*Cade.* Come then, let's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.

<sup>9</sup> And so farewell: REBELLION NEVER THRIVES.] So the corr. fo. 1632; and we may feel morally certain that the scene so concluded when the play was acted. Nothing can be more probable than that at the end of the scene Lord Scales should make his exit with such a rhyme, instead of the flat substitution "for I must hence again," as we find it in the ordinary text. No words could be better adapted to the place, and the expression "rebellion never thrives" was proverbial. If we reject the words, we must conclude that they were a mere invention, for the sake of terminating the scene with more spirit. It seems certain that the passage was so recited in the time of the old corrector.

<sup>1</sup> He strikes his sword on London-stone.] Such is the oldest stage-direction, and it is clear that he afterwards takes his seat upon the stone. The folio, 1623, has *staff* instead of "sword" of the "Contention," 1594; but that Cade was armed with a sword there can be no doubt, for in a previous scene he has knighted himself with it.

## SCENE VII.

The Same. Smithfield.

*Alarum.* Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company : on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight ; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain<sup>1</sup>.

*Cade.* So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy ; others to the inns of court : down with them all.

*Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

*Dick.* Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

*John.* Mass, 'twill be sore law, then ; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*]

*Smith.* Nay, John, it will be stinking law ; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*]

*Cade.* I have thought upon it ; it shall be so.—Away ! burn all the records of the realm : my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

*John.* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*]

*Cade.* And henceforward all things shall be in common.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize ! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France ; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens<sup>2</sup>, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

<sup>1</sup> — and Matthew Gough is slain.] The not very intelligible stage-direction of the folio is, "Alarums. Matthew Gough [spelt Goffe] is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade with his company." According to this direction, Gough and his followers were slain before the arrival of Cade and the rebels : the same remark will apply to the stage-direction in the 4to. "Contention."

<sup>2</sup> — one and twenty FIFTEENS.] The following is from Holinshed :—"This capteine (Cade) assured them, that if either by force or policy they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honourably used, and take such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanours of their bad counsellours, that neither *fifteens* should hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or taxes be spoken of." This reference to "fifteens" is not in the 4to. "Contention," 1594.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.*

*Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presents<sup>4</sup>, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used<sup>5</sup>; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth<sup>6</sup>, dost thou not?

*Say.* What of that?

*Cade.* Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

*Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

*Say.* You men of Kent,—

*Dick.* What say you of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing but this: 'tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

*Cade.* Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

*Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle<sup>7</sup>:

<sup>4</sup> — by these PRESENTS.] So the corr. fo. 1632, following the usual terms of deeds and public instruments, although Cade ludicrously confounds the words "presents" and "presence."

<sup>5</sup> — thou hast caused PRINTING to be used;] "Printing" was not "used" in this country until about the year 1470: Cade's rebellion was in 1450.

<sup>6</sup> Thou dost ride in a FOOT-CLOTH.] A "foot-cloth" was a kind of housing which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached to the ground.

<sup>7</sup> Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:] Cæsar's Comment. B. v.: "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt." The passage (says

Sweet is the country, because full of riches;  
 The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy<sup>1</sup>;  
 Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.  
 I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;  
 Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.  
 Justice with favour have I always done;  
 Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.  
 When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
 Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you<sup>2</sup>?  
 Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,  
 Because my book preferr'd me to the king:  
 And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,  
 Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,  
 You cannot but forbear to murder me.  
 This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings  
 For your behoof,—

*Cade.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck  
 Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

*Geo.* Oh monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

*Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

*Cade.* Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em  
 red again.

*Say.* Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,

*Steevens*) is thus translated by Arthur Golding in 1565 (not 1590, as the date is given by *Steevens*, and copied by Mr. Singer): "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the *Kentishfolke*." In Lily's "Euphues and his England," 1580, as quoted by Malone, we read "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the *Kentish-men* are the *civilest*."

<sup>1</sup> — valiant, active, WEALTHY;] It is *worthy* in the corr. fo. 1632, which may have been the poet's word, though "wealthy" is not ill adapted to the place it fills. Perhaps some old actor repeated *worthy*.

<sup>2</sup> When have I aught exacted at your hands,

Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you?] We cannot perceive the difficulty in this passage which some of the commentators have found. Lord Say is addressing a multitude from Kent, and he asks them, speaking of them collectively as Kent, when he had exacted aught for the maintenance of the king, &c. Johnson recommended the substitution of *But* for "Kent;" but the question is, when Say had exacted any thing from the Kentish men, even to maintain the king, &c. If he had asked,

"When have I aught exacted at your hands,

*But* to maintain the king," &c.

it would have been an acknowledgment that he had been guilty of *exaction*, which would have exposed him to the fury of the rebels: it seems to us the last thing he would have admitted. The whole of the first part of Lord Say's speech is an appeal to Kent, and to the men of Kent.

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of hatchet<sup>1</sup>.

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no.—Take him away, and behead him.

*Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

Oh, let me live!

*Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, and it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

*All.* It shall be done.

*Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

*Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they

<sup>1</sup> Ye shall have a hempen CAUDLE, then, and the help of hatchet.] In "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 338, "caudle" is misprinted *candle*, and the same error occurs here, from the turning of the letter *u*, in the folio, 1623: "a hempen candle" can have no meaning. The words "help of hatchet" have been disputed, and Dr. Farmer contended that they ought to be "*pap* of a hatchet:" Steevens and various modern editors have adopted his opinion, on the ground that "*pap* with a hatchet" was a phrase of the time, and had been employed by Lily, in the title to a tract he published about 1589; but the phrase was "*pap* *with* a hatchet," and not "*pap* *of* hatchet." The "help of hatchet" is quite intelligible, and is the reading of all the old copies. We feel bound to retain it in the text, especially as the word "help," is unaltered in the corr. fo. 1632: if *pap* had been put for "help," it could hardly have escaped emendation.



have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

*Cade.* Marry, presently.

*All.* Oh brave!

*Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his Son-in-law.*

*Cade.* But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive<sup>1</sup>. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France.—Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

*Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.*

*Cade.* Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.*

*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee. Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye repent, And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you, Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths<sup>2</sup>?

<sup>2</sup> — when they were alive.] Here the corr. fo. 1632 adds as a stage-direction, *Join them together*, and no doubt the rebels suited the action to the word. The fact is related by Holinshed.

<sup>3</sup> Or let a REBEL lead you to your deaths?] It was *rabble* for "rebel" in all

Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!  
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,  
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king! [*Up caps.*]

*Cade.* What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?  
—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you  
needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath  
my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you  
should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought,  
ye would never have given out these arms, till you had re-  
covered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and  
dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let  
them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over  
your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your  
faces. For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's  
curse 'light upon you all!

*All.* We'll follow Cade: we'll follow Cade.

*Chf.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,  
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?  
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;  
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,  
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.  
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,  
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,  
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?  
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,  
I see them lording it in London streets,  
Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.  
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,  
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.  
To France, to France! and get what you have lost.

editions, ancient and modern, until the publication of "Notes and Emendations from Mr. Collier's folio, 1632." Mr. Singer found it in his annotated folio, 1632, which we consider fortunate, not merely because it proves that the change from *rabble* to "rebel" is well warranted. The emendation in Mr. Singer's folio, 1632, however, does not appear to have been promulgated until after the appearance of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853. Our corr. fo. 1632 also converts *relent*, in Clifford's first line, into "repent," which we might not have adopted, had it not been countenanced by the indisputable change of *rabble* to "rebel" in the third line: if one be right, both, most probably, are so.

Spare England, for it is your native coast.  
 Henry hath money, you are strong and manly :  
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth haies them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

*Buck.* What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;  
 And he, that brings his head unto the king,  
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean  
 To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX.

Kenilworth Castle.

*Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the castle.*

*K. Hen.* Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,  
 And could command no more content than I?  
 No sooner was I crept out of my cradle  
 But I was made a king, at nine months old:  
 Was never subject long'd to be a king,  
 As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.*

*Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

*K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?  
 Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a number of CADE's Followers, with halters about their necks.*

*Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,  
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

*K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates  
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—  
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:  
Continue still in this so good a mind,  
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,<sup>a</sup>  
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:  
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*All.* God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Please it your grace to be advertised,  
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,  
And with a puissant, and a mighty power  
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Irish Kernes<sup>4</sup>,  
Is marching hitherward in proud array;  
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
His aims are only<sup>5</sup> to remove from thee  
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

*K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York  
distress'd,  
Like to a ship, that having scap'd a tempest,  
Is straightway calm, and boarded with a pirate.

<sup>4</sup> Of GALLOWGLASSES, and stout IRISH Kernes,] "The *galloglasse*," says Staniburst, in his "Description of Ireland," as quoted by Bowle, "useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limme, and lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke garde." The corr. fo. 1632 supplies the word "Irish" in this line, and it is evidently wanted. It also instructs us to read "*united power*" for "*a mighty power*" in the preceding line; but as the only objection to the last is that it is tautologous, we refrain from inserting *united*, although perhaps misheard "*a mighty*."

<sup>5</sup> His *AIMS* are only] The word is *arms* in all editions, but the Rev. Mr. Dyce urges that the true reading is "*aims*," and we think he is right, although there is no corresponding change in the corr. fo. 1632. The same misprint occurs in "*Troilus and Cressida*," A. v. sc. 7: see also p. 98.

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,  
 And now is York in arms to second him.—  
 I pray thee, Buckingham, then go and meet him<sup>6</sup>,  
 And ask him, what's the reason of these arms?  
 Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—  
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,  
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

*Som.* My lord,  
 I'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
 Or unto death to do my country good.

*K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms,  
 For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

*Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,  
 As all things shall redound unto your good.

*K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;  
 For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE X.

*Kent.* IDEN's Garden.

*Enter CADE.*

*Cade.* Fie on ambition!<sup>7</sup> fie on myself; that have a sword,  
 and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me  
 in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is  
 laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a  
 lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer.  
 Wherefore, o'er a brick-wall<sup>8</sup> have I climbed into this garden,  
 to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which  
 is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And,

<sup>6</sup> I pray thee, Buckingham, THEN go and meet him,] Modern editors have interpolated *forth* into this line, without warrant from any old authority: the corr. fo. 1632 supplies "then," to which there can be no reasonable objection.

<sup>7</sup> Fie on AMBITION!] The folio, 1623, has *ambitions*. Instead of the soliloquy, with which the present scene begins in the folio, the "Contention," 1694, has only this stage-direction: "Enter Jack Cade at one door, and at the other Master Alexander Eyden and his men; and Jack Cade lies down picking up herbs, and eating them."

<sup>8</sup> Wherefore, o'er a brick wall] It is "on a brick wall" in the early editions, which have been always followed; but Cade had not climbed into the garden "on a brick wall," but "o'er a brick wall," and this small change we meet with in the corr. fo. 1632.

I think, this word *sallet* was born to do me good<sup>\*</sup>: for, many a time, but for a *sallet*, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on.

*Enter IDEN, and his Men.*

*Iden.* Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?  
This small inheritance, my father left me,  
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.  
I seek not to wax great by others' waning<sup>1</sup>;  
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:  
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,  
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. A villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

*Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,  
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?  
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,  
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,  
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,  
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

*Cade.* Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was  
broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat

<sup>\*</sup> — this word *SALLET* was born to do me good:] *Cade* puns upon the words "*sallet*" and *sallad*, meaning a helmet, or a composition of herbs. The same joke occurs in the Interlude of "*Thersites*," written in 1537. The hero applies to *Mulciber* for a suit of armour, and among other things mentions a "*sallet*:" *Mulciber* pretends to misunderstand *Thersites*:—

"*Thersites.* Nowe, I pray Jupiter that thou die a cuckold:

I mean a *sallet* with which men do fyght.

"*Mulciber.* It is a small tastinge of a mannes might.

That he should for any matter

Fyght with a fewe herbes in a platter."

The same play upon the word "*sallet*" forms the point of a jest in the "*Sackfull of News*," mentioned by *Laneham*, in his Letter from *Kenilworth*, about 1575.

<sup>1</sup> — by others' *WANING*:] The old copies have "*others' warning*," corrected by *Pope*, and in the corr. fo. 1632. In the preceding line *is* must be understood: to insert it, with *Rowe*, spoils the metre.

no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy fine men<sup>2</sup>, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,  
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent<sup>3</sup>,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.  
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;  
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.  
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;  
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;  
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon:  
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.  
As for words, whose greatness answers words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

*Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees<sup>4</sup>, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight, CADE falls.*] Oh! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

*Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?  
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:  
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,  
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,

<sup>2</sup> — yet come thou and thy *FINE* men,] Enter Iden "and his men" are the words in the "Contention," 1594, but the folio, 1623, has only "Enter Iden." Still it gives him "*fue* men" (u being put for v) in Cade's speech. The true text, however, undoubtedly is "fine men," as the word is amended in the corr. fo. 1632: the fact seems to be that the old printer, having composed "five dayes" just above, thought he was to compose "*fue* men" just below. Cade means to speak contemptuously and ironically of Iden's "fine men."

<sup>3</sup> That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,] This line is redundant, and the corr. fo. 1632 gives it, "That Alexander Iden, squire of Kent," but the proposal in a case of this kind is worth little.

<sup>4</sup> — I beseech God on my knees,] The 4to. "Contention," 1594, has "God" for *Jove* of the folios; and as Mr. Singer remarks, it is very unlikely that Cade would swear by *Jove*. The alteration was doubtless made to avoid offending against the statute 3 Jac. I. c. 21.

To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

*Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [Dies.]

*Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,

And there cut off thy most ungracious head;

Which I will bear in triumph to the king<sup>6</sup>,

Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the body.]

#### ACT V. SCENE I.

The Same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

*The King's camp on one side: on the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours; his Forces at some distance<sup>6</sup>.*

*York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:

Ring, bells, aloud! burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king!

Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?

Let them obey, that know not how to rule;

This hand was made to handle nought but gold:

I cannot give due action to my words,

Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.

A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,

On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

<sup>6</sup> Which I will bear in triumph to the king.] The 4to. "Contention," 1594, in the only known copy, has a blank after "and bear it." Perhaps the words had dropped out, or the MS. could not be read: the former is the more probable. In later editions "to the king" is added after "and bear it;" but there is no trace of the last line, excepting in the folio, 1623.

<sup>6</sup> — his Forces at some distance.] The old stage-direction of the folio is "Enter York and his army of Irish, with drum and colours."



*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?  
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.  
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,  
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great. [Aside.  
Oh! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.  
I am far better born than is the king,  
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;  
But I must make fair weather yet a while,  
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—  
O Buckingham! I pr'ythee, pardon me,  
That I have given no answer all this while:  
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.  
The cause why I have brought this army hither,  
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part;  
But if thy arms<sup>a</sup> be to no other end,  
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:  
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

*York.* Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

*Buck.* Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—  
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:  
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,  
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—  
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

<sup>a</sup> O Buckingham!] "Oh," which is not in the folio, 1623, was added by the editor of the folio, 1632.

<sup>b</sup> But if thy ARMS] Here again, as on p. 93, we ought, perhaps, to read *aims* for "arms," but in this place it is more doubtful.

Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,  
As pledges of my fealty and love ;  
I'll send them all, as willing as I live :  
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have  
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission :  
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter King HENRY, attended.*

*K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,  
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

*York.* In all submission and humility,  
York doth present himself unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost bring ?

*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence ;  
And fight against the monstrous rebel, Cade,  
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.*

*Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,  
May pass into the presence of a king,  
Lo ! I present your grace a traitor's head,  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

*K. Hen.* The head of Cade ?—Great God, how just art  
thou !—

Oh ! let me view his visage being dead,  
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.  
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him ?

*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

*K. Hen.* How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree ?

*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name ;  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss,  
He were created knight for his good service.

*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down : [*He kneels.*] rise up a knight.  
We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;  
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
And never live but true unto his liege. [*Rises* \*.]

\* *Rises.*] Modern editors make Iden kneel, but never give him an opportunity of rising : not so the corr. fo. 1632.

*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen :  
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.*

*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,  
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

*York.* How now ! is Somerset at liberty ?  
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset ?—  
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,  
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse ?  
King did I call thee ? no, thou art not king ;  
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.  
That head of thine doth not become a crown ;  
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,  
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.  
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine ;  
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,  
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,  
And with the same to act controlling laws.  
Give place : by heaven, thou shalt rule no more  
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

*Som.* O monstrous traitor !—I arrest thee, York,  
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.  
Obey, audacious traitor : kneel for grace.

*York.* Wouldst have me kneel ? first let me ask of these<sup>10</sup>,  
If they can brook I bow a knee to man ?  
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail : [*Exit an Attendant.*]  
I know, ere they will have me go to ward<sup>1</sup>,  
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

*Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford ; bid him come amain,  
To say, if that the bastard boys of York  
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

<sup>10</sup> — first let me ask of THESE.] It is "ask of thee" in the old copies, a reading we were formerly disposed to support, but *thee* is amended to "these" in the corr. fo. 1632, and such was Theobald's conjecture: "these" must apply to York's sons, for whom he dispatches a messenger. In the old "Contention" York calls them himself, "Ho! where are you, boys?"

<sup>1</sup> — go to WARD,] i. e. To prison : we still speak of the wards of a prison.

*York.* O! blood-bespotted Neapolitan,  
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,  
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,  
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those  
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old CLIFFORD and his Son.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

*Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

*Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*

*York.* I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?  
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look.  
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;  
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee.

*Clif.* This is my king, York: I do not mistake;  
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—  
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

*K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour  
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

*Clif.* He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pate of his.

*Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey:  
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

*York.* Will you not, sons?

*Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

*Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

*York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;  
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—  
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears  
That with the very shaking of their chains  
They may astonish these fell-looking curs<sup>2</sup>:  
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

<sup>2</sup> They may astonish these fell-LOOKING curs:] It is "*fell lurking*" in the original editions, a word that has given a good deal of trouble to commentators, who proposed to alter it in various ways, but none of them the right way: for "*fell lurking*" read "*fell-looking*," says the corr. fo. 1632, a very probable misprint, which we think renders needless any further speculation on the point. York has just before spoken of the "*angry look*" of old Clifford.

*Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.*

*Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,  
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,  
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

*Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur  
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;  
Who, having suffer'd with the bear's fell paw<sup>3</sup>,  
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried:  
And such a piece of service will you do,  
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape<sup>4</sup>!

*York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

*Clif.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

*K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—  
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,  
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—  
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,  
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?  
Oh! where is faith? Oh! where is loyalty?  
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—  
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
And shame thine honourable age with blood?  
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?  
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?  
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,  
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

*Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself  
The title of this most renowned duke;  
And in my conscience do repute his grace  
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

*K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

*Sal.* I have.

<sup>3</sup> Who, HAVING suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,] The substitution of one auxiliary verb for another, viz. "having" for *being*, of the old copies, is all that is necessary here to clear away a difficulty, which has always impeded the progress of annotators. Our emendation is from the corr. fo. 1632, and we may be confident that it gives us the poet's language.

<sup>4</sup> As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!] In the stage-direction of the "Contention," 1594, he is called "crook-back Richard" on his entrance with his brother "Edward the Earl of March."

*K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

*Sal.* It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.  
Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,  
And have no other reason for this wrong,  
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

*Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

*K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

*York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,  
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity<sup>1</sup>.

*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

*War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,  
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge<sup>2</sup>.

*War.* Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,  
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,  
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,  
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm)  
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,  
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,  
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,  
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

*Rich.* Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,  
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

<sup>1</sup> — for death, or dignity.] The folio reads, "*and dignity*." The necessary emendation was made by Pope; and it is confirmed, if confirmation were needed, by the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>2</sup> Might I but know thee by thy household badge.] These four lines are exactly the same in the folio, 1623, as in the "Contention," 1594, excepting that the former has *housed* for "household" of the latter. "Household" is of course right, and *housed* a misprint. The editor of the second folio substituted *house's* for *housed* of the first folio. It is almost unnecessary to explain that "burgonet" in the preceding line, and afterwards, is *helmet*.

*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatic<sup>7</sup>, that's more than thou canst tell.

*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland! 'tis Warwick calls;  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!  
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter YORK.*

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;  
But match to match I have encounter'd him,  
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.

*York.* Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chace,  
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

*War.* Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—  
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,  
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit WARWICK.*]

*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,  
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

<sup>7</sup> Foul STIGMATIC,] "A stigmatic (says Steevens) is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a *stigma*." "Stigmatic" also signified a person who has been branded with a hot iron for some crime. Richard is again called "stigmatic" in "Henry VI., Part III.," A. ii. sc. 2.

*York.* So let it help me now against thy sword,  
As I in justice and true right express it.

*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!—

*York.* A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

*Clif.* *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls and dies.*

*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art  
still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

[*Exit.*

*Enter young CLIFFORD.*

*Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:

He that is truly dedicate to war,

Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour.—Oh! let the vile world end,

[*Seeing his Father's body.*

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it,

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.



Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house ;

[*Taking up the body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;

But then, Æneas bare a living load,

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting ;*  
SOMERSET *is killed.*

*Rich.* So, lie thou there ;—

For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,

The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous in his death \*.

Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful still :

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit.*]

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter King* HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET,  
*and others, retreating.*

*Q. Mar.* Away, my lord ! you are slow : for shame, away !

*K. Hen.* Can we outrun the heavens ? good Margaret, stay.

*Q. Mar.* What are you made of ? you'll nor fight, nor fly :  
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,  
To give the enemy way ; and to secure us  
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes ; but if we haply scape,

(As well we may, if not through your neglect)

We shall to London get ; where you are lov'd,

And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,

May readily be stopp'd.

*Enter young* CLIFFORD.

*Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly ;

But fly you must : uncurable discomfit

Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts \*.

\* Hath made the wizard famous in his death.] Referring to the prophecy in A. i. sc. 4, of this play, p. 26, "Let him shun castles," &c.

\* — of all our present PARTS.] Present friends in the corr. fo. 1632—probably from misrecitation. On the preceding page young Clifford has spoken of "the frozen bosoms of our part."

Away, for your relief; and we will live  
To see their day, and them our fortune give.  
Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

*Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

*York.* Old Salisbury, who can report of him?  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all bruise of time,  
And, like a gallant in the bloom of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion<sup>10</sup>? this happy day  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

*Rich.* My noble father,  
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,  
Persuaded him from any farther act:  
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;  
And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.  
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;  
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:

<sup>10</sup> Repairs him with occasion?] This passage stands as follows in the folio, 1623, and in the other folios:—

“Of Salisbury, who can report of him?  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions, and all *brush* of time,  
And, like a gallant in the *brow* of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion.”

Our emendations are from the corr. fo. 1632; and as regards “Old Salisbury” we are to observe, that this epithet is applied to him in this very place in the old “Contention,” 1594, “But did you see *old* Salisbury?” &c. “Bruisé” for *brush* was Warburton’s conjecture; and Johnson proposed *blow* for “brow,” but the true emendation appears to be “bloom” for *brow*: to talk of “a gallant in the *brow* of youth” is quite unprecedented.

God knows how long it is I have to live,  
 And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day  
 You have defended me from imminent death.—  
 Well, lords, we have not got that which we have<sup>1</sup>:  
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,  
 Being opposites of such repairing nature<sup>2</sup>.

*York.* I know our safety is to follow them;  
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
 To call a present court of parliament:  
 Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—  
 What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

*War.* After them? nay, before them, if we can.—  
 Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day<sup>3</sup>:  
 Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,  
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—  
 Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all;  
 And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:] *i. e.* As Malone truly explains it, we have not secure possession of that which we have acquired.

<sup>2</sup> Being OPPOSITES of such REPAIRING nature.] *i. e.* Being *adversaries* so able to repair the loss they have sustained.

<sup>3</sup> Now, by my HAND, lords, 'twas a glorious day:] Malone substitutes *faith* for "hand," as it stands in the folio, 1623, on the ground that the player-editors changed the word in order to avoid the penalties of 3 Jac. I. c. 21. If so, why did they not omit the name of the Creator, and alter "by the mass" in the speech of Salisbury, almost immediately preceding? It is true that the "Contention," 1604, has "by my *faith*:" but by the same rule Malone ought to have made innumerable other changes. "By my hand" was a very usual asseveration, and is more appropriate in a soldier than "by my *faith*:" this might be Shakespeare's reason for changing it, and we, at least, are not disposed to dispute his judgment.

THIRD PART  
OF  
KING HENRY VI.

"The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of Yorke," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-six pages, in the division of "Histories," viz. from p. 147 to p. 172, inclusive, pages 165 and 166 being misprinted 167 and 168, so that these numbers are twice inserted. The error is corrected in the folio, 1632. The play is also contained in the folios of 1664 and 1685.

## INTRODUCTION.

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NONE of the commentators ever saw the first edition of the drama upon which Shakespeare founded his third part of "Henry VI.:" it bears the following title:—"The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal, 1595." 8vo. This play, like "the First Part of the Contention," was reprinted for the same bookseller in 1600, 4to. About the year 1619 a re-impression of both plays was published by T. P.; and the name of Shakespeare, as has been already observed in our Introduction to "Henry VI., Part II.," first appears in connexion with these "histories" in that edition.

Believing that Shakespeare was not the writer of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, nor of "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595, and that Malone established his position, that Shakespeare only enlarged and altered them, it becomes a question by whom they were produced. Chalmers, who possessed the only known copy of "The True Tragedy," 1595, without scruple assigned that piece to Christopher Marlowe. Although there is no ground whatever for giving it to Marlowe, there is some reason for supposing that it came from the pen of Robert Greene.

In the Introduction to "Henry VI., Part I.," we alluded, as far as was there necessary, to the language of Greene, when speaking of Shakespeare in his "Groatsworth of Wit," 1592. This tract was not published until after the death of its author in Sept. 1592, when it appeared under the editorship of Henry Chettle<sup>1</sup>; and what follows is the whole that relates to our great dramatist:—"Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as

<sup>1</sup> Chettle acknowledges the important share he had in the publication of "The Groatsworth of Wit," in his "Kind-heart's Dream," which was printed at the close of 1592, or in the beginning of 1593. See the reprint of this very curious and interesting tract made for the Percy Society, under the editorial care of Dr. Rimbault. In his address "to the Gentlemen Readers," Chettle apologizes to Shakespeare (not by name) for having been instrumental in the publication of Greene's attack upon him.

the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country." (Dyce's Edit. of Greene's Works, I. lxxxi.) In this extract, although Greene talks of "an upstart crow beautified with *our* feathers," he seems to have referred principally to his own works, and to the manner in which Shakespeare had availed himself of them. This opinion is somewhat confirmed by two lines in a tract called "Greene's Funerals," by R. B., 1594, where the writer is adverting to the obligations of other authors to Greene:—

"Nay more, the men that so eclips'd his fame,  
Purloin'd his plumes—can they deny the same?"

Here R. B. nearly adopts Greene's words, "*beautified with our feathers*," and applies to him individually what Greene, perhaps to avoid the charge of egotism and vanity, had stated more generally. It may be mentioned, also, as a confirmatory circumstance, that the words "tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a player's hide," in our extract from the "Groatsworth of Wit," are a repetition, with the omission of an interjection and the change of a word, of a line in "The True Tragedy," 1595,

"O! tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide."

Thus Greene, when charging Shakespeare with having appropriated his plays, parodies a line of his own, as if to show the particular productions to which he alluded<sup>2</sup>.

Another fact tends to the same conclusion: it is a striking coincidence between a passage in "The True Tragedy" and some lines in one of Greene's acknowledged dramas, "Alphonsus, King of Arragon," printed, in 1599, by Thomas Creed, the same printer who, in 1594, had produced from his press an edition of "The First Part of the Contention." In "Alphonsus" the hero kills Flaminius, his enemy, and thus addresses the dying man:—

"Go, pack thee hence unto the Stygian lake,  
And make report unto thy traitorous sire,  
How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,  
Which he by treason set upon thy head:  
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,  
*Alphonsus* say, who now must wear thy crown."

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<sup>2</sup> There is a trifling fact connected with "Henry VI., Part I.," a notice of which ought not to be omitted, when considering the question of the authorship of some yet undiscovered original, upon which that play might be founded. In A. v. sc. 3, these two lines occur:—

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

The last of these lines is inserted in Greene's "Planetomachia," printed as early as 1585. In "The First Part of the Contention" Abradas, a pirate, is mentioned, who is introduced into another of Greene's productions.

In "The True Tragedy," 1595, Richard, while stabbing Henry VI. a second time, exclaims,

"If any spark of life remain in thee,  
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither."

Shakespeare, when altering "The True Tragedy" for his own theatre, (for, as originally composed, it had been played by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing) adopted the line,

"O! tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide,"

without the change of a letter, and the couplet last quoted with only a very slight variation;

"If any spark of life *be yet remaining*,  
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither."

As in "Henry VI., Part II.," Shakespeare availed himself of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, so in "Henry VI., Part III.," he applied to his own purposes much of "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595. He made, however, considerable omissions, as well as large additions, and in the last two Acts he sometimes varied materially from the conduct of the story as he found it in the older play. One improvement may be noticed, as it shows the extreme simplicity of our stage just before what we may consider Shakespeare's time; and it is to be ascertained by comparing two scenes of his "Henry VI., Part III.," (Act iv. sc. 2 and 3) with a portion of "The True Tragedy." In the older play, Warwick, Oxford, and Clarence, aided by a party of soldiers, standing on one part of the stage, concert a plan for surprising Edward IV. in his tent on another part of the same stage. Having resolved upon the enterprize, they merely cross the boards to Edward's encampment, the audience being required to suppose that the assailing party had travelled from their own quarters, in order to arrive at Edward's tent. Shakespeare showed his superior judgment by changing the place, and by interposing a dialogue between the Watchmen who guard the King's tent. Robert Greene, in his "Pinner of Wakefield," (See "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," Vol. iii. p. 368,) relied on the imagination of his auditors, exactly in the same way as the author of "The True Tragedy."

It is to be observed of "Henry VI., Part III.," that a line, necessary to the sense, was omitted in the folio, 1623, and has been introduced into our text from "The True Tragedy," 1595. It occurs in Act ii. sc. 6, and it was, probably, accidentally left out by the copyist of the manuscript from which Shakespeare's "history," as it appears in the folio, was printed.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>.

**KING HENRY THE SIXTH.**

**EDWARD**, Prince of Wales, his Son.

**LEWIS XI.**, King of France.

**DUKE OF SOMERSET**,

**DUKE OF EXETER**,

**EARL OF OXFORD**,

**EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND**,

**EARL OF WESTMORELAND**,

**LORD CLIFFORD**,

**RICHARD PLANTAGENET**, Duke of York.

**EDWARD**, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.

**GEORGE**, afterwards Duke of Clarence,

**RICHARD**, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,

**EDMUND**, Earl of Rutland,

**DUKE OF NORFOLK**,

**MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE**,

**EARL OF WARWICK**,

**EARL OF PEMBROKE**,

**LORD HASTINGS**,

**LORD STAFFORD**,

**SIR JOHN MORTIMER**,

**SIR HUGH MORTIMER**,

**HENRY**, Earl of Richmond.

**LORD RIVERS**, Brother to Lady Grey. **SIR WILLIAM STANLEY**. **SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY**. **SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE**. Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

**QUEEN MARGARET**.

**LADY GREY**, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

**BONA**, Sister to the French Queen.

**Soldiers**, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward,  
**Messengers**, **Watchmen**, &c.

**SCENE**, during part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play, in England.

<sup>1</sup> First prefixed to the play by Rowe.

THIRD PART  
OF  
KING HENRY VI.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

London. The Parliament-House.

*Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in. Then, enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white roses in their hats.*

*War.* I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

*York.* While we pursued the horsemen of the north  
He slyly stole away, and left his men ;  
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,  
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,  
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

*Edw.* Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,  
Is either slain, or wounded dangerously<sup>1</sup> :  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*]

<sup>1</sup> Is either slain, or wounded DANGEROUSLY :] The folios, one after the other read,

“ Is either slain or wounded dangerous.”

How absurd it is to reprint this vulgarism as Shakespeare's is proved, not only by the corr. fo. 1632, but by the old “ True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,” 1595, in both of which we find “ dangerously,” as in our text. Even without any such authorities, we should have been tempted to have amended this merely grammatical blunder.

*Mont.* And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood

[*Showing his bloody sword.*]

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

*Rich.* Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did<sup>1</sup>.

[*Showing the Duke of SOMERSET's head.*]

*York.* Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

*Norf.* Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

*War.* And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne,

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close:

This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

*York.* Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

*Norf.* We'll all assist you: he, that flies, shall die.

*York.* Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords:—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

*War.* And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [*Soldiers retire.*]

*York.* The queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council.

By words or blows here let us win our right.

*Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

*War.* The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,

And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute,

I mean to take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster<sup>2</sup>, .

<sup>1</sup> Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.] Here the character of Richard, in its courage and cruelty, first develops itself. See afterwards, Scene ii., where it displays itself in its subtlety, and want of moral principle.

<sup>2</sup> The proudest he that holds up Lancaster.] So the folio, 1623: the "True Tragedy," 1695, and the two other 4tos. of the same play in 1600 and about 1619, read "The proudest bird," which better preserves the figure derived from falconry: the words there in other respects precisely correspond; and we quote them in the old spelling of the edit. 1695:—

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.  
 I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—  
 Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself upon it.]

*Flourish.* Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red roses in their hats.

*K. Hen.* My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,  
 Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,  
 Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,  
 To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—  
 Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—  
 And thine, lord Clifford, and you both have vow'd revenge<sup>4</sup>  
 On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

*North.* If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

*Clif.* The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

*West.* What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:  
 My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

*Clif.* Patience is for poltroons<sup>5</sup>, such as he:  
 He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.  
 My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
 Let us assail the family of York.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

*K. Hen.* Ah! know you not, the city favours them,  
 And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

*Exe.* But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly<sup>6</sup>.

"The proudest burd that holds up Lancaster,  
 Dares stirre a wing if Warwike shake his bels."

We therefore, with some reluctance, and principally for the sake of consistency, follow the folio, 1623, in reading "he" for *bird*.

<sup>4</sup> And thine, lord Clifford, and you both have vow'd revenge.] So the folio, 1623, and so the "True Tragedy," 1595: the corr. fo. 1632 alters the line thus, apparently for the sake of the measure:—

"And thine, lord Clifford: you have vow'd revenge;"  
 but the fitter alteration, if any, would seem to have been,

"And thine, lord Clifford: both have vow'd revengs."  
 We therefore make no change.

<sup>5</sup> Patience is for poltroons,] So the Italian proverb *Pazienza è pasto di poltroni*. The words are precisely the same in the "True Tragedy," 1595.

<sup>6</sup> But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.] The prefix of *Exeter* to this line is adopted from "The True Tragedy," 1595: in the folio, 1623, it is given to Westmoreland; but the King answers Exeter, and there is little doubt that it was an error of the press.

*K. Hen.* Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!  
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,  
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[*They advance to the Duke.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,  
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:  
I am thy sovereign.

*York.* I am thine'.

*Exe.* For shame! come down: he made thee duke of York.

*York.* 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

*Exe.* Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

*War.* Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown  
In following this usurping Henry'.

*Clif.* Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

*War.* True, Clifford; that is Richard, duke of York.

*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

*York.* It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

*War.* Be duke of Lancaster: let him be king.

*West.* He is both king and duke of Lancaster;  
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,  
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

*West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,  
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

*Clif.* Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,  
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

' I am thine.] This is the reading of the folio: "The True Tragedy" places "Thou art deceived" before the words "I am thine;" but they are not necessary, lessen the force of the passage, and do not amend the metre. Why Malone inserted them in the text is no where explained. In the next line but one, "The True Tragedy" has *kingdom* for "earldom:" on some accounts *kingdom* seems preferable; but "earldom" could hardly be mistaken for it by the compositor, and we do not feel warranted in varying from the folio, 1623, which may be supposed to exhibit the text more nearly as it was left by Shakespeare. The "earldom" must refer to the earldom of March, which York inherited from his mother.

<sup>a</sup> In following this usurping Henry.] Here we see, as in various other places, that Henry was used as a trisyllable, when convenient: again soon afterwards the King says,

"I am the son of Henry the fifth."

As shall revenge his death before I stir.

*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

*York.* Will you, we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

*K. Hen.* What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York<sup>9</sup>;

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.

I am the son of Henry the fifth,

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

*War.* Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

*K. Hen.* The lord protector lost it, and not I:

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

*Edw.* Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.

*Mont.* Good brother, [*To YORK.*] as thou lov'st and honour'st  
arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

*Rich.* Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

*York.* Sons, peace!

*K. Hen.* Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak.

*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first; hear him, lords:

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

*K. Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne<sup>10</sup>,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

<sup>9</sup> *Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;*] The folio, by mistake, has *My* for "*Thy*," as is shown by "*The True Tragedy*," 1595. Malone truly states, that the line contains a historical error, the father of York having been earl of Cambridge, and never duke of York, though he would have inherited the title had he outlived his elder brother.

<sup>10</sup> *Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,*] In "*The True Tragedy*," 1595, this line is introduced by four others;—

"Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose me?

Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,

And from two brothers lineally descent?

Suppose by right and equity thou be king," &c.

The last line makes too strong an admission in favour of York, and Shakespeare did not adopt it; yet very soon afterwards Henry allows "*my title's weak*."

*War.* Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

*K. Hen.* Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

*York.* 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

*K. Hen.* I know not what to say : my title's weak. [*Aside.*  
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

*York.* What then ?

*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king ;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth,  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

*York.* He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

*War.* Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown ?

*Eze.* No ; for he could not so resign his crown,  
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

*K. Hen.* Art thou against us, duke of Exeter ?

*Eze.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

[*The Lords talk apart.*]

*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not ?

*Eze.* My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

*K. Hen.* All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

*North.* Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

*War.* Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

*North.* Thou art deceiv'd : 'tis not thy southern power,  
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,  
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

*Clif.* King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence :  
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father.

*K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

*York.* Henry of Lancaster, resign my crown<sup>1</sup>.  
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

*War.* Do right unto this princely duke of York,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,  
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,

<sup>1</sup> Henry of Lancaster, resign my crown.] It is "*thy* crown" in the folio, 1623, but evidently a misprint of *thy* for "my:" York claimed the crown as his. Few errors were more frequent than in the words "my" and *thy* (see the preceding page), and the corr. fo. 1632 here points out the mistake.

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word<sup>1</sup>.

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

*York.* Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

*K. Hen.* I am content : Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

*Clif.* What wrong is this unto the prince your son ?

*War.* What good is this to England, and himself ?

*West.* Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !

*Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us !

*West.* I cannot stay to hear these articles.

*North.* Nor I.

*Clif.* Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

*West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed<sup>2</sup> !

*Clif.* In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd !

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and  
WESTMORELAND.*]

*War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

*Eze.* They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

*K. Hen.* Ah, Exeter !

*War.* Why should you sigh, my lord ?

*K. Hen.* Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,  
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may, I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever ;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign ;

<sup>1</sup> My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.] "Me" is from the corr. fo. 1632 ; and in the next line that edition omitting the necessary words "my life : " they also are added in MS. by the old annotator. The first emendation is required by the verse, and the last by the sense of the passage. In "The True Tragedy," 1595, it is only

"O Warwick ! hear me speak :

Let me but reign in quiet whilst I live."

These words, it will be observed, York repeats.

<sup>2</sup> And die in bands for this UNMANLY deed !] It is "for this *unkingly* deed" in "The True Tragedy," but the other words in the line are the same.



And neither by treason, nor hostility,  
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

*York.* This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the throne.*

*War.* Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

*K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

*York.* Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

*Eze.* Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. The Lords come forward*<sup>4</sup>.

*York.* Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.

*War.* And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

*Norf.* And I to Norfolk with my followers.

*Mont.* And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK,  
MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

*Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of WALES.*

*Eze.* Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger<sup>5</sup>.  
I'll steal away.

*K. Hen.* Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

*Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

*K. Hen.* Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,  
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!  
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?  
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there<sup>6</sup>,  
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,  
And disinherited thine only son.

<sup>4</sup> Sennet. The Lords come forward.] In "The True Tragedy," the stage-direction only is "Sound Trumpets:" in the folio, 1623, it is "Sennet. Here they come down," meaning, perhaps, that the Lords descended from the elevated platform, or dais, on which the throne stood. Regarding the word "Sennet," or sounding of a trumpet, see this Vol. p. 44.

<sup>5</sup> — whose looks BEWRAY her anger.] i. e. Betray or discover her anger. See "Henry VI., Part I.," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 704.

<sup>6</sup> Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood THERE,] Probably pointing to the throne, which had just been left vacant.

*Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me.  
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

*K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—  
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

*Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?  
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,  
And given unto the house of York such head,  
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;  
Stern Falconbridge<sup>7</sup> commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm;  
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act;

But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour:

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away:

Our army is ready<sup>8</sup>; come, we'll after them.

*K. Hen.* Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hast spoke too much already. Get thee gone.

*K. Hen.* Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

*Q. Mar.* Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

<sup>7</sup> Stern Falconbridge] This person figures very prominently in the first part of Heywood's "Edward IV.," 1600, as the leader of a mob which assaulted the city of London: he was repulsed by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c. He had previously had the command in the Channel. He was the natural son of Lord Falconbridge, and was commonly known as the Bastard Falconbridge.

<sup>8</sup> Our army is ready:] Every old copy has "Our army *is* ready:" Malone and other modern editors have changed it, without notice, to "Our army's ready." Of course, nothing can be easier than to read "Our army is ready" in the proper time for the measure, without deserting authorities.

*Prince.* When I return with victory from the field<sup>9</sup>,  
I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.

*Q. Mar.* Come, son; away! we may not linger thus.

[*Ezeunt Queen MARGARET, and the Prince.*]

*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,  
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.  
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,  
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown<sup>1</sup>, and like an empty eagle  
Tire on the flesh of me<sup>2</sup>, and of my son!  
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:  
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—  
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.

*Eze.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Ezeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

*Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.*

*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

*Edw.* No; I can better play the orator.

*Mont.* But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter YORK.*

*York.* Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?

<sup>9</sup> When I return with victory from the field,] The folio, 1623, by a misprint, has *to* for "from," which is the reading of "The True Tragedy," 1595, as well as of the later impression of 1600, and of the undated edition, published about 1619. It is "from the field" in the later folios.

<sup>1</sup> Will cost my crown,] The expression "whose haughty spirit—will cost my crown" has occasioned dispute among the commentators. There is no such word as "cost" here in "The True Tragedy;" and it has been argued that we ought to understand "cost" as *coast* in the sense of *hover over*, which sense was given to it by Warburton, but does not in fact belong to it: to *coast* means properly to come up side by side with, from the Fr. *costoyer*, and figuratively, perhaps, to *pursue*. With this note we leave the text as we find it in the folio, 1623, understanding "cost" in its ordinary signification.

<sup>2</sup> TIRE on the flesh of me,] To "tire on" is to *peck at* or *rend*. See Vol. iii. p. 44. It is from the Sax. *tiran*, and is generally used in the sense of ravenously devouring: no word is more common in our old writers, when they wish to express the manner in which a bird of prey tears and consumes its food. So, very appositely, in "Histriomastix," 1610, Sign. r. 3:—

"O! how this vulture, vile ambition,  
Tires on the heart of greatness, and devours."

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention<sup>3</sup>.

*York.* About what?

*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;  
The crown of England, father, which is your's.

*York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:  
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

*York.* I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

*Edw.* But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:  
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

*Rich.* No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

*York.* Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being not took<sup>4</sup>  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
That hath authority over him that swears:  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think,  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,  
Within whose circuit is Elysium,  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,  
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed  
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

*York.* Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.—  
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—  
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him privily of our intent.—  
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

<sup>3</sup> — a SLIGHT contention.] The "True Tragedy," 1595, reads *sweet* for "slight;" and some editors, following Theobald, have placed it in the text, as if the folio, 1623, were not the best authority.

<sup>4</sup> — being not took] This old and inelegant form of the participle is not found in "The True Tragedy," where we read "being not *sworn*." It is "took" in all the folios, and not altered in the corr. fo. 1632.

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—  
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger\*.*

But, stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

*Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,  
 Intends here to besiege you in your castle.  
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men,  
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

*York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we  
 fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me:  
 My brother Montague shall post to London.—  
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
 And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

*Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:  
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.*

*York.* Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,  
 You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

*Sir John.* She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

*York.* What, with five thousand men?

*Rich.* Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

\* Enter a MESSENGER.] In the folio, 1623, it is "Enter Gabriel," which probably was the Christian name of the actor of the part. There was a player of the name of Gabriel Spencer in Henslowe's company in 1598, who was killed by Ben Jonson in September of that year. See "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," published by the Shakespeare Society, p. 51. Possibly he was one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants at an earlier date, when "Henry VI., Part III.," was played; and, as the actor of the part of the Messenger, his name might be inserted in the manuscript used for the Globe or Blackfriars theatre. "The True Tragedy," 1595, has it, "Enter a Messenger." Mr. Singer speaks of a Gabriel Singer as a player in Shakespeare's time: he is in error, for there was no such actor: he confounds Gabriel *Spencer* with *John Singer*.

*Edw.* I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,  
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

*York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,  
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal Castle.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.*

*Rut.* Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?  
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

*Enter CLIFFORD, and Soldiers.*

*Clif.* Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.  
As for the brat of this accursed duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him.

*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,  
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,  
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch<sup>6</sup>  
That trembles under his devouring paws:  
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,  
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—  
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,  
And not with such a cruel threatening look.  
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:  
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;  
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

<sup>6</sup> So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch] "The True Tragedy" reads *on the lamb*. What is a "pent-up lion" but a *caged* lion? and here we have a confirmation of the reading, "caged" for *cased*, in "King John," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 161, to which we would direct the attention of the Rev. A. Dyce.

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy : my father's blood  
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it again :  
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,  
Were not revenge sufficient for me.  
No ; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
The sight of any of the house of York  
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;  
And till I root out their accursed line,  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
Therefore—

*Rut.* Oh ! let me pray before I take my death.—  
To thee I pray : sweet Clifford, pity me !

*Clif.* Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

*Rut.* I never did thee harm : why wilt thou slay me ?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But 'twas ere I was born.  
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,  
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,  
He be as miserably slain as I.  
Ah ! let me live in prison all my days,  
And when I give occasion of offence,  
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause ?

Thy father slew my father : therefore, die.

[*CLIFFORD stabs him.*

*Rut.* *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tue* ! [*Dies.*

*Clif.* Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !  
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,  
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood  
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

<sup>7</sup> *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tue* !] This is one of the very few scraps of Latin (from Ovid's *Epist. Phyllis to Demophoon*) in the folio, 1623, which is correctly printed. It is not found in "The True Tragedy," 1595; and with reference to the question of authorship, it may be fit to note, with Steevens, that the same line is quoted by Nash in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," published in 1596, the year after "The True Tragedy."

SCENE IV.

The Same.

*Alarum. Enter YORK.*

*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:  
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;  
And all my followers to the eager foe  
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,  
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starv'd wolves.  
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them,  
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves  
Like men born to renown by life or death.  
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
And thrice cried,—“Courage, father! fight it out:”  
And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt  
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:  
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
Richard cried,—“Charge! and give no foot of ground:”  
And cried,—“A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!”  
With this, we charg'd again; but, out alas!  
We bodg'd again\*: as I have seen a swan  
With bootless labour swim against the tide,  
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,  
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;  
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.  
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;  
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

\* *And* cried.] Possibly “And” was misprinted here for *Ned*: Richard is spoken of in the previous line; and the error would be an easy oversight.

[*We never's again*.] Probably for “we *botch'd* again,” as Nash, in his *Enticement Familiar*, 1602 (not 1603, as quoted by Malone), has *bodgery* for *botchery*; and it is “bodg'd” in all the folios. Johnson doubted if the reading ought not to be “we *bodg'd* again,” meaning, we ran away again. Shakespeare has “*botch'd*” in “*Twelfth-Night*,” A. iv. sc. 1; and “*Timon of Athens*,” A. iv. sc. 1. “*Bodge*” occurs in many plays.



*Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—  
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.  
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

*North.* Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

*Clif.* Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm  
With downright payment show'd unto my father.  
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noontide prick<sup>10</sup>.

*York.* My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all;  
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.—

Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* O Clifford! but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,  
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

*Clif.* I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows<sup>1</sup>, twice two for one.

*Q. Mar.* Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes  
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—  
Wrath makes him deaf<sup>2</sup>: speak thou, Northumberland.

*North.* Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.  
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
It is war's prize to take all vantages,

<sup>10</sup> — at the noontide prick.] i. e. At the point or prick of noon. Shakespeare speaks of "the prick of noon" in "Romeo and Juliet," A. ii. sc. 4.

<sup>1</sup> But BUCKLE with thee blows,] i. e. Bend thee with blows: it is "buckler thee with blows" in the folios, but "buckle" in "The True Tragedy," 1595. For "buckle," in the sense of *bend*, see Vol. iii. p. 431.

<sup>2</sup> Wrath makes him DEAF:] So the folio, 1623, and so the 4to. "True Tragedy," 1600: the edition of the same play in 1595 reads *deaf* for "deaf."

And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*

*Clif.* Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

*North.* So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken prisoner.*

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;  
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd<sup>1</sup>.

*North.* What would your grace have done unto him  
now?

*Q. Mar.* Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,  
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That raught at mountains<sup>2</sup> with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—  
What! was it you, that would be England's king?  
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,  
And made a preachment of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons<sup>3</sup> to back you now?  
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood  
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;  
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

[*Throwing it to him.*

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.  
I pr'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York:  
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,  
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
Why art thou patient man? thou shouldst be mad;  
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

<sup>1</sup> So TRUE MEN yield, with ROBBERS so o'er-match'd.] Another instance in which true men and thieves are put in opposition. See Vol. iii. p. 345.

<sup>2</sup> That RAUGHT at mountains] i. e. Reached at mountains. See "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iv. sc. 2, and "Henry V.," A. iv. sc. 6.

<sup>3</sup> Where are your MESS of sons] A "mess" is four; and at this day in the inns of Court a mess consists of four persons dining together—the origin probably being, that dinner for four was of old served in messes, or portions calculated for that number. York's "mess of sons" consisted of Edward, George, Richard, and Edmund, Earl of Rutland.

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance<sup>6</sup>.  
 Thou wouldst be fes'd, I see, to make me sport :  
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—  
 A crown for York !—and, lords, bow low to him.—  
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[*Putting a paper crown on his head*']

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.  
 Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair ;  
 And this is he was his adopted heir.—  
 But how is it, that great Plantagenet  
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ?  
 As I bethink me, you should not be king,  
 Till our king Henry had shook hands with death :  
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory<sup>7</sup>,  
 And rob his temples of the diadem,  
 Now in his life, against your holy oath ?  
 Oh ! 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.—  
 Off with the crown ; and, with the crown, his head !  
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead<sup>8</sup>.

*Chf.* That is my office, for my father's sake.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, stay ! let's hear the orisons he makes.

*York.* She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of  
 France ;

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,  
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,  
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates ?  
 But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,

<sup>6</sup> Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.] This line, in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, is misplaced four lines too early, so that the text in both places is rendered unintelligible.

<sup>7</sup> Putting a paper crown on his head.] This stage-direction is not in the old copies folio or 4to, but *Throws it* and *paper crown* are inserted in MS. in the corr. fo. 1633. They are clearly necessary, and the circumstance of the crown, though not of paper, is historical ; for Hall (quoted by Malone) tells us, that they caused York to stand upon a molehill, and in derision put upon his head a crown of sedge and bulrushes : Hall had the facts from Whethamsted, who says that the crown was *ex palustri gramine confectum*. It was no doubt varied to a paper crown on the stage, for the convenience of the theatre.

<sup>8</sup> And will you PALE your head in Henry's glory,] So the folio, 1623, using "pale" for *impale*, which is the word in "The True Tragedy," 1596 :—

"And will you *impale* your head with Henry's glory ?"

*Impale* was altered to "pale" in the folio for the sake of the verse.

<sup>9</sup> — take time to do him dead.] *i. e.* Avail ourselves of the opportunity to put him to death. "To do him dead" was a very common idiom, of which it is needless to cite examples : Shakespeare often uses it.

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
 I would essay, proud queen<sup>1</sup>, to make thee blush :  
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,  
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.  
 Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,  
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,  
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?  
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen ;  
 Unless the adage must be verified,  
 That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;  
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;  
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.  
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine ;  
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.  
 Thou art as opposite to every good,  
 As the Antipodes are unto us,  
 Or as the south to the septentrion.  
 Oh, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide<sup>2</sup> !  
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
 Bid'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :  
 Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will :  
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,  
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I would *ESSAY*, proud queen,] It is *assay* in the folios and 4tos; and although *essay* and "*easy*" are the same word, meaning to *try*, we now usually apply *essay* only technically.

<sup>2</sup> Oh, tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide!] See regarding this line and Spenser's parody upon it, our Introduction, p. 112. The words are precisely the same in "*The True Tragedy*," 1606.

<sup>3</sup> 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman] The concluding couplet of York's speech stands as follows in "*The True Tragedy*," and the difference is worth notice :—

4to. 4to. 16. "And every drop begs vengeance as it falls,

4to. 4to. 1. "On thee, fell Clifford, and the false Frenchwoman."

4to. 4to. 2. "In the last instance, misprinted *the*, as was by no means un-

*North.* Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,  
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

*York.* That face of his the hungry cannibals  
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood<sup>4</sup>:  
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
Oh! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[*Casting it back to her*<sup>5</sup>.

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;  
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
And say,—“Alas! it was a piteous deed.”—  
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;  
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,  
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—  
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

*North.* Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,  
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,  
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

*Q. Mar.* What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?  
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

common; but may we not strongly suspect that “and,” both in the folio, 1623, and in the 4to, 1596, was an interpolation? it overloads the line and lessens its force, and it would read much better thus:—

“On thee, fell Clifford, thee, false Frenchwoman.”

However, we have no authority to alter, the corr. fo. 1632 being silent on the point, and we of course adhere to the ancient text.

<sup>4</sup> Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:] So the folio, 1623: the folio, 1632, gives the line as follows:—

“Would not have stain'd the roses just with blood,”

which is amended in the corr. fo. 1632 to

“Would not have stain'd the rose's *Awes* with blood.”

The last is very intelligible, and very applicable, but change from the earlier text is not desirable. Theobald read “roses *juic'd* with blood”—an emendation hardly worthy of his ingenuity.

<sup>5</sup> Casting it back to her.] This stage-direction is in no copy, or edition of this play, but we are indebted for it to the corr. fo. 1632, from whence Mr. Singer adopted it; but without informing his readers what was the source of the novelty, or, indeed, that Margaret had previously thrown the handkerchief to York: according to Mr. Singer, York “gives it back” without having received it. We may presume that York does the same afterwards, at the words “There, take the crown,” meaning the crown Margaret had insultingly put upon his head.

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

*Clif.* Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*

*Q. Mar.* And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*Stabbing him.*

*York.* Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

*Q. Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on York gates:  
So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

*A March. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with their Power.*

*Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;  
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.  
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;  
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;  
Or had he scap'd, methinks, we should have heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.—  
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

*Rich.* I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
I saw him in the battle range about,  
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.  
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:  
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;  
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
So far'd our father with his enemies;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father:  
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son\*.

\* Methinks, 'tis PRIZE enough to be his son.] So the folio, and Malone justly explains it by a previous line (p. 130). "It is war's prize to take all vantages," i. e. war's privilege. "The True Tragedy," 1595, reads pride for "prize."

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun :  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love !

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,  
Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :  
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun !  
In this the heaven figures some event<sup>†</sup>.

*Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange ; the like yet never heard of.  
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our meeds<sup>‡</sup>,  
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,  
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.  
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

*Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters : by your leave I speak  
it ;  
You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a Messenger<sup>§</sup> in haste.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue ?

*Mess.* Ah ! one that was a woful looker on,  
When as the noble duke of York was slain,  
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

*Edw.* Oh ! speak no more, for I have heard too much.

*Rich.* Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.

<sup>†</sup> In this the heaven figures some event.] This line may very well stand as it is, although the old annotator on the folio, 1632, tells us to read "In this the heavens figure some event." The emendation scarcely deserves notice, but probably an actor so recited the passage.

<sup>‡</sup> Each one already blazing by our MEEDS,] *i. e.* By our *deserts* or *merits* ; a sense which the word bears again in a subsequent scene of this play, A. iv. sc. 8, where King Henry says,

"That's not my fear ; my *meed* hath got me fame."

<sup>§</sup> Enter a MESSENGER] "Enter one blowing" is the simple stage-direction of the folio, 1623 : *in haste* are the words added in the corr. fo. 1632 : the copies of "The True Tragedy," 1695, do not mark the arrival of the Messenger, otherwise than by the prefix to what he says.

*Mass.* Environed he was with many foes ;  
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.  
But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down, and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdu'd ;  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,  
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite ;  
Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,  
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,  
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :  
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
They took his head, and on the gates of York  
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,  
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

*Echo.* Sweet duke of York ! our prop to lean upon,  
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.  
O Clifford ! boisterous Clifford ! thou hast slain  
The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;  
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.  
Now, my soul's palace is become a prison :  
Ah ! would she break from hence, that this my body  
Might in the ground be closed up in rest,  
For never henceforth shall I joy again ;  
Never, Oh ! never, shall I see more joy.

*Rich.* I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart ;  
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,  
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,  
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,  
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.  
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.  
Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for me !—  
Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy death,  
Or die renowned by attempting it.

*Echo.* His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;  
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
Know thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :.



For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;  
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March.* Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with their Army<sup>1</sup>.

*War.* How now, fair lords ! What fare ? what news abroad ?

*Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount  
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance,  
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
Oh, valiant lord ! the duke of York is slain.

*Edw.* O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet,  
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,  
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

*War.* Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears ;  
And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.  
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,  
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.  
I, then in London, keeper of the king,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends<sup>2</sup>,  
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,  
Bearing the king in my behalf along ;  
For by my scouts I was advertised,  
That she was coming with a full intent  
To dash our late decree in parliament,  
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.  
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met ;

<sup>1</sup> — with their Army.] We prefer the old stage-directions when they can be used, because they are such as, very possibly, Shakespeare inserted : there seems no reason for substituting, as modern editors have done, "with Forces" for "with their Army," which is just as intelligible. In "The True Tragedy," 1595, it is "with drum, ancient, and soldiers." In the same way, and for the same reason, we have preferred, at the opening of this scene, "with their Power" to "with their Forces."

<sup>2</sup> Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,] After this line, modern editors have added another, from "The True Tragedy :"—

"And very well appointed, as I thought,"

which is not at all necessary to the sense. If we were to adopt this line into the text, we should have no excuse for not inserting many more from the old 4to, 1595, not found in the folio, 1623, which we may presume were rejected by Shakespeare. We quote the line in our note, and the reader will be able to judge how far it is required, and to exercise his own discretion regarding it.

Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;  
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,  
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,  
 That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen<sup>3</sup>,  
 Or whether 'twas report of her success,  
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,  
 Who thunders to his captives blood and death<sup>4</sup>,  
 I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,  
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went:  
 Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,  
 Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—  
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
 With promise of high pay, and great rewards,  
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,  
 And we in them no hope to win the day;  
 So that we fled: the king unto the queen;  
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,  
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;  
 For in the marches here, we heard, you were,  
 Making another head to fight again.

*Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?  
 And when came George from Burgundy to England?

*War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;  
 And for your brother, he was lately sent  
 From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,  
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

*Rich.* 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:  
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
 But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;  
 For, thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine  
 Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,  
 And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
 Were he as famous, and as bold in war,  
 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

<sup>3</sup> — of their HEATED spleen,] So all the old copies, including "The True Tragedy," where the line is found. Some modern editors seem to have thought *hated* a better epithet than "heated:" Shakespeare was of a different opinion.

<sup>4</sup> Who thunders to his CAPTIVES blood and death,] "The True Tragedy" has *captains* for "captives." We adhere to the text of the folio. Lower down, the 4to, 1595, has *idle thrasher* for "lazy thrasher," which certainly avoids an awkward repetition of the same word.

*Rich.* I know it well, lord Warwick ; blame me not :  
 'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.  
 But, in this troublous time, what's to be done ?  
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
 Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads ?  
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?  
 If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,  
 And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
 With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,  
 And of their feather many more proud birds,  
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
 He swore consent to your succession,  
 His oath enrolled in the parliament ;  
 And now to London all the crew are gone,  
 To frustrate both his oath, and what beside  
 May make against the house of Lancaster :  
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong<sup>5</sup>.  
 Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,  
 With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,  
 Amongst the loving Welshmen can procure,  
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
 Why, *Via* ! to London will we march amain<sup>6</sup>,  
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
 And once again cry—Charge upon our foes !  
 But never once again turn back, and fly.

*Rich.* Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.  
 Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
 That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

*Edw.* Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;  
 And when thou fall'st<sup>7</sup>, (as God forbid the hour !)

<sup>5</sup> Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.] It is "fifty thousand strong" in "The True Tragedy;" and afterwards Warwick calculates the forces they can bring into the field at "48 thousand" in figures: both numbers must be mistaken.

<sup>6</sup> Why, *Via* ! to London will we march AMAIN,] "Amain" is derived from "The True Tragedy," 1595, though none of the modern editors (Mr. Singer excepted) notice it. The line is incomplete without "amain," and we may conclude that the word had dropped out in the press.

<sup>7</sup> And when thou FALL'ST,] This was Malone's word for *fall'st* of the folio, 1623, and *faints* of "The True Tragedy," 1595. We think he was right from

Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend !

*War.* No longer earl of March, but duke of York :

The next degree is, England's royal throne ;

For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In every borough as we pass along ;

And he that throws not up his cap for joy,

Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,

But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

*Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,

I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

*Edw.* Then strike up, drums !—God, and Saint George, for us !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*War.* How now ! what news ?

*Mess.* The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host,

And craves your company for speedy counsel.

*War.* Why then it sorts<sup>a</sup> : brave warriors, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Before York.

*Flourish. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drums, trumpets, and Soldiers.*

*Q. Mar.* Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,

That sought to be encompass'd with your crown :

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck :

what follows, and the misprint of *fail'st* for "fall'st" was extremely probable. Mr. Singer prints "fall'st," but, although he mentions the improvement, he does not assign it to Malone : for aught that appears, it was his own.

<sup>a</sup> Why then it sorts:] i. e. It turns out as we desire, or it *agrees* or *assorts* with our wishes. The use of the word in this sense is frequent in writers of the time, and afterwards.

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—  
 Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault;  
 Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
 And harmful pity, must be laid aside.  
 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
 Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
 Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;  
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
 Ambitious York did level at thy crown;  
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:  
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
 And raise his issue like a loving sire;  
 Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,  
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
 Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
 Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight\*,  
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
 For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.  
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy  
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault?  
 And long hereafter say unto his child,—  
 "What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,  
 My careless father fondly gave away."  
 Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;  
 And let his manly face, which promiseth  
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

*K. Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.

\* Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,] It is "in fearful flight" in "The True Tragedy," and "in fearful flight" in the corr. fo. 1632; but "with fearful flight" in the folio, 1623. It was doubtless an error, and we have no hesitation in setting it right.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,  
That things ill got had ever bad success?  
And happy always was it for that son,  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,  
And would, my father had left me no more;  
For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—  
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know,  
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,  
And this soft carriage makes your followers faint<sup>1</sup>.  
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:  
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—  
Edward, kneel down.

*K. Hen.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

*Prince.* My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,  
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;  
And, in the towns as they do march along,  
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.  
Darraign your battle<sup>2</sup>, for they are at hand.

<sup>1</sup> And this soft *CARRIAGE* makes your followers faint.] The emendation of *courage* of the folio, 1623, to "carriage," is made in the corr. fo. 1632, and there can be no doubt that it ought to be introduced into the text. The corresponding line in "The True Tragedy," 1595, is—

"This harmful pity makes your followers faint."

Malone printed "soft *courage*," and gave no hint of any proposed change.

<sup>2</sup> *DARRAIGN* your battle,] To "darraign battle" is a common phrase in our old writers, and it means generally to *prepare* for battle. Johnson derives "darraign" from the Fr. *arranger*; but it seems more probably to come from the Norman Fr. *dareigner*, to make proof or trial of. Chaucer and Spenser use the expression, "and battle to darraign," when two champions only are engaged, and when there could be no army to be *arranged*. In conformity with our notion of the etymology and meaning of the word, "The True Tragedy," in its three editions, has "*Prepare* your battles," for "Darraign your battle" of the folio, 1623.

*Clif.* I would, your highness would depart the field :  
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

*K. Hen.* Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll stay.

*North.* Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

*Prince.* My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
And hearten those that fight in your defence.  
Unsheath your sword, good father : cry, " Saint George ! "

*March.* *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK,  
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* *Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,  
And set thy diadem upon my head,  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

*Q. Mar.* Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy :  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,  
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king ?

*Edw.* I am his king, and he should bow his knee :  
I was adopted heir by his consent ;  
Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,  
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,  
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in <sup>3</sup>.

*Clif.* And reason too :  
Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

*Rich.* Are you there, butcher ?—Oh ! I cannot speak.

*Clif.* Ay, crook-back ; here I stand, to answer thee,  
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

*Rich.* 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not ?

*Clif.* Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

*Rich.* For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

*War.* What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown ?

*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick ! dare  
you speak ?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.

<sup>3</sup> To blot out ~~me~~, and put his own son in.] In "The True Tragedy," and in the folio, 1623, this speech is assigned to Clarence ; but the expression, "to blot out ~~me~~," shows that is a continuation of what Edward says. The error is cured in "The True Tragedy," 1595, by reading, "to blot ~~our brother~~ out." The smallest and best change seems to be, to erase the prefix of *Cla.*, and to give the whole, from "I am his king" down to "his own son in," to Edward ; and such is the alteration in the later folios.

*War.* Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

*Clif.* You said so much before, and yet you fled.

*War.* 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

*North.* No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

*Rich.* Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

*Clif.* I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

*Rich.* Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.

*K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords, and hear me  
speak.

*Q. Mar.* Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*K. Hen.* I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue:  
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

*Clif.* My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here  
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword.  
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd<sup>4</sup>  
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

*War.* If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on.

*Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

*Rich.* Whoever got thee<sup>5</sup>, there thy mother stands;  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

*Q. Mar.* But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic<sup>6</sup>,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,

<sup>4</sup> — I am RESOLV'D] I am convinc'd: any doubt I felt is at an end.

<sup>5</sup> *Rich.* Whoever got thee, &c.] In the folios this speech is assigned to Warwick. The Queen's answer shows that it belongs to Richard, to whom it is given in "The True Tragedy." The prefix is also altered to "Richard" in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>6</sup> But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,] A stigmatic was a person infamously branded, or marked. See this Vol. p. 104.



Whose father bears the title of a king,  
 (As if a channel should be call'd the sea)  
 Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught',  
 To let thy tongue detect' thy base-born heart?

*Edw.* A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,  
 To make this shameless callat know herself'.—  
 Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
 Although thy husband may be Menelaus;  
 And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
 By that false woman, as this king by thee.  
 His father revell'd in the heart of France,  
 And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;  
 And, had he match'd according to his state,  
 He might have kept that glory to this day;  
 But, when he took a beggar to his bed,  
 And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,  
 Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
 That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
 For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?  
 Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,  
 And we, in pity of the gentle king,  
 Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

*Geo.* But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,  
 And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
 We set the axe to thy usurping root:  
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,  
 Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
 We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,  
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

*Edw.* And in this resolution I defy thee;  
 Not willing any longer conference,  
 Since thou deniedst the gentle king to speak.—  
 Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave,  
 And either victory, or else a grave'!

' — whence thou art EXTRAUGHT,] i. e. extracted. "The True Tragedy," 1595, has *deriv'd*; and "extraught" occurs no where else in Shakespeare.

<sup>8</sup> To let thy tongue DETECT] i. e. *Display or discover*, taking "detect" in its etymological sense. The word is not in "The True Tragedy."

<sup>9</sup> To make this shameless CALLAT know herself.] "Callat" was a term of contempt in frequent use, and we have met with it in "The Winter's Tale," Vol. iii. p. 45, and in "Henry VI., Pt. II.," this Vol. p. 10. The "wisp of straw," of the preceding line, was employed in the punishment and exposure of scolds.

<sup>1</sup> And either victory, or else a grave!] This is also the line in "The True

*Q. Mar.* Stay, Edward!

*Edw.* No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:  
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day<sup>1</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

A Field of Battle near Towton.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,  
I lay me down a little while to breathe;  
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,  
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter EDWARD, running.*

*Edw.* Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

*War.* How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

*Enter GEORGE.*

*Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair:  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.  
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

*Edw.* Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings,  
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter RICHARD.*

*Rich.* Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk<sup>2</sup>,

Tragedy," and though poor and spiritless, we make no change: nevertheless, the old corrector of the fo. 1632 tells us to read—

"And either victory or a welcome grave!"

The addition may have originated with some performer of the part of Edward, who thus thought to give the conclusion of the speech more effect and vigour: our belief, however, is that Shakespeare wrote the line as amended.

<sup>1</sup> — ten thousand lives THIS day.] *To-day* in "The True Tragedy," but we follow the folio, 1623, in all cases, but where it is manifestly wrong.

<sup>2</sup> Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk.] Shakespeare here varied materially from "The True Tragedy," where Richard says,

"Thy noble father, in the thickest throngs,  
Cried still for Warwick," &c.

Shakespeare found that this statement was not contained in his usual authority,

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance ;  
And, in the very pangs of death he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
" Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death !"  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds<sup>4</sup>,  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood :  
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,  
And look upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors ?  
Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I'll never pause again, never stand still,  
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Educ.* O Warwick ! I do bend my knee with thine ;  
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.  
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings ;  
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,  
That to my foes this body must be prey,—  
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,  
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.—  
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

*Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand ;—and, gentle Warwick,  
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.  
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,  
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

*War.* Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

*Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,  
And call them pillars that will stand to us ;  
And if we thrive promise them such rewards

Holinshed, and therefore made the change from *father* to "brother." The brother slain at Towton was a natural son of Salisbury, who was himself beheaded at Pontefract, and his head exposed above York gate.

<sup>4</sup> So, underneath the belly of their steeds,] Strictly speaking the corr. fo. 1632 is right in amending "belly" to *bellies*; but the change is hardly worth making, and the old text may stand.

As victors ware at the Olympian games<sup>5</sup>.  
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;  
 For yet is hope of life, and victory.—  
 Foreslow no longer<sup>6</sup>; make we hence amain. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

The Same. Another part of the Field.

*Excursions.* Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD<sup>7</sup>.

*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.  
 Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,  
 And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.  
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,  
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,  
 And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,  
 To execute the like upon thyself;  
 And so, have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD flies.

*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;  
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death<sup>8</sup>. [Exeunt.

<sup>5</sup> As victors ware at the Olympian games.] i. e. As victors did wear, or were accustomed to wear: it is "As victors wear" in the folios (the word does not occur in "The True Tragedy"), but unquestionably a misprint for the past tense, "ware:" in the corr. fo. 1632 *wear* is altered to *wore*.

<sup>6</sup> FORESLOW no longer;] i. e. Delay no longer. "Foreslow" is a word which occurs in Peele's "Battle of Alcazar:" see Peele's Works, by Dyce, Vol. ii. p. 132. It is used in the same sense by Whetstone, Marlowe, and other earlier and later writers.

<sup>7</sup> Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.] Although the scene was supposed to represent a field of battle, the old stage-direction in "The True Tragedy" is, "Alarums, and then enter Richard at one door, and Clifford at another." The scene there thus opens:—

"*Rich.* A Clifford! a Clifford!

"*Clif.* A Richard! a Richard!

"*Rich.* Now Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death," &c.

<sup>8</sup> — this wolf to death.] Two very similar lines occur in "Henry VI., Pt. II.;" see this Vol. p. 104.

"Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase;

For I myself must hunt this deer to death."

In "The True Tragedy" no corresponding lines are found; and the stage-direction there is, "Alarums: they fight; then enters Warwick and rescues Richard, and then exeunt omnes."

## SCENE V.

Another part of the Field.

*Alarum. Enter King HENRY.*

*K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light;  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,  
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:  
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea  
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:  
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;  
Now, one the better, then, another best;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here, on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory;  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both,  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe?  
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:  
How many make the hour full complete,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times:  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;

So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean ;  
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece<sup>9</sup> :  
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !  
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?  
 Oh ! yes it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.  
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body*<sup>1</sup>.

*Son.* Ill blows the wind that profits no body.  
 This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
 May be possessed with some store of crowns :  
 And I, that haply take them from him now,

<sup>9</sup> So many MONTHS ere I shall shear the fleece:] Sheep are sheared every summer, so that the old reading,

"So many years ere I shall shear the fleece," is clearly wrong; and in the corr. fo. 1632 "months" is substituted for years with more than plausibility: still "years" are mentioned in the next verse, and it has no corresponding line above. Rowe added weeks after "days," and we ought, perhaps, to read thus:—

"So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years;" taking "hours" as a monosyllable (which it is not in various preceding lines) the measure is correct, and the different periods accord.

<sup>1</sup> — with the dead body.] According to the stage-direction of the folio, 1623, the son with the dead body of his father, and the father with the dead body of his son, enter at the same time:—"Enter a Son that hath killed his Father at one door; and a Father that hath killed his Son at another door." However, the latter does not enter until afterwards, and we have then a new stage-direction in these words:—"Enter Father, bearing of his Son." In the 4to. "True Tragedy," 1595, the direction is, "Enter a Soldier with a dead man in his arms." The modern stage-direction has been, "Enter a Son, &c. dragging in the dead body:" he should carry it, as the father "bears" the son.

May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me<sup>2</sup>.—  
 Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,  
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.  
 Oh, heavy times, begetting such events!  
 From London by the king was I press'd forth;  
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,  
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—  
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;—  
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—  
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,  
 And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

*K. Hen.* Oh, piteous spectacle! Oh, bloody times!  
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;  
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,  
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,  
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—  
 But let me see:—is this our foeman's face<sup>3</sup>?  
 Ah! no, no, no; it is mine only son.—  
 Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,  
 Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,  
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—  
 O, pity, God, this miserable age!—  
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—

<sup>2</sup> — as this dead man doth me.] “As this dead man to me” in the corr. fo. 1632, which seems strictly right; but we do not disturb the old text, because we may understand the expression elliptically, “as this dead man doth to me,” i. e. as this dead man doth yield them to me.

<sup>3</sup> — is this our foeman's face?] This is very likely what the poet wrote, but the corr. fo. 1632 alters “our” to *a*, “is this *a* foeman's face?” There is a singular misprint here in “The True Tragedy,” viz. “This is *no* famous face.”

O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,  
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

*K. Hen.* Woe above woe! grief more than common  
grief!

Oh, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!—

Oh, pity, pity! gentle heaven, pity!—

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses:

The one his purple blood right well resembles,

The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth;

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother, for a father's death,  
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

*Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,  
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

*K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woful chances,  
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?

*Son.* Was ever son so rued a father's death?

*Fath.* Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

*K. Hen.* Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?  
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

*Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;

And so obsequious will thy father be,

E'en for the loss of thee\*, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

\* E'en for the loss of thee,] The Rev. Mr. Dyce deserves the credit of this emendation, and we give it with pleasure: that it is right we have the testimony of the corr. fo. 1632, which converts *Men* of the folio, 1623, into "E'en." Mr. Dyce (who has no corrected folio of his own) made this proposal in his "Remarks," p. 133, nine years before the publication of "Notes and Emendations," but Mr. Collier had then never seen Mr. Dyce's suggestion. "Obsequious," in the preceding line, means attentive to funeral obsequies.



*Alarums : Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince of WALES, and EXETER.*

*Prince.* Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.  
Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord : towards Berwick post  
amain.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

*Exe.* Away ! for vengeance comes along with them.  
Nay, stay not to expostulate ; make speed,  
Or else come after : I'll away before.

*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter :  
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
Whither the queen intends. Forward ! away ! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

The Same.

*A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded<sup>5</sup>.*

*Clif.* Here burns my candle out ; ay, here it dies,  
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.  
O Lancaster ! I fear thy overthrow  
More than my body's parting with my soul.  
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee ;  
And now I fall thy tough commixtures melt,  
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.  
The common people swarm like summer flies<sup>6</sup> ;

<sup>5</sup> Enter Clifford, wounded.] "The True Tragedy," 1595, adds, "with an arrow in his neck;" the circumstance being taken from Holinshed.

<sup>6</sup> The common people swarm like summer flies;] This line, obviously necessary to the sense, was inserted in the text by Theobald, who found it in "The True Tragedy:" how it became omitted in the folio, it is vain at this time of day to conjecture. It is to be remarked, that the line lower down, "They never, then, had sprung like summer flies," clearly referring to the preceding, is omitted in "The True Tragedy," and seems rather awkwardly introduced in the folio, the

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun ?  
 And who shines now but Henry's enemies ?  
 O Phœbus ! hadst thou never given consent  
 That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,  
 Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth ;  
 And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
 Or as thy father, and his father, did,  
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,  
 They never, then, had sprung like summer flies ;  
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,  
 Had left no mourning widows for our death,  
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?  
 And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?  
 Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds.  
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :  
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;  
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.  
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—  
 Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest ;  
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. [*He faints.*]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,  
 MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords : good fortune bids us pause,  
 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—  
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,  
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
 Command an argosy<sup>1</sup> to stem the waves.  
 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?

*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape ;  
 For, though before his face I speak the words,  
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,  
 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*CLIFFORD groans and dies.*]

*Rich.* Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave ?

sense of the whole passage running better without it than with it. It seems necessary in the first instance, and not in the second ; but as it is found in the folio, 1623, we feel, of course, bound to insert it.

<sup>1</sup> Command an ARGOSY] See "The Merchant of Venice," Vol. ii. p. 267.

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing :  
See who it is.

*Edw.* And, now the battle's ended,  
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used\*.

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;  
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring ;  
I mean our princely father, duke of York.

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch down the head,  
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there ;  
Instead whereof, let this supply the room :  
Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,  
That nothing sung but death to us and our's :  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*]

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft.—  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—

\* If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.] Our text is that of the folio, 1623, and the subsequent folios, which there is no reason for changing, excepting that "The True Tragedy," 1595, which in a case of this kind can be no authority, distributes the dialogue otherwise. Malone followed the regulation of the 4to. very unnecessarily, but with due notice; while other modern editors, who profess to adhere rigidly to the folio, 1623, have made the alteration without scruple, and without any information that they had done so. How needless any change is, may be seen from what follows from "The True Tragedy".

"*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape;  
For though before his face I speak the words,  
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,  
And wheresoe'er he be, I warrant him dead.

" [*Clifford groans and then dies.*]

"*Edw.* Hark! what soul is this that takes his heavy leave?

"*Rich.* A deadly groan, like life and death's departure.

"*Edw.* See who it is, and now the battle's ended,  
Friend or foe, let him be friendly used."

Here Shakespeare thought it proper, as the folio, 1623, establishes, to introduce other changes besides the difference in the distribution of the dialogue. In the stage-direction of the folio we are not informed that Clifford dies; but it is to be understood. Mr. Singer states that the words, "See who it is" (which, to the ruin of the verse, he makes part of Richard's line, "A deadly groan like life and death's departing"), are assigned to Richard in "The True Tragedy:" this is a mistake, for they are there spoken by Edward. Mr. Singer's distribution is neither that of the folio, 1623, nor of the 4to, 1595, but a confusion of both, objectionable indeed, but no doubt quite unintentional.

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,  
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

*Rich.* Oh, would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth :  
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

*Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words<sup>9</sup>.

*Rich.* Clifford ! ask mercy, and obtain no grace<sup>1</sup>.

*Educ.* Clifford ! repent in bootless penitence.

*War.* Clifford ! devise excuses for thy faults.

*Geo.* While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

*Educ.* Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

*Geo.* Where's captain Margaret to fence you now ?

*War.* They mock thee, Clifford : swear, as thou wast wont.

*Rich.* What ! not an oath ? nay then, the world goes  
hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—

I know by that, he's dead ; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,

This hand should chop it off ; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king :

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen.

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again ;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation,

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

<sup>9</sup> — EAGER words.] i. e. says Johnson, *sour* words ; words of asperity.

<sup>1</sup> — and obtain no grace.] After this line the corr. fo. 1632 adds, as a stage-direction, *They pull him to and fro*, meaning probably that each character, as he spoke, pulled Clifford's body towards him, as if to awaken his attention. Such may have been the practice on our early stage.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  
 For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,  
 And never will I undertake the thing,  
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—  
 Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster<sup>2</sup>;—  
 And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,  
 Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,  
 For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous<sup>3</sup>.

*War.* Tut! that's a foolish observation:  
 Richard, be duke of Gloster.—Now to London,  
 To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

#### A Chace in the North of England.

*Enter two Keepers<sup>4</sup>, with cross-bows in their hands.*

*1 Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;  
 For through this lawn anon the deer will come,  
 And in this covert will we make our stand,  
 Culling the principal of all the deer.

*2 Keep.* I'll stay above the hill; so both may shoot.

*1 Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow  
 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

<sup>2</sup> Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;] In the old "True Tragedy" Edward creates Richard and George dukes of Gloster and Clarence on the spot.

<sup>3</sup> — too ominous.] Alluding, perhaps, (says Steevens,) to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, Dukes of Gloster. In "The True Tragedy" Warwick's reply is—

"Tush! that's a childish observation."

The rest of his speech is as in the folio, 1623.

<sup>4</sup> Enter two KEEPERS.] So called in "The True Tragedy," 1595, but in the folio, 1623, they are called Sincklo and Humphrey. Malone supposes these to have been the names of the players of the parts, and such was probably the case; but when he adds that Humphrey meant Humphrey Jeffes, he is perhaps mistaken, as Jeffes and his brother belonged to Henslowe's company. However, it is possible that Humphrey Jeffes joined the Lord Chamberlain's players afterwards, or had belonged to that body originally. We have had Sincklo mentioned in "The Taming of the Shrew," Vol. ii. p. 446, as the performer of a character called Soto.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :  
 And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
 I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,  
 In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man ; let's stay till he be past.

*Enter King HENRY, disguised', with a prayer-book.*

*K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
 To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
 No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;  
 Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
 Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed :  
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
 No humble suitors press to speak for right ;  
 No, not a man comes for redress of thee,  
 For how can I help them, and not myself ?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.  
 This is the *quondam* king : let's seize upon him.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace these sour adversities<sup>5</sup> ;  
 For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while ; we'll hear a little more.

*K. Hen.* My queen and son are gone to France for aid ;  
 And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister  
 To wife for Edward. If this news be true,  
 Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost ;  
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
 By this account, then, Margaret may win him,  
 For she's a woman to be pitied much :  
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,  
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;  
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,  
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
 To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

<sup>5</sup> Enter King Henry, disguised,] "As a churchman," says the corr. fo. 1632: the words "with a prayer-book" are from the folio, 1623. In "The True Tragedy" it is only "Enter King Henry, disguised."

<sup>6</sup> Let me embrace THESE sour ADVERSITIES;] *i. e.* The adversities to which he has already referred. The old reading is "the sour adversaries," which we amend according to a note in the corr. fo. 1632. There is no need for so great a change as the Rev. Mr. Dyce suggests—"Let me embrace *thee*, sour *adversity*."

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:  
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,  
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.  
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;  
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,  
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,  
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;  
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,  
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.  
O Margaret! thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou talkest of kings and queens?

*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to:  
A man at least, for less I should not be;  
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,  
Your crown, content, and you, must be contented  
To go along with us; for, as we think,  
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;  
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,  
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

*K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

*K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of  
England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

*K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old,  
My father and my grandfather were kings,  
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;  
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;  
For we were subjects, but while you were king.

*K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?  
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
 And as the air blows it to me again,  
 Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
 And yielding to another when it blows,  
 Commanded always by the greater gust,  
 Such is the lightness of you common men.  
 But do not break your oaths ; for of that sin  
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,  
 And be you kings : command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

*K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,  
 If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's',  
 To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead ; your king's name be  
 obey'd :  
 And what God will, that let your king perform ;  
 And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.*

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field  
 This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain<sup>7</sup>,  
 His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror<sup>8</sup> :  
 Her suit is now, to repossess those lands,  
 Which we in justice cannot well deny,

<sup>7</sup> We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,] The repetition of "in," necessary to the line, is from the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>8</sup> — sir JOHN Grey, was slain,] Sir *Richard* Grey in the folio, 1623, and 4to. "True Tragedy." Hall calls him sir John Grey, which is so far right as a matter of history ; and the probability is that *Richard* was an accidental interpolation, inasmuch as it spoils the verse where it occurs.

<sup>9</sup> His LAND then seiz'd on by the conqueror:] It is "land" in the folios and *lands* in "The True Tragedy:" those editors who make a composite text print *lands*. The fact was that Sir John Grey lost his life fighting on the side of the Lancastrian party, and his land was seized by Edward IV. and his friends. Shakespeare, as Malone remarks, corrected this historical blunder when he made Richard III. afterwards say that Grey had been "factious for the house of Lancaster." This circumstance serves to show (if indeed it could be doubted) that "Richard III." was written after "Henry VI., Part III."



Because in quarrel of the house of York  
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

*Glo.* Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit ;  
It were dishonour to deny it her.

*K. Edw.* It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

*Glo.* Yea ; is it so ? [Aside.]

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* He knows the game : how true he keeps the wind !

*Glo.* Silence ! [Aside.]

*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit,  
And come some other time to know our mind.

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :  
May it please your highness to resolve me now,  
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

*Glo.* Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you all your lands,  
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow. [Aside.]

*Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [Aside.]

*Glo.* God forbid that, for he'll take vantages. [Aside.]

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

*Clar.* I think, he means to beg a child of her. [Aside.]

*Glo.* Nay then, whip me ; he'll rather give her two. [Aside.]

*L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glo.* You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [Aside.]

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity they should lose their father's  
lands<sup>1</sup>.

*L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave : I'll try this widow's wit.

*Glo.* Ay, good leave have you ; for you will have leave,  
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER and CLARENCE stand back.]

*K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children ?

*L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much, to do them good ?

<sup>1</sup> 'Twere pity they should lose their father's LANDS.] It is a matter of little moment, the meaning being precisely the same, but here all the old copies have "lands," and Mr. Singer prints *land* : in the former instance, where the folio has "land," he prints *lands*. "Lands" is right in this place, not merely because it is the word in the most authentic edition.

*L. Grey.* To do them good I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then, get your husband's lands to do them good.

*L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

*L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

*L. Grey.* Why then, I will do what your grace commands.

*Glo.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

[*Aside.*

*Clar.* As red as fire! nay then, her wax must melt.

[*Aside.*

*L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

*K. Edw.* An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

*L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

*K. Edw.* Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

*L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

*Glo.* The match is made: she seals it with a curt'sy.

[*Aside.*

*K. Edw.* But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

*L. Grey.* My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers:

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

*K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

*L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

*K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

*L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

*K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

*L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

*K. Edw.* Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

*L. Grey.* Why then, mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

*K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

*L. Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
 Accords not with the sadness of my suit<sup>2</sup>;  
 Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

*K. Edw.* Ay, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;  
 No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.

*L. Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

*Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

*Clar.* He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [Aside.]

*K. Edw.* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty; [Aside.]

Her words do show her wit incomparable;  
 All her perfections challenge sovereignty:  
 One way, or other, she is for a king,  
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—  
 Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

*L. Grey.* 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:  
 I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
 But far unfit to be a sovereign.

*K. Edw.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,  
 I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
 And that, is to enjoy thee for my love.

*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto.  
 I know, I am too mean to be your queen,  
 And yet too good to be your concubine.

*K. Edw.* You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

*L. Grey.* 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you  
 father.

*K. Edw.* No more, than when my daughters call thee  
 mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
 And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
 Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing  
 To be the father unto many sons.  
 Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> — the SADNESS of my suit;] i. e. The gravity, or seriousness of my suit.

<sup>3</sup> Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.] Thomas Heywood's historical play, in two parts, published in 1600 under the title of "Edward IV.," begins just after the marriage between the King and Lady Grey. It relates to the period of history between that event and the coronation of Richard III.; so that it travels over part of the ground that had been already trodden by Shakespeare; but it relates to events and incidents which Shakespeare has not touched either in "Henry VI., Part III.," or in his "Tragedy of King Richard III." The serious business in Heywood's drama refers to Matthew Shore and his beautiful wife, and

*Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside.*

*Clar.* When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

[*Aside.*

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

*Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

*K. Edw.* You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

*Clar.* To whom, my lord?

*K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself?

*Glo.* That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

*Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

*Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,  
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman* <sup>1</sup>.

*Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

*K. Edw.* See, that he be conveyed unto the Tower:—  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably <sup>2</sup>.

[*Ereunt King EDWARD, Lady GREY, CLARENCE,  
and Lord.*

*Glo.* Ay, Edward will use women honourably.  
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,  
The lustful Edward's title buried,  
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose.  
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;

the comic portion, in a great degree, to the interviews between the disguised Edward and John Hobbs, the tanner of Tamworth, the subject of a ballad in "Percy's Reliques," Vol. ii. p. 90, edit. 1812.

<sup>1</sup> Enter a NOBLEMAN.] He is called a "Messenger" in "The True Tragedy," 1595; a "Nobleman" in the folio, 1623.

<sup>2</sup> — Lords, use her HONOURABLY.] The folio has *honourable*; "The True Tragedy," 1595, has the adverb "honourably;" and it should seem from the first line of Gloucester's speech, that "honourably" was Shakespeare's word: we have therefore remedied this slight error which Malone preserved. Mr. Singer follows the example set in our first edition, and naturally assigns our reasons.

Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way :  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,  
And so I chide the means that keep me from it ;  
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.—  
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard,  
What other pleasure can the world afford ?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
Oh, miserable thought ! and more unlikely  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.  
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd ?  
Oh, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown ;  
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,  
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home :  
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,  
Not knowing how to find the open air,

But toiling desperately to find it out,  
 Torment myself to catch the English crown :  
 And from that torment I will free myself,  
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,  
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,  
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;  
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,  
 And like a Sinon take another Troy.  
 I can add colours to the cameleon,  
 Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,  
 And set the murderous Machiavel to school <sup>6</sup>.  
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?  
 Tut ! were it further off, I'll pluck it down '.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

France. A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish.* Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended : the King takes his state. Then, enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and the Earl of OXFORD <sup>7</sup>.

*K. Lew.* Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
 Sit down with us : it ill befits thy state  
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

*Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France ; now Margaret

<sup>6</sup> And set the murderous MACHIAVEL to school.] In the time of Shakespeare, the name of Machiavel had become almost synonymous with a wily, unscrupulous politician. Notwithstanding the anachronism, he therefore substituted "murderous Machiavel" for "aspiring Catiline," as it stands in "The True Tragedy," 1595, because he thought the allusion would be better understood. Shakespeare much lengthened this soliloquy by very important characteristic additions.

<sup>7</sup> — I'll pluck it down.] The corr. fo. 1632 reads, perhaps with more accuracy, *I'd*, i. e. "I would pluck it down ;" but all the old copies, including "The True Tragedy," have "I'll pluck it down."

<sup>8</sup> — and the Earl of Oxford.] The old stage-direction of the folio adds, "Lewis sits and riseth up again," meaning that he rises on the entrance of Queen Margaret, in order to receive her with due courtesy.

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
And to my humble seat conform myself.

*K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

*Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[*Sits her by him.*]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

*Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
And forc'd to live in Scotland, a forlorn<sup>9</sup>;  
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,  
Usurps the regal title, and the seat  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,  
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,  
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
And if thou fail us all our hope is done<sup>10</sup>.  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,  
While we bethink a means to break it off.

*Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

<sup>9</sup> — a forlorn;] "*All forlorn*," in the corr. fo. 1632, but no such change seems necessarily called for, though the expression "*a forlorn*," (as if "*forlorn*" were a substantive,) is unusual.

<sup>10</sup> — our hope is done.] See the repetition on the next page, and note 2.

*Q. Mar.* Oh! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter WARWICK, attended.*

*K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

*Q. Mar.* Our earl of Warwick<sup>1</sup>, Edward's greatest friend.

*K. Lew.* Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France? [*He descends. Queen MARGARET rises.*]

*Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;  
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

*War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,  
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,  
I come, in kindness, and unfeigned love,  
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,  
And, then, to crave a league of amity ;  
And, lastly, to confirm that amity  
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
To England's king in lawful marriage.

*Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done<sup>2</sup>.

*War.* And, gracious madam, [*To BONA.*] in our king's  
behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,  
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;  
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

*Q. Mar.* King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,  
Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
Springs not from Edward's well-meant, honest love,

<sup>1</sup> Our earl of Warwick.] Meaning the Earl of Warwick of England. The corr. fo. 1632 converts "Our" to *The*, and perhaps Margaret would hardly call her greatest enemy "Our earl of Warwick." The change is, however, of little or no importance.

<sup>2</sup> If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.] Mr. Singer tells us that this line "is found in its present situation alone in the old play," meaning, as we suppose, the old "*True Tragedy*," 1595; but the fact is that it is not merely found in the "old play," but in every impression of the folio: in "*The True Tragedy*" there is a slight variation,

"And if this go forward, all our hope is done;"

but, of course, the meaning is the same in the 4to. and in the folio. The fact seems to be that Mr. Singer took Malone's word, for he uses the very same terms, viz. "where alone it is found in the old play," but Malone was entirely mistaken, and misled Mr. Singer. We mention it only that others may not be misled in the same way.



But from deceit, bred by necessity;  
 For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
 Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
 To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,  
 That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,  
 Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.  
 Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage  
 Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour<sup>3</sup>;  
 For though usurpers sway the rule a while,  
 Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

*War.* Injurious Margaret!

*Prince.* And why not queen?

*War.* Because thy father Henry did usurp,  
 And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,  
 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
 And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,  
 Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;  
 And after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,  
 Who by his prowess conquered all France:  
 From these our Henry lineally descends.

*War.* Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse  
 You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost  
 All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?  
 Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.  
 But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree  
 Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

*Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,  
 Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,  
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
 For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

*Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom  
 My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,  
 Was done to death? and more than so, my father,  
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
 When nature brought him to the door of death?

<sup>3</sup> Thou draw not on *thy* danger and dishonour;] Another alteration in the corr. fo. 1632 which it is unnecessary to adopt: it reads, "Thou draw not on *thee*," &c., but probably it only marks a minute difference of recitation. We need hardly say that "*Lewis*" is always a monosyllable.

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

*War.* And I the house of York.

*K. Lew.* Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,  
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,  
While I use farther conference with Warwick.

*Q. Mar.* Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him  
not! [They stand aloof.]

*K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

*War.* Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honour.

*K. Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eye?

*War.* The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

*K. Lew.* Then farther; all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love  
Unto our sister Bona.

*War.* Such it seems,  
As may beseem a monarch like himself.  
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,  
That this his love was an eternal plant<sup>4</sup>;  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

*K. Lew.* Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

*Bona.* Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—  
Yet I confess, [To WAR.] that often, ere this day,  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

*K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus:—our sister shall be Ed-  
ward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—  
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

*Prince.* To Edward, but not to the English king.

*Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

<sup>4</sup> — an *ETERNAL* plant;] The folio, 1623, reads *external*, and "The True Tragedy," "eternal." There cannot be a moment's doubt that it was an error of the press, though it runs through all the folios: *external* plant can only mean an out-door plant.

By this alliance to make void my suit :  
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

*K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret :  
But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,  
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd  
From giving aid which late I promised.  
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,  
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

*War.* Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,  
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.  
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,  
You have a father able to maintain you,  
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

*Q. Mar.* Peace ! impudent and shameless Warwick.  
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings ;  
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,  
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold  
Thy sly conveyance<sup>5</sup>, and thy lord's false love ;  
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within* <sup>6</sup>.

*K. Lew.* Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,  
Sent from your brother, marquess Montague.—  
These from our king unto your majesty.—  
And, madam, these for you ; from whom I know not.

[*They all read their letters.*

*Oxf.* I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress  
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

<sup>5</sup> Thy sly CONVEYANCE,] i. e. Thy cunning artifice, or fraud. See "Richard II.," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 291.

<sup>6</sup> A horn sounded within.] The direction in "The True Tragedy" is, "Sound for a post within;" and in the folio, "Post blowing a horn within." It may be remarked, that in this part of the play, in the folio, the stage-directions are unusually numerous and minute, more so than are at all necessary : thus on the entrance of the Post we read as follows :—

"My lord Ambassador, these letters are for you [*Speaks to Warwick.*

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague.

These from our king unto your majesty.

[*To Lewis.*

And, madam, these to you ; from whom I know not.

[*To Margaret.*

[*They all read their letters.*"]

In general, these distinctions of the persons addressed are wanting.

*Prince.* Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled :  
I hope all's for the best.

*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and your's, fair queen?

*Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

*K. Lew.* What! has your king married the lady Grey,  
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,  
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?  
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

*Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before :  
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

*War.* King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,  
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's ;  
No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
Did I forget, that by the house of York  
My father came untimely to his death?  
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?  
Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
Did I put Henry from his native right,  
And am I guerdon'd' at the last with shame?  
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour :  
And to repair my honour lost for him,  
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—  
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.  
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,  
And replant Henry in his former state.

*Q. Mar.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to  
love ;  
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,  
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

*War.* So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,  
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,  
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

<sup>1</sup> And am I GUERDON'D] i. e. *Rewarded*. The root is probably the A. S. *wardian*, but we have the word immediately from the Fr. substantive *guerdon*. It is very old in our language, and it is happily not yet quite obsolete. We have had both the verb and the noun before.

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.  
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him ;  
 And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,  
 He's very likely now to fall from him,  
 For matching more for wanton lust than honour,  
 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

*Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,  
 But by thy help to this distressed queen ?

*Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,  
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

*Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

*War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with your's.

*K. Lew.* And mine, with her's, and thine, and Margaret's.  
 Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,  
 You shall have aid.

*Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

*K. Lew.* Then, England's messenger, return in post ;  
 And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
 That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,  
 To revel it with him and his new bride :  
 Thou seest what's past ; go fear thy king withal<sup>a</sup>.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

*Q. Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
 And I am ready to put armour on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.  
 There's thy reward : be gone.

[*Exit Mess.*]

*K. Lew.* But, Warwick,  
 Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men<sup>b</sup>,  
 Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle :

<sup>a</sup> — go FEAR thy king withal.] To "fear" is here used in an active sense, as in "Henry IV., Part II.," Vol. iii. p. 504, "The people *fear* me," i. e. *alarm* or *frighten* me. The predecessors and contemporaries of Shakespeare employed the verb in the same manner.

<sup>b</sup> Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men.] This line wants a syllable, and the one preceding it (formed of the two hemistichs "There's thy reward : be gone" and "But, Warwick") is precisely in the same predicament : the corr. fo. 1632 amends both thus :—

"There's thy reward : be gone.

*K. Lew.*

But Warwick, thou

And Oxford, with five thousand *warlike* men."

Such was very likely the genuine reading ; but we leave the text as it stands in the folio, 1623, thinking it possible that the old annotator inserted *warlike*, in order to cure the halting versification.

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen  
 And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
 Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt :  
 What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty :—  
 That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
 I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,  
 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—  
 Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
 Therefore, delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;  
 And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,  
 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

*Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;  
 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*

*K. Lew.* Why stay we now ? These soldiers shall be  
 levied,  
 And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,  
 Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—  
 I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
 For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but WARWICK.*

*War.* I came from Edward as ambassador,  
 But I return his sworn and mortal foe :  
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
 But dreadful war shall answer his demand.  
 Had he none else to make a stale but me <sup>1</sup> ?  
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
 I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,  
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again <sup>2</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> Had he none else to make a STALE but me ?] "Stale" is derived from the Sax. *stalan*, to steal, and is generally used in English for any pretence, but particularly for a *stalking horse*, or artificial animal, behind which sportsmen of old stole upon their game. It sometimes meant a *decoy*, as in a passage in Sidney, quoted by Todd, "one bird caught served as a *stale* to bring in more;" and Warwick, in the passage above, seems to employ it in that sense: he had been sent by Edward as a decoy to procure the Lady Bona for him. The word "stale" in "The Comedy of Errors," A. ii. sc. 1, quoted by the commentators, is to be taken in a different, but cognate sense. The same remark will apply to "contaminated stale" in "Much Ado about Nothing," A. ii. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 31, where we have inserted no note, because the word there speaks its own meaning.

<sup>2</sup> And I'll be chief to bring him down again :] This line, which stands precisely the same in "The True Tragedy," affords an instance of a rhyme avoided, in order, perhaps, to give more effect to the concluding, somewhat weak,

Not that I pity Henry's misery,  
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter* GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE.

*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

*Clar.* Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to France:  
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.

*Flourish.* *Enter* King EDWARD, attended; Lady GREY, as  
Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS<sup>1</sup>.

*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think<sup>4</sup>.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our  
choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;

couplet. Had the poet wished the word "crown" in the preceding line to have its corresponding jingle, all he would have had to do would have been to alter the place of "again," and to put the lines thus:—

"I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,  
And I'll be chief again to bring him down."

<sup>1</sup> Stafford, and Hastings.] We have before mentioned the particularity of the stage-directions in this part of the play, as printed in the folio, 1623. Here we have a remarkable instance of it, in the addition of words which show how the principal characters were to be ranged on the stage: "four stand on one side and four on the other." The attendants (who were "soldiers" according to "The True Tragedy," 1595) were probably to retire to the back of the scene, and were supposed to be out of hearing: there were nine principal persons present, viz. the King, the Queen, Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, Montague, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings. The King was therefore to stand in the middle, with "four on one side and four on the other."

<sup>4</sup> I mind to tell him plainly what I think.] *i. e.* I intend to tell him, &c. Afterwards Clarence repeats the same word in the same sense:

"And to that end I shortly mind to leave you."

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a cause,  
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

*Glo.* And you shall have your will<sup>s</sup>, because our king;  
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

*Glo.* Not I.

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,  
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,  
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey  
Should not become my wife, and England's queen.—  
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* Then this is mine opinion—that king Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

*K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be pleas'd  
By such invention as I can devise?

*Mont.* Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,  
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth  
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?

*Mont.* But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.  
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,  
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves:  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

*Clar.* For this one speech lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;  
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

<sup>s</sup> And you shall have your will,] "You" is omitted in the four folio editions. It seems scarcely necessary to the sense, but it improves the metre, and it was added by Rowe.



*Glo.* And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,  
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride :  
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence ;  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood \*.

*Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir  
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence ! is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent ? I will provide thee.

*Clar.* In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment ;

Which being shallow you shall give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf ;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,  
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

*Q. Elis.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do me but right, and you must all confess  
That I was not ignoble of descent ;  
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.  
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,  
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,  
And their true sovereign whom they must obey ?  
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,  
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands ;  
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

*Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*

\* But in your bride you bury brotherhood.] In "The True Tragedy," 1595, this speech is thus represented :—

"Ay, and for such a thing, too, the lord Scales  
Did well deserve at your hands to have the  
Daughter of the lord Bonfield, and left your  
Brothers to go seek elsewhere ; but in  
Your madness you bury brotherhood."

Two distinct speeches, and implied accusations against Edward, seem here to have been combined. The old play is very imperfectly represented in the text that has come down to us.

*Enter a Messenger*<sup>1</sup>.

*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or what news, from France?

*Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;  
But such as I, without your special pardon,  
Dare not relate.

*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,  
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.  
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

*Mess.* At my depart these were his very words:—  
“Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king”,  
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,  
To revel it with him and his new bride.”

*K. Edw.* Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.  
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

*Mess.* These were her words, utter’d with mild disdain:—  
“Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower shortly,  
I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake.”

*K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less;  
She had the wrong: but what said Henry’s queen?  
For I have heard that she was there in place.

*Mess.* “Tell him,” quoth she, “my mourning weeds are  
done,  
And I am ready to put armour on.”

*K. Edw.* Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

*Mess.* He, more incens’d against your majesty  
Than all the rest, discharg’d me with these words:—  
“Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I’ll uncrown him ere’t be long.”

*K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?  
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn’d:  
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.—

<sup>1</sup> Enter a MESSENGER.] In the folio, 1623, he is called a *Post*, both here and before when he arrives in France, but King Edward addresses him as “*Messenger*.” We are not sure that it ought not to have been *Post*, for *Post* exactly suits the verse,

“Now, *Post*, what letters, or what news, from France:” while “*Messenger*” gives it two redundant syllables. However, we do not attempt to alter the text, only in the former instance, for the sake of consistency, we have called the same bearer of despatches a “*Messenger*.”

<sup>2</sup> — THY supposed king.] The folio has *the* for “*thy*,” but “*thy*” is the word used by Lewis, see p. 174; and it is “*thy*” in “*The True Tragedy*.”

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

*Mess.* Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd in friendship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

*Clar.* Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.—

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*]

*Glo.* Not I.

My thoughts aim at a farther matter: I

Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*]

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,

And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for war.

They are already, or quickly will be landed:

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?<sup>9</sup>

If it be so, then both depart to him:

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;

But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

*Mont.* So God help Montague as he proves true!

*Hast.* And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

*Glo.* Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*K. Edw.* Why so; then, am I sure of victory.

Now, therefore, let us hence; and lose no hour,

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> Tell me if you love WARWICK more than me?] Here "Warwick" is a dissyllable: in the preceding line the name must be read in the time of one syllable. We have already repeatedly seen "Henry" treated as two syllables, or as three, according to the requirements of the verse.

## SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD*<sup>10</sup> *with French and other Forces.*

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well :  
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.*

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come !  
Speak suddenly, my lords ; are we all friends ?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick :  
And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;  
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,  
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :  
But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be thine.  
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His soldiers lurking in the towns about<sup>1</sup>,  
And but attended by a simple guard,  
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?  
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :  
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,  
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,  
And brought from hence the Thracian fatal steeds ;  
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,  
And seize himself ; I say not slaughter him,

<sup>10</sup> Enter Warwick and Oxford, &c.] The old copies seldom state the change of the place of action, but here we have it in the stage-direction of the folio : " Enter Warwick and Oxford, in *England*, with French soldiers." In the corr. fo. 1632 it is " with French and English forces."

<sup>1</sup> His soldiers lurking in the towns about,] The folio, 1623, has *town*, in the singular ; but the question of the 3rd Watchman in the next scene, as well as the sense, show that we ought to read " towns :"—

———— " But why commands the king  
That his chief followers lodge in *towns* about him ?"

For I intend but only to surprise him.—  
 You, that will follow me to this attempt,  
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, "Henry!"*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:  
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

EDWARD's Camp near Warwick.

*Enter certain Watchmen to guard the King's tent<sup>1</sup>.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:  
 The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow  
 Never to lie and take his natural rest,  
 Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow, then, belike, shall be the day,  
 If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,  
 That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* Oh! is it so? But why commands the king  
 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
 While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;  
 I like it better than a dangerous honour.

<sup>1</sup> Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.] There is no such scene in the old "True Tragedy," 1596, and it was no doubt interposed by Shakespeare, who thus displays his constructive skill, in order to give time to Warwick, Oxford, and their followers to pass over the distance between the two camps. In "The True Tragedy," Clarence (not Warwick) says,

"Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort;

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George."

And Warwick instantly adds,

"This is his tent; and see where his guard doth stand," &c.

Thus the matter is most inartificially conducted, and the audience is left to imagine that Warwick and his friends had travelled a considerable distance in the dark to the tent of Edward. Examples of the same kind of reliance on the imaginative forces of the spectators are numerous, especially in plays just anterior to the time of Shakespeare.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch*. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch*. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,  
But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces*<sup>3</sup>.

*War*. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.  
Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!  
But follow me, and Edward shall be our's.

1 *Watch*. Who goes there?

2 *Watch*. Stay, or thou diest.

[*WARWICK, and the rest, cry all — "Warwick!  
Warwick!" and set upon the Guard; who fly,  
crying—"Arm! Arm!" WARWICK, and the rest,  
following them.*

*Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, and  
the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair:  
GLOSTER and HASTINGS escape over the stage.*

*Som*. What are they that fly there?

*War*. Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here's the  
duke.

*K. Edw*. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last<sup>4</sup>,  
Thou call'dst me king!

*War*. Ay, but the case is alter'd:  
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,  
Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you duke of York.  
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

*K. Edw*. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

<sup>3</sup> — and Forces.] The old stage-direction adds, *Silent all*, in the same way that in "The Winter's Tale," Vol. iii. p. 50, *Silence* is given as a stage-direction, to indicate suspense on the entrance of Hermione to her trial.

<sup>4</sup> The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted LAST.] The word "last" is not in the folio, but as the line is exactly the same in "The True Tragedy," excepting that "last" is added at the close of it, we may safely presume that it dropped out in the press.

Nay then, I see that Edward needs must down.—  
 Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
 Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,  
 Edward will always bear himself as king :  
 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind be Edward England's king :

[*Takes off his crown.*]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
 And be true king indeed ; thou but the shadow.—  
 My lord of Somerset, at my request,  
 See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd  
 Unto my brother, archbishop of York.  
 When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,  
 I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
 Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him.—  
 Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide :  
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King EDWARD, led out ; SOMERSET with him.*]

*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,  
 But march to London with our soldiers ?

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do<sup>1</sup> ;  
 To free king Henry from imprisonment,  
 And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS<sup>2</sup>.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change ?

*Q. Elis.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,

<sup>1</sup> Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do ;] In "The True Tragedy" Clarence tells Oxford, that the first thing they have to do is to write to Queen Margaret, for such had been Oxford's proposal :—

"What follows now ? all hitherto goes well,  
 But we must despatch some letters to France,  
 To tell the queen of our happy fortune,  
 And bid her come with speed to join with us."

Nothing is there said by either leader of marching to London.

<sup>2</sup> Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.] In "The True Tragedy" this scene is injudiciously postponed to that in which Edward IV., aided by Gloster and Hastings, makes his escape from the Archbishop of York.

What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?

*Riv.* What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.

*Riv.* Then, is my sovereign slain?

*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:

And, as I farther have to understand,

Is new committed to the bishop of York<sup>1</sup>,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

*Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;

And I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

*Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head.

Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down:

But to prevent the tyrant's violence,

(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

To save at least the heir of Edward's right:

There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.

Come therefore; let us fly while we may fly:

If Warwick take us we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Is new committed to the bishop of York.] The copies of "The True Tragedy," in 1595, 1600, and about 1619, sometimes differ from each other, though not materially. In this scene, in the 4to, 1595, the Queen says,

"And led away as prisoner unto York."

while the 4to, 1600, has *prison* for "prisoner." In a scene shortly subsequent, Sir John Montgomery says, according to the 4to, 1595,

"Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;"

which line the 4to, 1600, injures, by substituting *speaks* for "speaketh;" and the edition without date, but printed about 1619, has "speaketh" but omits "like," and thus destroys the sense of the passage. The variations between the copies of 1595 and 1600 are generally errors of the press.



## SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

*Enter* GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, and others.

*Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,  
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.  
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,  
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty,  
And often, but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.  
I have advertis'd him by secret means,  
That if about this hour he make this way,  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter King* EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

*Hunt.* This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen  
stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest<sup>a</sup>,  
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste:  
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to  
Flanders.

*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning,

*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go  
along?

*Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

<sup>a</sup> Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,] The word *lord* seems thrust in before Hastings in the folio, 1623, as if only to spoil the line: we may suspect that it was an interpolation, and it is struck through with a pen in the corr. fo. 1632; but, with this remark, we leave it in the text. See also p. 190.

*Glo.* Come then ; away ! let's have no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell : shield thee from Warwick's frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends  
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,  
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees ?

*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns ;  
But if an humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

*K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant ? for well using me ?  
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure :  
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds  
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,  
At last, by notes of household harmony,  
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—  
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee ;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,  
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

*War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice ;  
For few men rightly temper with the stars :

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,  
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

*Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the heavens in thy nativity  
Adjudget an olive branch, and laurel crown,  
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;  
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

*War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.

*K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your  
hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
That no dissension hinder government:  
I make you both protectors of this land,  
While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

*War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

*Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

*War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content.  
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry's body, and supply his place;  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.  
And, Clarence, now then, it is more than needful,  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods confiscated\*.

*Clar.* What else? and that succession be determin'd.

*War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

*K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat, (for I command no more)  
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,  
Be sent for to return from France with speed;  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

\* And all his lands and goods CONFISCATED.] The reading of the folio, 1623, is *confiscate*, which may be right (for it is Shakespeare's usual word), though the line thus reads defectively; but the addition of a single letter, which very likely dropped out in the press, restores the measure. In these cases, the smallest alteration is generally the best; and the second folio, which is next in authority, warrants the insertion of "confiscated" in our text. Malone, without any authority, read "*be confiscate*:" he could not have known, or perhaps did not recollect, that the folio, 1632, has "confiscated." Other editors have since fallen into Malone's error, without Malone's excuse.

*Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

*K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope. If secret powers  
[*Lays his hand on his head.*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss<sup>1</sup>.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty :  
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he,  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Messenger*<sup>2</sup>.

*War.* What news, my friend ?

*Mess.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

*War.* Unsavoury news ! but how made he escape ?

*Mess.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,  
And the lord Hastings, who attended him  
In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him,  
For hunting was his daily exercise.

*War.* My brother was too careless of his charge.—  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,  
Lieutenant, and Attendants.*

*Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,  
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,

<sup>1</sup> This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.] In "The True Tragedy," 1595, where the scene is somewhat transposed, Henry addresses young Richmond,

"Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss," &c.

The incident is from Hall, copied by Holinshed :—"whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him, 'Lo ! surely this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give room and place.'" The original was written by Hall in the reign of Richmond's son.

<sup>2</sup> Enter a Messenger.] "Enter one with a letter to Warwick" is the stage-direction of "The True Tragedy," 1595 ; "Enter a Post," that of the folio, 1623. Malone makes King Henry put the question to him, "What news, my friend?" and not Warwick, as in the folio, 1623.

And we shall have more wars, before't it be long.  
 As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
 Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,  
 So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts  
 What may befall him, to his harm and our's :  
 Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,  
 Till storms be past of civil enmity.

*Oxf.* Ay ; for if Edward repossess the crown,  
 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

*Som.* It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.  
 Come therefore ; let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

Before York.

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces* \*.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
 And says that once more I shall interchange  
 My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
 Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,  
 And brought desired help from Burgundy :  
 What then remains, we being thus arriv'd  
 From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,  
 But that we enter as into our dukedom ?

*Glo.* The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not this ;  
 For many men, that stumble at the threshold,  
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man ! abodements must not now affright us :  
 By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
 For hither will our friends repair to us.

*Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.*

*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,

\* — and Forces.] “ With a troop of Hollanders ” says “ The True Tragedy.”

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,  
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

*May.* True, my good lord : I know you for no less.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,  
As being well content with that alone.

*Glo.* But when the fox hath once got in his nose,  
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?  
Open the gates : we are king Henry's friends.

*May.* Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exeunt from above.*

*Glo.* A wise stout captain he, and soon persuaded<sup>4</sup>.

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,  
So 'twere not 'long of him ; but, being enter'd,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below<sup>5</sup>.*

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor : these gates must not be shut,  
But in the night, or in the time of war.

What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;

[*Takes his keys.*

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY, and Forces.*

*Glo.* Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

*K. Edw.* Welcome, sir John ; but why come you in arms ?

*Mont.* To help king Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery ; but we now forget

<sup>4</sup> A wise stout captain he, and soon persuaded.] The pronoun is from the corr. fo. 1632, necessary for the line, giving point to the speech, and very likely to have escaped. In "The True Tragedy" Richard says,

"By my faith, a wise stout captain, and soon persuaded."

<sup>5</sup> Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.] Of old "a door" was opened, which represented the gate of the city of York, and the simple direction in "The True Tragedy" is, "The Mayor opens the door, and brings the keys in his hand."

Our title to the crown, and only claim  
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again :  
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—  
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*]

*K. Edw.* Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,  
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,  
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,  
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone  
To keep them back that come to succour you.  
Why shall we fight<sup>6</sup>, if you pretend no title?

*Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

*K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll make our  
claim :

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

*Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

*Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand :  
The bruit thereof<sup>7</sup> will bring you many friends.

*K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,  
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

*Mont.* Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,  
And now will I be Edward's champion.

*Hast.* Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd.—  
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

*Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Edward the fourth, by the grace of God,  
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c."

*Mont.* And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,  
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

*All.* Long live Edward the fourth!

*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto  
you all :

<sup>6</sup> Why SHALL we fight,] Malone and some modern editors, against all authority, and quite unnecessarily, read, "Why *should* we fight." The difference may be slight, but why vary at all from the text?

<sup>7</sup> The BRUIT thereof] *i. e.* The *noise* or *report*; from the Fr. *bruit*. In Jeremiah x. 22, we read, "Behold, the noise of the *bruit* is come," meaning the *noise* of the *report* is come. We have already had the verb *bruted* in "Henry VI., Part I.," Vol. iii. p. 677.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.  
 Now, for this night let's harbour here in York,  
 And when the morning sun shall raise his car  
 Above the border of this horizon,  
 We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;  
 For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—  
 Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,  
 To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!  
 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—  
 Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;  
 And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

## SCÈNE VIII.

London. A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish.* Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,  
 MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD\*.

*War.* What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
 With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,  
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
 And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
 And many giddy people flock to him.

*K. Hen.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again\*.

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
 Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*War.* In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;  
 Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,  
 Shall stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,  
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—  
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
 Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shall find

\* EXETER and Oxford.] For "Exeter" the folio, 1623, has, by mistake, *Somer-set*. In "The True Tragedy" scene 7 precedes scene 6.

\* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.] This line is assigned in all the folios to King Henry, from whom it has needlessly been taken by various modern editors, some so unscrupulously as to give no notice whatever of the change. It is not at all inconsistent with the other speeches of the King in this scene, who seems by the intelligence to have been roused, at least in the commencement, to the display of an unusual degree of energy.



Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st :—  
 And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,  
 In Oxfordshire shall muster up thy friends.—  
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,  
 Like to his island girt in with the ocean,  
 Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,  
 Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—  
 Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—  
 Farewell, my sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

*Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

*K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

*Mont.* Comfort, my lord ;—and so I take my leave.

*Oxf.* And thus [*Kissing HENRY's hand.*] I seal my truth,  
 and bid adieu.

*K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,  
 And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

*War.* Farewell, sweet lords : let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

*K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.—  
 Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?  
 Methinks, the power that Edward hath in field  
 Should not be able to encounter mine.

*Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

*K. Hen.* That's not my fear ; my meed hath got me fame<sup>1</sup>.  
 I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;  
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
 My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears<sup>2</sup> :  
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,  
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.  
 Then, why should they love Edward more than me ?  
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace ;  
 And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

<sup>1</sup> That's not my fear ; my MEED hath got me fame.] " Meed " is here again (see this Vol. p. 136) used for *merit* or *desert*, and not in its ordinary sense of *reward*. The corr. fo. 1632 substitutes *mind* for " meed " with some plausibility, but with little necessity, seeing the sense that " meed " has elsewhere borne.

<sup>2</sup> — their WATER-flowing tears :] " Water-flowing " is a poor compound, and " bitter-flowing " of the corr. fo. 1632 is not much of an improvement. We leave the word of the folio, 1623, unchanged.

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"

*Exe.* Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.*

*K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence,  
And once again proclaim us king of England.—

You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King HENRY.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains.

The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay<sup>1</sup>.

*Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares.

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Coventry.

*Enter upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two  
Messengers, and others.*

*War.* Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?  
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

<sup>1</sup> Shout within. "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!" Unless we suppose the shouts to have proceeded from some of the troops in the pay of Henry, the more proper stage-direction on the arrival of Edward would be, as Johnson observed, "A York! A York!" In "The True Tragedy" there is no stage-direction, and the whole of the preceding speech by Henry is wanting.

<sup>2</sup> Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.] This allusion to the proverb occurs later in "The True Tragedy," viz. just before Edward, after the death of Warwick, marches to meet the Queen at Tewkesbury: the words there given are these:—

"Come let's go, for if we slack this fair  
Bright summer's day, sharp winter's  
Showers will mar our hope for hay."

Evidently misheard, and bungled together: excluding "Come let's go," the couplet, though it varies materially from the folio, 1623, is still complete.

1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*War.* How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.*

*War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?  
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

*Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,  
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

*War.* Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

*Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:  
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

*War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

*Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

*Glo.* See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

*War.* Oh, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,  
That we could hear no news of his repair?

*K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?  
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,  
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,  
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

*War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?  
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,  
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

*Glo.* I thought, at least, he would have said the king;  
Or did he make the jest against his will?

*War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

*Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:  
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

*War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

*K. Edw.* Why then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

*War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:  
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;  
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

*K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this;  
What is the body, when the head is off?

*Glo.* Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,  
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!<sup>1</sup>  
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.

*Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

*War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,  
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,  
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—  
“Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.”

*Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.*

*War.* Oh, cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXFORD and his Forces enter the city.*

*Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.

*K. Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.  
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,  
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:  
If not, the city being but of small defence,  
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

*War.* Oh! welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

*Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.*

*Mont.* Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*

<sup>1</sup> — from the *DECK*!] *i. e.* From the *pack*: a pack of cards was of old called a “deck,” as many authorities might be produced to show: the word, as Ritson observed, continued in use even as late as 1788, being found in the Sessions Paper of that year. Possibly it is derived from the Sax. *decan*, or *thecan*, to cover, because one card in a pack covers the other: the origin is most likely, as lexicographers suggest, the Latin *tego*; and it is singular that Richardson has no such sense of the word “deck,” as a pack of cards.

*Glo.* Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,  
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

*K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory :  
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

*Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster !

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

*Glo.* Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,  
Have sold their lives unto the house of York ;  
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.*

*War.* And lo ! where George of Clarence sweeps along,  
Of force enough to bid his brother battle ;  
With whom an upright zeal<sup>6</sup> to right prevails,  
More than the nature of a brother's love.—

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE whisper.*]

Come, Clarence, come ; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

*Clar.* Father of Warwick, know you what this means ?

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat*<sup>7</sup>.]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee :  
I will not ruin my father's house,  
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,  
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,  
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural<sup>8</sup> ;  
To bend the fatal instruments of war  
Against his brother, and his lawful king ?  
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath :  
To keep that oath, were more impiety  
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

<sup>6</sup> With whom AN upright zeal] The folio misprints *in* for "an."

<sup>7</sup> Taking the red rose out of his hat.] There is here no stage-direction in the folio, 1623, and what was done by Clarence could only be guessed, if "The True Tragedy" had not supplied the deficiency : we there read, "Richard and Clarence whisper together, and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick."

<sup>8</sup> That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural.] This line has two surplus syllables, and it is remarkable that in "The True Tragedy" they are omitted, and the verse, therefore, regular,

"That Clarence is so harsh, unnatural."

"Blunt" seems a singular epithet for the occasion : possibly we ought to read "so blind;" but, of course, we leave the text as it stands in the folio, 1623,—the best representative of the poet's language.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,  
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;  
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,  
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)  
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.  
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—  
Pardon me, Edward; I will make amends:—  
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

*K. Edw.* Now welcome, more, and ten times more belov'd,  
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

*Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

*War.* O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

*K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and  
fight,  
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

*War.* Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:  
I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the  
way.—  
Lords, to the field! Saint George, and victory!

[*March. Exeunt*].

## SCENE II.

### A Field of Battle near Barnet.

*Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bringing in  
WARWICK wounded.*

*K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear,  
For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all'.—

\* *March. Exeunt*] The folio adds, as a stage-direction, "Warwick and his company follow;" meaning, probably, that they quitted the walls of Coventry; but it may mean that Edward and his forces having gone out, they were followed across the stage by Warwick and his company, who left the city for the field of Barnet. In "The True Tragedy" we read only *Exeunt omnes*. It deserves remark that whereas in "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, all the *exits* are misprinted *eret* and *eret omnes*, they are correctly spelt in "The True Tragedy," 1596. The first was printed by Thomas Creed, and the last by P. S., i. e. Peter Short.

<sup>1</sup> For Warwick was a BUG, that FEAR'D us all.] i. e. Warwick was a *bugbear*;

Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,  
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

*War.* Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,  
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,  
That I must yield my body to the earth,  
And by my fall the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;  
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,  
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun  
To search the secret treasons of the world:  
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;  
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?  
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,  
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
And, live we how we can, yet die we must<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.*

*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,  
We might recover all our loss again.  
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;  
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly<sup>2</sup>!

which *alarmed* or *frightened* us all. The word "bug" not unfrequently occurs with this meaning. Respecting the use of "feared" in an active sense, see a preceding note in this play, p. 174. This introduction to the death of Warwick is not in "The True Tragedy:" he "enters wounded."

<sup>2</sup> — yet die we must.] This couplet is placed later in "The True Tragedy," viz. just before Warwick expires: it precedes the two last lines he utters.

<sup>3</sup> Ah, couldst thou fly!] This part of the death-scene of Warwick stands as follows in "The True Tragedy." Oxford says,

"And mightst thou live, then would we never fly.

*War.* Why then, I would not fly; nor have I now,

But Hercules himself must yield to odds."

Shakespeare left out this last line here, probably because he had used it in an

*War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague!  
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
 And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.  
 Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,  
 That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.  
 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

*Som.* Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;  
 And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,  
 And said—"Commend me to my valiant brother."  
 And more he would have said; and more he spoke,  
 Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,  
 That might not be distinguish'd: but, at last,  
 I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—  
 "Oh farewell, Warwick!"

*War.* Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;  
 For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven<sup>1</sup>.

[*Dies.*

*Oxf.* Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.

[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S body.*

earlier part of the play (A. ii. sc. 1), where the Messenger is describing the death of York,—a circumstance not hitherto remarked.

<sup>1</sup> And more he would have said; and more he *SPOKE*,] In "The True Tragedy," 1600, this line stands,

"And more he would have *said*; and more he *said*;"

but in the earlier edition of the same play in 1595, it runs thus:—

"And more he would have *spoke*; and more he *said*."

It will be observed that Shakespeare's text differs triflingly from both copies of the old play. In the next line the old copies of "The True Tragedy" read "*clamor* in a vault" for "cannon in a vault" of the folio, 1623, the word having been most likely misheard by those who furnished the MS. of "The True Tragedy."

<sup>2</sup> Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.] This is the reading of the folio, and the old regulation of the verse, excepting that the first line is there improperly divided into two hemistichs. The text also exactly accords with the editions of "The True Tragedy" in 1595 and 1600, as well as with that published about 1619, but modern editors (without notice) have interpolated *to* in the first line, "Sweet rest *to* his soul!" and Steevens thought fit (with notice) to insert *again* in the second line. In "The True Tragedy" Oxford speaks six lines after the death of Warwick, but they are not worth quoting.



## SCENE III.

Another part of the Field.

*Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.*

*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.  
But in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
Ere he attain his easeful western bed :  
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen  
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,  
And blow it to the source from whence it came :  
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

*Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,  
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her :  
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,  
Her faction will be full as strong as our's.

*K. Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,  
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.  
We, having now the best at Barnet field,  
Will thither straight, for willingness rides way ;  
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
In every county as we go along.—  
Strike up the drum ! cry—Courage ! and away.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewkesbury.

*March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

*Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,  
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown over-board,  
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;  
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he  
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
And give more strength to that which hath too much;  
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?  
Ah! what a shame, ah! what a fault were this.  
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?  
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?  
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?  
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,  
And Somerset another goodly mast,  
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?  
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?  
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,  
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.  
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair:  
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?  
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?  
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?  
All these the enemies to our poor bark.  
Say, you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while;  
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:  
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,  
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.  
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
If case some one of you would fly from us,  
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,  
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.  
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,  
"Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

*Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this, as doubting any here;  
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes,

Lest, in our need, he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here, as God forbid !  
Let him depart before we need his help.

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage,  
And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—  
O, brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather  
Doth live again in thee : long mayst thou live,  
To bear his image, and renew his glories.

*Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,  
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

*Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset :—sweet Oxford, thanks.

*Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,  
Ready to fight : therefore, be resolute.

*Oxf.* I thought no less : it is his policy,  
To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

*Som.* But he's deceiv'd : we are in readiness.

*Q. Mar.* This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

*Oxf.* Here pitch our battle ; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE,  
GLOSTER, and Forces.*

*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,  
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,  
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
I need not add more fuel to your fire,  
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.  
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords !

*Q. Mar.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,  
My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.  
Therefore, no more but this :—Henry, your sovereign,  
Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,  
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.  
You fight in justice : then, in god's name, lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

## SCENE V.

Another part of the Same.

*Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners<sup>6</sup>.*

*K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

*Som.* Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

*K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward  
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

*Glo.* It is: and lo! where youthful Edward comes.

*Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.*

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.

[*K. EDWARD sits*].

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:

Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

<sup>6</sup> — and Somerset, prisoners.] The stage-direction in "The True Tragedy" is a little confused, but worth quoting for its particularity:—"Alarums to the battle: York flies; then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the King, Cla., and Glo., and the rest, and make a great shout, and cry for York, for York! and then the Queen is taken, and the Prince, and Oxf., and Som., and then sound, and enter all again." It seems meant to show that the Queen's army was at first successful, but afterwards defeated.

<sup>7</sup> K. Edward sits.] This stage-direction is from the corr. fo. 1632: it shows the old custom of the stage, and that when the Prince just afterwards says "Resign thy chair," he meant the words literally.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

*Prince.* Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night;  
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glo.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.

*K. Edw.* Peace! wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

*Prince.* I know my duty: you are all undutiful.  
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,  
And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,  
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—  
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

*K. Edw.* Take that, the likeness of this railer here<sup>a</sup>.

[*Stabs him.*]

*Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*GLO. stabs him.*]

*Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*CLAR. stabs him.*]

*Q. Mar.* Oh, kill me too!

*Glo.* Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

*Glo.* Why should she live? to fill the world with words?

*K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon<sup>b</sup>? use means for her  
recovery.

*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.  
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:  
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

*Clar.* What? what?

*Glo.* The Tower! the Tower!<sup>10</sup>

[*Exit.*]

*Q. Mar.* O, Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:  
Canst thou not speak!—O traitors! murderers!—

<sup>a</sup> — the likeness of THIS RAILER here.] "This railer" is, of course, Queen Margaret, whom Prince Edward resembled.

<sup>b</sup> — doth she swoon?] *Swoone* in the folio, 1623, an exploded form which the Rev. Mr. Dyce would fain preserve.

<sup>10</sup> The Tower! the Tower!] It is only "Tower! the Tower!" in the folios, the definite article having been, in the first instance, accidentally omitted. In "The True Tragedy" it is not a hemistich, but a complete line; for Gloucester exclaims,

"The Tower, man! the Tower! I'll root them out,"  
meaning, of course, the Lancastrian family.

They, that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,  
 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
 If this foul dead were by to equal it<sup>1</sup> :  
 He was a man : this, in respect, a child ;  
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.  
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it ?  
 No, no ; my heart will burst, an if I speak ;  
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—  
 Butchers and villains ! bloody cannibals !  
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !  
 You have no children, butchers ! if you had,  
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse :  
 But, if you ever chance to have a child,  
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,  
 As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince !

*K. Edw.* Away with her ! go, bear her hence perforce.

*Q. Mar.* Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here ;  
 Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.  
 What ! wilt thou not ?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

*Clar.* By heaven I will not do thee so much ease.

*Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do ; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

*Clar.* Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself :

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What ! wilt thou not ? where is that devil's butcher<sup>2</sup>,  
 Hard-favour'd Richard ? Richard, where art thou ?  
 Thou art not here : murder is thy alms-deed ;  
 Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

*K. Edw.* Away, I say !—I charge ye, bear her hence.

*Q. Mar.* So come to you, and your's, as to this prince !

[*Exit, forced out.*]

*K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone ?

*Clar.* To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,  
 To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*K. Edw.* He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

<sup>1</sup> — to EQUAL it:] "To sequel it," or follow it up, says the old corrector of the folio, 1632; but we do not introduce the alteration, because "to equal it" may (as Mr. Singer states) be understood in the sense of to compare with it. To take "equal" here in its ordinary signification would of course be illogical.

<sup>2</sup> What ! wilt thou not ? where is that devil's butcher,] At the end of this line the folios add "Richard" to the destruction of the metre, and weakening of the expression. It is struck out with a pen in the corr. fo. 1632, and such has been the usual text.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort  
 With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,  
 And see our gentle queen how well she fares:  
 By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

London. The Tower.

*King HENRY is discovered in the Tower, reading. Enter GLOSTER and the Lieutenant*<sup>3</sup>.

*Glo.* Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?

*K. Hen.* Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:  
 'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:  
 Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,  
 And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

*Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

*K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:  
 So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,  
 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—  
 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:  
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,  
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
 Have now the fatal object in my eye,  
 Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

*Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool 'was that of Crete,  
 That taught his son the office of a fowl?  
 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

<sup>3</sup> Enter Gloster] According to the folio, this scene takes place "on the walls" of the Tower: according to "The True Tragedy," 1595, "in the Tower:" "enter Gloster to King Henry in the Tower" is the direction there, no mention being made of the Lieutenant, who, according to the corr. fo. 1632, enters with Gloster: "reading" is also from the same authority. The modern stage-direction has been, "King Henry is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter Gloster." The fact seems to be, that Gloster was meant, on his entrance, to be attended by the Lieutenant of the Tower.

<sup>4</sup> — what a PEEVISH fool] i. e. Silly fool; a common sense of the word.

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
 The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,  
 Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,  
 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
 Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.  
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
 Than can my ears that tragic history.  
 But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

*Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?

*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
 If murdering innocents be executing,  
 Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst  
 presume,  
 Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.  
 And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,  
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;  
 And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,  
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—  
 Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate<sup>5</sup>,  
 And orphans for their parents' timeless death,  
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;  
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time<sup>6</sup>;  
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees:  
 The raven rook'd her<sup>7</sup> on the chimney's top,  
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

<sup>5</sup> — wives for their husbands' FATE,] In our first edition we rejected "fate" at the end of this line, as well as "And" at the beginning of the next, because they are only found in the second folio; but they make the lines in which they occur complete, and we now insert them: in "The True Tragedy," 1595, we also read,

"That many a widow for her husband's death."

<sup>6</sup> — ABODING luckless TIME;] i. e. "Foreboding luckless time." The corr. fo. 1632 not only alters "time" to *tune*, for which it may easily have been misprinted, but it converts "aboding" into two words, making *boding* the epithet to *tune*. We prefer the old lection.

<sup>7</sup> The raven rook'd her] To *rook* or *ruck*, meaning to squat down, roost, or lodge, was a word in common employment, and instances of its use might be quoted from Chaucer, Gower, J. Heywood, Stanihurst, Golding, Warner, &c. In "The Fardle of Fashions," 1555, we meet with this expression:—"After a mooste comely sorte she *rucketh* downe upon the grounde, not muche unlike the sitting of our gentlewomen oftentimes here in Englande."



To wit,—an indigest, deformed lump<sup>\*</sup>,  
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,  
 To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world :  
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
 Thou cam'st——

*Glo.* I'll hear no more ;—Die, prophet, in thy speech :

[*Stabs him.*]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O ! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee.

[*Dies.*]

*Glo.* What ! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
 Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.  
 See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !  
 Oh, may such purple tears be always shed  
 From those that wish the downfall of our house !—  
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
 Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee thither<sup>†</sup>,

[*Stabs him again.*]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of ;

For I have often heard my mother say,  
 I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,  
 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?

The midwife wonder'd ; and the women cried,

" O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth ! "

And so I was ; which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

<sup>\*</sup> To wit,—an *INDIGEST*, deformed lump,] So the corr. fo. 1632 instead of

" To wit,—an indigested and deformed lump,"

of the folio, 1623. The measure of the line is thus restored, and the sense in no respect altered, while the word—"indigest" for *indigested* is warranted by "The True Tragedy," where it occurs in the form of *undigest*, the line there being

" To wit,—an *undigest* created lump."

Shakespeare, in "King John," A. v. sc. 7, Vol. iii. p. 205, uses the word "*indigest*," and Malone printed the text as we give it, but without the support the emendation now obtains from the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>†</sup> Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee thither,] Respecting this and the preceding line, see the Introduction. A similar coincidence may be pointed out in the old prose novel, "The Historie of Hamblet," 1608:—"And when thou comest in hell, see thou forget not to tell thy brother . . . that it was his son that sent thee thither." Shakespeare's Library, Part iv. p. 161.

I have no brother, I am like no brother;  
 And this word love, which greybeards call divine,  
 Be resident in men like one another,  
 And not in me: I am myself alone.—  
 Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;  
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee<sup>1</sup>:  
 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,  
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life;  
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
 King Henry and the prince, his son, are gone:  
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;  
 Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—  
 I'll throw thy body in another room,  
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  
[Exit with the body.]

## SCENE VII.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen ELIZABETH and a Nurse with the infant Prince<sup>2</sup>, CLARENCE, HASTINGS, and others, near him.*

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.  
 What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,  
 Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?  
 Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd<sup>3</sup>  
 For hardy and undoubted champions:  
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;  
 And two Northumberlands; two braver men  
 Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpets sound:  
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,

<sup>1</sup> But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:] i. e. I will sort out or select an hour whose gloom shall be fatal to you.

<sup>2</sup> — Queen Elizabeth, AND A NURSE with the infant Prince,] The folio, 1623, and "The True Tragedy" mention the "Nurse," who of course carried the "infant Prince," but she is excluded by all modern editors from the stage-direction.

<sup>3</sup> — threefold RENOWN'D] It is "threefold renowne" in the folio, 1623, but properly altered to "renown'd" in the corr. fo. 1632: in the next line "undoubted" is there amended to *redoubted* which may be right, but as "undoubted" is by no means certainly wrong, we retain it, only noting the difference.

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
And made our footstool of security.—

*Enter GLOSTER, behind*<sup>4</sup>.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—  
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,  
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;  
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;  
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain<sup>5</sup>.

*Glo.* I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid; [*Aside.*  
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;  
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—  
Work thou the way, and that shall execute<sup>6</sup>.

[*Coming forward.*

*K. Edw.* Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;  
And kiss your princely nephew<sup>7</sup>, brothers both.

*Clar.* The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

<sup>4</sup> Enter Gloster, behind.] The folios mark the entrance of Gloster with the King, Queen, &c., but in "The True Tragedy," 1596, nothing is said about him, until he begins to speak, when *Glo.* occurs as a prefix. According to the old corrector of the folio, 1632, he did not come upon the stage until after the line

"And made our footstool of security,"

when "Enter Gloster, behind" is placed in the margin. There he remained probably while speaking *aside*, but came forward to kiss the infant. Such, most likely, was the mode in which the scene was anciently conducted: it seems natural, and characteristic of Richard, and we follow it.

<sup>5</sup> — thou shalt reap the GAIN.] Perhaps *grain*; and afterwards Gloster, who overhears, takes up the simile of the harvest. There is, however, no such emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, and none is in fact required.

<sup>6</sup> — and THAT SHALL execute.] The folio of Lord Ellesmere reads, by a misprint, "add that shall." "That" refers to Richard's "shoulder," before mentioned; and "work thou the way" to his head, which we must suppose him to touch in his speech *aside*. This seems the evident meaning of the line, without any necessity for altering "that" to *thou*: the only change required is the trifling one of *shalt* to "shall." The folio, 1623, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, corrects one error, *add* into "and," but leaves the other.

<sup>7</sup> And kiss your princely nephew,] Here again the two copies of the folio, 1623, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Ellesmere, differ: the former has "kiss," the correct reading according even to "The True Tragedy," and the latter *'tis*. The first folio, belonging to my late friend Mr. Amyot, and three others which we have had an opportunity of inspecting, agree with that of the Duke of Devonshire.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks\*.

*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. —

[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,  
And cried—all hail ! when as he meant—all harm.

*K. Edw.* Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

*Clar.* What will your grace have done with Margaret ?  
Reignier, her father, to the king of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

*K. Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—  
And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befit the pleasure of the court ?  
Sound, drums and trumpets !—farewell, sour annoy,  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt.

\* Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks.] The folios, 1623 and 1632, assign this line to Clarence ; but in the folio, 1664, it is correctly given to the King, and not to the Queen, as it stands in "The True Tragedy." It is also restored to *K. Edw.* in the corr. fo. 1632.



**KING RICHARD III.**

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his iunocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1597." 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bene lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1602." 4to. 46 leaves.

"The Tragedie of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath bin lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Newly augmented, by William Shake-speare. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by Matthew Lawe, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe, near S. Austins gate, 1605." 4to. 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of the Earle of Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field," occupies thirty-two pages; viz. from p. 173 to p. 204 inclusive. There is no material variation in the later folios.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE popularity of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" must have been great, judging only from the various 4to. editions which preceded the publication of it in the folio of 1623. It originally came out in 1597, without the name of the author: it was reprinted in 1598, with "by William Shake-speare" on the title-page, and again in 1602<sup>1</sup>, all three impressions having been made for the same bookseller, Andrew Wise. On the 27th June, 1603, it was assigned to Mathew Lawe, as appears by an entry in the Stationers' Registers; accordingly, he published the fourth edition of it with the date of 1605: the fifth edition was printed for the same bookseller in 1613<sup>2</sup>. This seems to have been the last time it came out in 4to, anterior to its appearance in the folio, 1623<sup>3</sup>; but after that date, three other 4to. impressions are known, viz. in 1624, 1629, and 1634, and it is remarkable that these were all mere reprints of the earlier 4tos, not one of them including any of the passages which the player-editors of the folio first inserted in their volume. This fact might show that the publishers of the later 4tos. did not know that there were any material variations between the earlier 4tos. and the folio; that they did not think them of importance; or that the proprietors of the folio were considered to have some species of copyright in the additions. These additions, extending in one instance to more than fifty lines, are pointed out in our notes. It will also be found that more than one speech in the folio is unintelligible without aid from the 4tos; and for some

<sup>1</sup> By the title-pages of the four earliest editions on the opposite leaf, it will be seen, that it was professed by Andrew Wise, that the play, in 1602, had been "newly augmented," although it was in fact only a reprint of the previous impressions of 1597 and 1598. for the same bookseller. It is possible that the augmentations observable in the folio of 1623 were made shortly before 1602, and that Wise wished it to be thought that his edition of that year contained them. The 4to. reprints, subsequent to that of 1602, all falsely purport to have been "newly augmented."

<sup>2</sup> Malone gives the date 1612, and in his copy at Oxford the last figure is blurred. The title-page in no respect differs from that of 1605, excepting that the play is said to have been "acted by the King's Majesty's servants." They were not so called, until after May, 1603.

<sup>3</sup> An impression in 1622 is mentioned in some lists, but the existence of a copy of that date is more than doubtful.



other characteristic omissions, particularly for one in Act iv. sc. 2, it is not possible to account.

With respect to the additions in the folio of 1623, we have no means of ascertaining whether they formed part of the original play. Steevens insisted that the 4to, 1597, contained a better text than the folio: such is not our opinion; for though the 4to. sets right several doubtful matters, it is not well printed, even for a production of that day, and bears marks of having been brought out in haste, and from an imperfect manuscript. The copy of the "history" in the folio of 1623 was in some places a reprint of the 4to, 1602, as several obvious errors of the press are repeated, *right* for "fight," *helps* for "helms," &c. For the additions, a manuscript was no doubt employed; and the variations in some scenes, particularly near the middle of the play, are so numerous, and the corrections so frequent, that it is probable a transcript belonging to the theatre was there consulted. Our text is that of the folio, with due notice of all the chief variations.

The earliest entry in the Stationers' Registers relating to Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," is in these terms:—

"20 Oct. 1597

Andrew Wise] The Tragedie of Kinge Richard the Third,  
with the death of the Duke of Clarence."

This memorandum, probably, immediately preceded the publication of the 4to, 1597. The only other entry relating to "Richard the Third" we have already mentioned, and the exact words of it may be seen in a note to our Introduction to "Richard the Second," Vol. iii. p. 216.

It is certain that there was a historical drama upon some of the events of the reign of Richard III. anterior to that of Shakespeare. T. Warton quoted Sir John Harington's "Apologie for Poetry," prefixed to his translation of Ariosto in 1591, respecting a tragedy of "Richard the Third," acted at St. John's, Cambridge, which would "have moved Phalaris, the tyrant, and terrified all tyrannous-minded men;" and Steevens adduced Heywood's "Apology for Actors," 1612, to the same effect, without apparently being aware that Heywood was professedly only repeating the words of Harington. Both these authors, however, referred to a Latin drama on the story of Richard III., written by Dr. Legge, and acted at Cambridge before 1583. Steevens followed up his quotation from Heywood by the copy of an entry in the Stationers' Registers, dated June 19, 1594, relating to an English play on the same

<sup>4</sup> Steevens calls it "The Actors' Vindication," as indeed it was entitled when it was republished (with alterations and insertions) by Cartwright the comedian, without date, but during the Civil Wars. See the reprint of this tract by the Shakespeare Society, in 1841, the text being taken from the first impression.

subject. When Steevens wrote, and for many years afterwards, it was not known that such a drama had ever been published; but in 1821 Boswell reprinted a large fragment of it (with many errors) from a copy wanting the title-page and the commencement. A perfect copy of this very rare play is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and from it we transcribe the following title-page:—

"The True Tragedie of Richard the third: Wherein is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore. 1594<sup>a</sup>."

The above so nearly corresponds with the entry in the Stationers' Registers<sup>a</sup>, as to leave no doubt that the latter referred to the former. The piece itself, as a literary composition, deserves little remark, but as a drama it possesses several peculiar features. It is in some respects unlike any relic of the kind, and was evidently written several years before it came from Creede's press. It opens with a singular dialogue between Truth and Poetry:—

"*Poetrie.* Truth, well met.

"*Truth.* Thanks, *Poetrie*: what makes thou upon a stage?

"*Poet.* Shadowes.

"*Truth.* Then, will I adde bodies to the shadowes.

Therefore depart, and give Truth leave

To shew her pageant.

"*Poet.* Why, will Truth be a Player?

"*Truth.* No; but Tragedia like for to present

A Tragedie in England done but late,

That will revive the hearts of drooping mindes.

"*Poet.* Whereof?

"*Truth.* Marry, thus."

Hence Truth proceeds with a sort of argument of the play; but before this Induction begins, the ghost of George, Duke of Clarence, had passed over the stage, delivering two lines as he went, which we give precisely as in the original copy:—

"*Cresse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,  
Quod spero scitio. O scitio, scitio, vendicta!*"

<sup>a</sup> A reprint was made from this unique copy by the Shakespeare Society in 1844. Dr. Legge's Latin tragedy is appended to it.

<sup>b</sup> It is as follows, being rather unusually particular:—

Tho. Creede] An Enterlude entitled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is shoven the Death of Edward the Fourthe, with the Smotheringe of the twoo Princes in the Tower, with a lamentable End of Shores wife, and the conjunction of the twoo Houses of Lancaster and York.

The drama itself afterwards opens with a scene representing the death of Edward IV., and the whole story is thenceforward most inartificially and clumsily conducted, with a total disregard of dates, facts, and places, by characters imperfectly outlined and coarsely shaded. Shore's wife plays a conspicuous part; and the tragedy does not finish with the battle of Bosworth Field, but is carried on subsequently, although the plot is clearly at an end. The conclusion is quite as remarkable as the commencement. After the death of Richard, Report (a personification like some of those in the old *Moralities*) enters, and holds a dialogue with a Page, to inform the audience of certain matters not exhibited; and after a long scene between Richmond, the Queen mother, Princess Elizabeth, &c., two Messengers enter, and, mixing with the personages of the play, detail the succession of events and of monarchs from the death of Richard until the accession of Elizabeth. The Queen mother then comes forward, and pronounces an elaborate panegyric upon Elizabeth, ending with these lines:—

“ For which, if ere her life be tane away,  
 God grant her soule may live in heaven for aye;  
 For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,  
 Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.”

As in this sort of epilogue no allusion is made to the Spanish Armada, though other public events of less prominence are touched upon, we may infer that the drama was written before the year 1588.

The style in which it is composed also deserves observation: it is partly in prose, partly in heavy blank-verse, (such as was penned before Marlowe had introduced his improvements, and Shakespeare had adopted and enhanced them) partly in ten-syllable rhyming couplets, and stanzas, and partly in the long fourteen-syllable metre, which seems to have been popular even before prose was employed upon our stage. In every point of view it may be asserted, that few more curious dramatic relics exist in our language. It is perhaps the most ancient printed specimen of composition for a public theatre, of which the subject was derived from English history.

Boswell asserts that “The True Tragedy of Richard the Third” had “evidently been used and read by Shakespeare,” but we can trace few resemblances, but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial. Two persons could hardly take up the same period of our annals, as the ground-work of a drama, without some coincidences; but there is no point, either in the conduct of the plot, or in the language in which it is clothed, where our great dramatist does not show his measureless superiority. The portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to

each other, is just before the murder of the princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose. The fact is, however, stated by Sir Thomas More and Holinshed.

It is not to be concluded, because the title-page of "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third" expresses that it was acted "by the Queen's Majesty's Players," that it was the association to which Shakespeare belonged, and which became "the King's Players" after James I. ascended the throne. In 1583, the Queen selected a company from the theatrical servants of several of her nobility; (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage*, vol. i. 254;) and in 1590 there were two companies, called "her Majesty's Players," one under the management of Laneham, and the other of Laurence Dutton<sup>7</sup>: by one of these companies "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third" must have been performed. Until the death of Elizabeth, the association to which Shakespeare was attached was called "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants."

In the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 121, it is shown that Henslowe's company, subsequent to 1599, was either in possession of a play upon the story of Richard III., or that some of the poets he employed were engaged upon such a drama. From the sketch of five scenes, there inserted, we may judge that it was a distinct performance from "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third." By an entry in Henslowe's Diary (p. 223), dated 22d June, 1602, we learn that Ben Jonson received 10*l.* in earnest of a play called "Richard Crookback," and for certain "new additions," he was to make to "Jeronimo." Considering the success of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," and the active contention, at certain periods, between the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and that under the management of Henslowe, it may be looked upon as singular, that the latter should have been without a drama on that portion of English history until after 1599; and it is certainly not less singular, that as late as 1602 Ben Jonson should have been occupied in writing a new play upon the subject. Possibly, about that date Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" had been revived with additions; and hence the employment of Jonson on a rival drama, and the publication of the third edition of Shakespeare's tragedy after an interval of four years.

The earliest entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company containing any mention of "Richard III." is dated 1586: between the 8<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> August in that year, Henry Carre had

<sup>7</sup> This new fact in the history of our early drama and theatres, we owe to Mr. Peter Cunningham, who establishes it beyond contradiction, in his volume of "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1842. *Introd.* p. xxxii.

"allowed unto him *xxi* ballads," the names of which are given: the seventh of these is called "A tragical Report of King Richard the 3<sup>d</sup>." There can be no doubt that it was not a play, although Steevens speculated upon the point<sup>8</sup>, and whether this very ballad have come down to our time is doubtful; but the late Mr. Heber had a manuscript volume of short popular and other poems, from which many years ago the following production was copied, and our readers may not be unwilling to see it, in connexion with Shakespeare's historical drama. There can, we apprehend, be little doubt that it was at one time in print, and it is just such a performance as would be calculated to gratify a street-audience. It is headed merely—

"OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

" King Richard, you shall understand,  
Was cruel'st tyrant in this land:  
King John, that Arthur slew,  
Was not so bloody as this king:  
He kill'd but one nephew,  
But Richard did a bloodier thing;  
He smothered nephews two.

" His brother Clarence he put to death:  
By him King Henry lost his breath  
Within old London's Tower:  
And when these murders he had done,  
He seiz'd the kingly power,  
And cut off after, one by one,  
The kingdom's noble flower.

" No sooner was King Edward dead,  
Than he made shorter by the head  
The friends of the poor queen;  
For Rivers, Hastings, and Lord Grey  
Alive no more were seen:  
At Pomfret they were made away,  
As they had never been.

" A hump there grew upon his back,  
The rock that caus'd full many a wrack:  
His arms were short and long;  
His legs were of unequal size,  
But still full firm and strong;  
And he look'd two ways with his eyes<sup>9</sup>,  
To see was nothing wrong.

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<sup>8</sup> See "Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company," printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1849, Vol. ii. p. 212.

<sup>9</sup> It is a new feature in Richard III. that he squinted. Queen Margaret, in "Henry VI., Part III.," A. v. sc. 4, likens him to a "fatal rock;" and he himself

" Scarce was he seated on the throne,  
 When Jane Shore found his heart was stone,  
     King Edward's concubine :  
 He caus'd her walk in a white sheet,  
     Without her clothes so fine,  
 From Charing Cross to Aldgate street ;  
     And whoso did incline

" To give relief, he did defend,  
 Whether from foe, or else from friend,  
     For foes did pity touch ;  
 And so forlorn at last she died,  
     Her misery was such,  
 And on her husband ever cried,  
     That she had wrong'd so much.

" But Richard reign'd not over long,  
 In cruelty and mickle wrong,  
     For succour soon was sought ;  
 And noble Henry came from France,  
     And with him forces brought,  
 To Bosworth field who did advance,  
     And there a battle fought :

" Wherein the tyrant he was slain,  
 And Henry did the crown obtain  
     Which many a year he wore ;  
 Uniting so the roses two,  
     Most deadly foes before,  
 To flourish here as erst they grew,  
     And shall do evermore."

It is known from various sources that Burbadge was the original performer of the part of Richard III., and he doubtless kept it until his death in 1619<sup>10</sup>. Immediately after that event we have no information who succeeded to it, but, at a later date, the character was sustained by Richard Perkins, who obtained a high reputation.

Malone was of opinion that Shakespeare wrote "Richard the Third" in 1593, but he did not adduce a particle of evidence, and none in fact exists. We should be disposed to place it nearer the time of its original publication in 1597.

says, in A. iii. sc. 2 of the same play, that his legs were "of an unequal size." These points seem remotely to connect the ballad with Shakespeare.

<sup>10</sup> "See Memoirs of the Actors in Shakespeare's Plays," printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1846, p. 21, &c.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>.

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**KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.**

**EDWARD**, Prince of Wales; }  
**RICHARD**, Duke of York; } Sons to the King.

**GEORGE**, Duke of Clarence; }  
**RICHARD**, Duke of Gloster; } Brothers to the King.

A young Son of Clarence.

**HENRY**, Earl of Richmond.

**CARDINAL BOUCHIER**, Archbishop of Canterbury.

**THOMAS ROTHERHAM**, Archbishop of York.

**JOHN MORTON**, Bishop of Ely.

**DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**

**DUKE OF NORFOLK**: **EARL OF SURREY**, his Son.

**EARL RIVERS**, Brother to King Edward's Queen: **MARQUESS**  
**OF DORSET**, and **LORD GREY**, her Sons.

**EARL OF OXFORD**. **LORD HASTINGS.**

**LORD STANLEY**. **LORD LOVEL.**

**SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN**. **SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.**

**SIR WILLIAM CATESBY**. **SIR JAMES TYRREL.**

**SIR JAMES BLOUNT**. **SIR WALTER HERBERT.**

**SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY**, Lieutenant of the Tower.

**CHRISTOPHER URSWICK**, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

**ELIZABETH**, Queen of King Edward IV.

**MARGARET**, Widow of King Henry VI.

**DUCHESS OF YORK**, Mother to King Edward IV., Clarence,  
and Gloster.

**LADY ANNE**, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales.

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant,  
Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

**SCENE**, England.

<sup>1</sup> First prefixed to the play by Rowe.

THE TRAGEDY  
OF  
KING RICHARD III.<sup>1</sup>

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. A Street.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York<sup>2</sup>;  
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The Tragedy of King Richard III.] Mr. Singer states that "in the original edition in 4to. this drama is called 'The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.'" No existing 4to. has this title, as may be seen by the enumeration of them prefixed to our Introduction. Neither is it, as Mr. Singer states elsewhere, "the running title" of the folio, 1623. He also commits two errors when he quotes what he terms "the general title in the folio." We only mention these matters, lest any body should by chance be misled; but, excepting on the score of mere accuracy, they are of little consequence.

<sup>2</sup> — by this SUN of York;] In all the old copies "sun" is spelt *son* or *sonne*, as if a double meaning were intended.

<sup>3</sup> — of a LUTE.] All the 4tos, from that of 1597 to 1634, have *love* for "lute," the last being the reading of the folio, 1623, and, of course, right.



But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,  
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion<sup>4</sup>,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;  
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time,  
 Unless to see<sup>5</sup> my shadow in the sun,  
 And descant on mine own deformity:  
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,  
 In deadly hate the one against the other:  
 And, if king Edward be as true and just,  
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,  
 About a prophecy, which says—that G  
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,  
 That waits upon your grace?

*Clar.* His majesty,  
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glo.* Upon what cause?

*Clar.* Because my name is George.

*Glo.* Alack, my lord! that fault is none of your's;

<sup>4</sup> I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion.] It is worth a note that the corr. fo. 1632 has this line as follows:—

"I, that am curtail'd thus of fair proportion."

<sup>5</sup> Unless to see.] All the 4tos. read "Unless to spy;" the folios "to see."

He should, for that, commit your godfathers<sup>a</sup>.  
 Oh ! belike, his majesty hath some intent,  
 That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.  
 But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know ; but I protest,  
 As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,  
 He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams ;  
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
 And says, a wizard told him, that by G  
 His issue disinherited should be ;  
 And, for my name of George begins with G,  
 It follows, in his thought, that I am he.  
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,  
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

*Glo.* Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.  
 'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower :  
 My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,  
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity<sup>b</sup>.  
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship,  
 Antony Woodville, her brother there<sup>c</sup>,  
 That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,  
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?  
 We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe.

*Clar.* By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,  
 But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds  
 That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.  
 Heard you not, what an humble suppliant  
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

*Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deity

<sup>a</sup> — commit your GODFATHERS.] In the folio, 1632, "godfathers" is misprinted *grandfathers*, and the blunder was repeated in the later folios : it was altered to "godfathers" by the old corrector of the fo. 1632.

<sup>b</sup> That TEMPTS him to this HARSH extremity.] So the folio : the 4tos, "That tempts him to this extremity." So in "Henry V.," A. v. sc. 2 (Vol. iii. p. 637), we have had "untempting" misprinted *untempering*. Lower down, in the last line of Clarence's next speech, the folio misreads, "Lord Hastings was, for her delivery." In the last line of Gloster's next speech the folio, 1623, has "our monarchy" for "this monarchy" of the 4tos.

<sup>c</sup> Antony Woodville, her brother there,] Unless "Woodville" be pronounced as three syllables, this line is imperfect ; and the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to insert *some*, to cure the defect,

Antony Woodville, her *some* brother there." 12a gives additional emphasis to Gloster's contempt ; but the change is not im-  
 properly called for, since "Woodville," as the name is printed in the old copies,  
 appears to have been treated by the poet as a trisyllable.

Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
 I'll tell you what ; I think, it is our way,  
 If we will keep in favour with the king,  
 To be her men, and wear her livery :  
 The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,  
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
 Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

*Brak.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me :  
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge,  
 That no man shall have private conference,  
 Of what degree soever, with your brother.

*Glo.* Even so ; an please your worship, Brakenbury,  
 You may partake of any thing we say.  
 We speak no treason, man : we say, the king  
 Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble queen  
 Well struck in years ; fair, and not jealous.  
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;  
 And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks<sup>9</sup>.  
 How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

*Brak.* With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

*Glo.* Nought to do with mistress Shore ? I tell thee, fellow,  
 He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
 Were best to do it secretly, alone.

*Brak.* What one, my lord ?

*Glo.* Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me ?

*Brak.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me ; and withal,  
 Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

*Glo.* We are the queen's *abjects*<sup>9</sup>, and must obey.—  
 Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;  
 And whatsoever you will employ me in,  
 Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,

<sup>9</sup> And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.] The old corrector of the fo. 1632 strikes "that" out of the line, apparently to improve the metre, but we find the word in all the old editions, 4to. and folio.

<sup>1</sup> We are the queen's *ABJECTS*,] So in "Timon of Athens," A. iv. sc. 3:—

"Swear against *abjects*,  
 Put armour on thine ears," &c.

"*Abjects*" has there always been misprinted *objects*, but the use of "*abject*," as a substantive, was by no means uncommon. We may suspect that, above, Clarence had said something about obeying as the King's *subjects*, which has been lost, and which induced Gloucester to respond, "We are the queen's *abjects*." The versification is irregular, perhaps in consequence of the escape of some words from the text.

I will perform it to enfranchise you.  
 Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glo.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;  
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you<sup>2</sup>:  
 Mean time, have patience.

*Clar.*

I must perforce: farewell.

[*Ereunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and *Guard.*

*Glo.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,  
 Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,  
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.  
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter* HASTINGS.

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

*Glo.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain.  
 Well are you welcome to this open air:  
 How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

*Hast.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;  
 But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,  
 That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too,  
 For they that were your enemies are his,  
 And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

*Hast.* More pity, that the eagles should be mew'd,  
 While kites and buzzards prey at liberty<sup>3</sup>.

*Glo.* What news abroad?

*Hast.* No news so bad abroad, as this at home:—  
 The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
 And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glo.* Now, by Saint Paul<sup>4</sup>, that news is bad indeed.  
 Oh! he hath kept an evil diet long,  
 And over-much consum'd his royal person:  
 'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

<sup>2</sup> — LIE for you:] To "lie for you," is to *lie in prison* in your stead.

<sup>3</sup> — PREY at liberty.] The folio, 1623, less forcibly, "*play at liberty*;" but it is amended to "prey at liberty" in the corr. fo. 1632. Lower down, for "Where is he? in his bed?" of the folio, the 4to. has "What! is he in his bed?"

<sup>4</sup> Now, by Saint PAUL.] So all the 4to. editions. The folio reads, "Now, by St. John." Gloster habitually swears by St. Paul: see sc. 2 of this Act, just after Gloster's entrance, &c.

Where is he ? in his bed ?

*Hast.*

He is.

*Glo.* Go you before, and I will follow you. [*Exit HASTINGS.*  
He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die,  
Till George be pack'd with post haste up to heaven'.  
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live :  
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in,  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.  
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father ?  
The readiest way to make the wench amends  
Is to become her husband, and her father :  
The which will I ; not all so much for love,  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market :  
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns ;  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. Another Street.

*Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it ; and Lady ANNE as mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honourable load<sup>6</sup>,  
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,

<sup>5</sup> — with post HASTE up to heaven.] It is post-horse in the old copies, but amended to "post haste" in the corr. fo. 1632. "Post haste" was the commonest form in which speed was then enjoined, and there can surely be no doubt of the fitness of the change: Gloster wished to get Clarence out of the way with all celerity.

<sup>6</sup> Set down, set down your honourable LOAD.] Every 4to. edition has *lord* for "load," excepting that of 1597, where the letter *l* merely stands for the whole word, the rest having dropped out. Hence the substitution of *lord* for "load," which last is the reading of the folio, and is doubtless right. Lady Anne addresses herself to the *bearers* of the coffin, and she afterwards calls the body their "holy load." This misprint of *lord* for "load" gives some countenance to the emendation in "The Tempest," A. i. sc. 2, where, according to the old corrector of the fo. 1632, *lorded* ought to be "loaded."

Whilst I a while obsequiously lament'  
 Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—  
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!  
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!  
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,  
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!<sup>1</sup>  
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,  
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.  
 Oh, cursed be the hand that made these holes!  
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!<sup>2</sup>  
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!  
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads',  
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!  
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view,  
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!<sup>3</sup>  
 If ever he have wife, let her be made  
 More miserable<sup>4</sup> by the death of him,  
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—  
 Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,  
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there;

<sup>1</sup> — OBSEQUIOUSLY lament] i. e. Lament as at the obsequies of a dead person. See p. 153, of this volume, where the word "obsequious" is used exactly in the same way, as well as in "Hamlet," A. i. sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> — that made these WOUNDS!] The folio alone has "wounds," and all the 4tos. *holes*, a word here to be avoided, if on no other ground, because it occurs just below in reference to the same "wounds."

<sup>3</sup> — that had the heart to do it!] All the 4tos. give the two last lines thus:—

"Curs'd be the hand that made these *fatal* holes,  
 Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it."

The next line is omitted in every 4to. edition.

<sup>4</sup> Than I can wish to ADDERS, spiders, toads,] The folio has *wolves* for "adders," but the next line shows that the reading of every 4to. is right, for *wolves* cannot be said to be "creeping venom'd things."

<sup>5</sup> And that be heir to his unhappiness!] This line is wanting in every 4to.

<sup>6</sup> MORE miserable] The 4tos. have *As* for "More," in this line, and for "Than" at the commencement of the next. These comparatively trifling variations show that a different manuscript must have been used.

And still, as you are weary of this weight,  
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the corpse and advance.*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glo.* Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,  
I'll make a corse of him that disobeyes.

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

*Glo.* Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command<sup>4</sup>:  
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*

*Anne.* What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?  
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—  
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

*Glo.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us  
not;  
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—  
O, gentlemen! see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh<sup>5</sup>!—  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:  
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,

<sup>4</sup> — STAND thou when I command:] So the 4to. editions, with the exception of that of 1634, which has *stand'st*, with the folio, 1623, although the 4to, 1634, was evidently not printed from the folio, 1623: the folio, 1632, corrects the obvious error.

<sup>5</sup> — and bleed afresh!] Innumerable proofs might be quoted from our old writers to show the long prevalence of the superstition, that the wounds of a person murdered bled afresh at the appearance of the murderer. Holinshed supplied Shakespeare with the circumstance.

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man :

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Glo.* But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

*Glo.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed evils<sup>6</sup> to give me leave

By circumstance but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,

For these known evils but to give me leave

By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

*Glo.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glo.* By such despair I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd ;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,

That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glo.* Say, that I slew them not ?

*Anne.* Then say they were not slain<sup>7</sup> :

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest : queen Margaret saw  
Thy murderous falchion<sup>8</sup> smoking in his blood ;

<sup>6</sup> Of these supposed evils] So the 4tos : the folio, *crimes* ; but Lady Anne, parodying Gloster's words in the next speech, repeats " evils."

<sup>7</sup> Then say they were not slain :] We give the reading of the folio, which better preserves the antithesis than " Why, then, they are not dead " of the 4to. impressions.

<sup>8</sup> Thy MURDEROUS falchion] Thus the folio : every 4to. has " bloody falchion." Steevens read the preceding line, " In thy soul's throat," against every authority.



The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glo.* I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.  
Didst thou not kill this king?

*Glo.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
Oh! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

*Glo.* The fitter<sup>9</sup> for the King of heaven that hath him.

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*Glo.* Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glo.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

*Glo.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glo.* I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall something<sup>1</sup> into a slower method;—  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

*Anne.* Thou wast the cause<sup>2</sup>, and most accurs'd effect.

*Glo.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect;  
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live<sup>3</sup> one hour in your sweet bosom.

<sup>9</sup> The FITTER] The folio reads, "the better;" but Gloster, just afterwards, uses "fitter" exactly in the same manner; and in the corr. fo. 1632 *better* is erased in favour of "fitter."

<sup>1</sup> And fall SOMETHING] The 4to. editions read *somewhat*.

<sup>2</sup> Thou WAST the cause,] The question of Gloster is in the present tense, and the 4tos. made Lady Anne answer in the present tense also, "Thou *art* the cause." Gloster's reply shows that of the folio to be the right reading.

<sup>3</sup> So I might LIVE] The 4tos. have *rest* for "live." In Gloster's next speech the 4tos. have, "These eyes could *never* endure *sweet* beauty's wreck," for the line in our text, which is from the folio. The word is spelt *wrack* in the old copies, but the orthography of our day, which we adopt, requires us, in all cases

*Anne.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glo.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;  
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

*Anne.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

*Glo.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

*Anne.* I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

*Glo.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*Anne.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband<sup>4</sup>.

*Glo.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

*Glo.* He lives<sup>5</sup> that loves you better than he could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glo.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glo.* The self-same name, but one of better nature.

*Anne.* Where is he?

*Glo.* Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost  
thou spit at me?

*Anne.* 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

*Glo.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

*Glo.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

*Anne.* Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once,  
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;

No, when my father York, and Edward wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

but where a rhyme is to be preserved, to read "wreck," which also saves confusion with *rack*, which has a totally distinct meaning.

<sup>4</sup> That KILL'D my husband.] The 4tos. read, "that *slew* my husband."

<sup>5</sup> He lives] The 4to. editions, to the injury of the measure, insert "Go to" before "he lives." These expletives, which often spoil the metre, in all probability originated with the actors.

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him :  
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
 Told the sad story of my father's death,  
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
 Like trees bedash'd with rain ; in that sad time  
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;  
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping<sup>6</sup>.  
 I never sued to friend, nor enemy ;  
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word<sup>7</sup> ;  
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,  
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made  
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
 Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;  
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,  
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open : she offers at it with his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill Henry ;—  
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
 Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;—  
 But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on<sup>8</sup>.

[*She lets fall the sword.*]

<sup>6</sup> Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.] This and the eleven preceding lines are not in any of the 4to. impressions, not even in that of 1634, printed two years after the second folio. The differences between the 4tos. are seldom caused by any thing but errors of the press, one copy having always been printed from another.

<sup>7</sup> — sweet smoothing word ;] In sc. 3 of this Act, Gloucester uses the verb to smooth : the 4tos. here read, "sweet soothing words." The words "to smooth" and "smoothing" are not unfrequently applied by Shakespeare in this way : in "Richard II.," A. i. sc. 3, Vol. iii. p. 235, we have "to smooth his fault," and in "Henry VI., Part II." A. i. sc. 1, this Vol. p. 10, "let not his smoothing words bewitch," &c. In the next line but two, the 4tos. have *lips* for "lip," and four lines lower, *bosom* for "breast."

<sup>8</sup> But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.] This and the three preceding lines stand thus in all the 4to. impressions :—

"Nay, do not pause ; 'twas I that kill'd your husband,  
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me :  
 Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that kill'd king Henry,  
 But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on."

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

[*Taking up the sword.*]

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glo.* That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and even with the word,  
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,  
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:  
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

*Anne.* I would, I knew thy heart!

*Glo.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me, both are false.

*Glo.* Then, never man was true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glo.* Say, then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shalt thou know hereafter.

*Glo.* But shall I live in hope?

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so. [*He sheaths his sword.*]

*Glo.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Anne.* To take, is not to give<sup>1</sup>. [*She puts on the ring.*]

*Glo.* Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast incloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it may please you leave these sad designs  
To him that hath most cause<sup>1</sup> to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-place<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> To take, is not to give.] This answer by lady Anne is from the 4to, 1597, followed by all the other reprints in the same form: in the folio, "Vouchsafe to wear this ring," by a blunder, is made part of what lady Anne says. Both these errors are set right in the corr. fo. 1632. In the next line the 4tos. have "*his* ring," instead of "*my* ring." Lower down, the folio reads "servant," and the 4tos. *suppliant*: we adhere to the folio in all cases where the matter is at all indifferent,—even though "*suppliant*" is preferred in the corr. fo. 1632, as, perhaps, the word repeated by some old actor. All the 4tos, excepting the earliest, omit "*devoted*."

<sup>1</sup> To him that hath most cause] So the folio: the 4tos, *more*.

<sup>2</sup> — repair to Crosby-place.] The folio has *Crosby-house*, but Richard himself, in the folio, afterwards calls it *Crosby-place*, and it is as well to be consistent: see sc. 3 of this Act. It was built by Sir John Crosby, who died in 1475: the

Where (after I have solemnly interr'd,  
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears)  
I will with all expedient duty see you<sup>3</sup>:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart; and much it joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.—  
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

*Glo.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve;  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKLEY.*]

*Gent.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord<sup>4</sup>?

*Glo.* No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?  
Was ever woman in this humour won?  
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.  
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,  
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
The bleeding witness of my hatred by<sup>5</sup>,  
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,  
And I no friends to back my suit withal<sup>6</sup>,  
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,  
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!

construction could not have been commenced until after 1466, because the lease of the ground was not obtained until then. In Heywood's "Edward IV. Part I." (Shakesp. Soc. reprint, p. 58), Sir John Crosby gives an account of himself and of his house. He was grocer, and Lord Mayor, and originally a poor foundling, picked up at Cow-cross, from whence, he says, he took his name. See also Cunningham's "Hand-book of London," 2nd edit., p. 147.

<sup>3</sup> I will with all EXPEDIENT duty see you:] Another instance in which "expedient" is used by Shakespeare for *expeditious*. See "King John," Vol. iii. pp. 136. 141.

<sup>4</sup> Towards Chertsey, noble lord?] Before this question, we have in the 4tos, "Sirs, take up the corse," given to Gloster; and modern editors, inverting it to "Take up the corse, sirs," have given it as part of the text. We follow the reading of the folio.

<sup>5</sup> The bleeding witness of my hatred by,] So the folio, and correctly: the 4tos. and modern editors have "*Aer* hatred;" but the corse of Henry VI. was "the bleeding witness" of Gloster's hatred to the Lancastrian family.

<sup>6</sup> And I NO FRIENDS to back my suit WITHAL,] The 4tos. read,  
"And I *nothing* to back my suit *at all*."

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,  
 Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,  
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?  
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—  
 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—  
 The spacious world cannot again afford:  
 And will she yet abase her eyes' on me,  
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,  
 And made her widow to a woful bed?  
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?  
 On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?  
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier<sup>1</sup>,  
 I do mistake my person all this while:  
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;  
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
 To study fashions to adorn my body:  
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
 I will maintain it with some little cost.  
 But first I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,  
 And then return lamenting to my love.—  
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GREY.*

*Riv.* Have patience, madam: there's no doubt, his majesty  
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:  
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> — ABASE her eyes] So the folio: the 4tos, "*debase* her eyes."

<sup>2</sup> — a beggarly DENIER.] A "denier," says Steevens, is *the twelfth part of a French sous*.

<sup>3</sup> — with quick and merry WORDS.] The folio has *eyes* for "words," which may be right; but all the 4tos. have "words," which seems best to suit the sense.

*Q. Eliz.* If he were dead, what would betide on me ?

*Grey.* No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

*Q. Eliz.* The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

*Grey.* The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,  
To be your comforter when he is gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah ! he is young ; and his minority  
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Riv.* Is it concluded, he shall be protector ?

*Q. Eliz.* It is determin'd, not concluded yet :  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY <sup>1</sup>.

*Grey.* Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace.

*Stan.* God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

*Q. Eliz.* The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,  
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Stan.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;  
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Q. Eliz.* Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley ?

*Stan.* But now, the duke of Buckingham and I  
Are come <sup>2</sup> from visiting his majesty.

*Q. Eliz.* What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

*Buck.* Madam, good hope : his grace speaks cheerfully.

*Q. Eliz.* God grant him health ! Did you confer with him ?

*Buck.* Ay, madam : he desires to make atonement <sup>3</sup>  
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,

<sup>1</sup> Enter Buckingham and STANLEY.] *Derby* in all the old copies, 4to. and folio, but Lord Stanley, as Theobald observes, was not created Earl of Derby until after Henry VII. came to the throne. It may be doubted whether we ought not to allow the old text to stand, especially as Stanley is spoken to and of as Derby by the characters, and the inadvertence was probably committed by Shakespeare.

<sup>2</sup> Are come] The 4tos. read *came* ; and in the next line, *With* for "What." Lower down, for "Ay, madam," the 4tos. have "Madam, *we did*."

<sup>3</sup> — he desires to make ATONEMENT] i. e. *Reconciliation* or *agreement*. In Vol. ii. p. 430, and Vol. iii. p. 225, we have had the verb to "atone," or *at one*.

And between them and my lord chamberlain ;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Q. Eliz.* Would all were well !—But that will never be :  
I fear, our happiness is at the height <sup>4</sup>.

*Enter GLOSTER<sup>5</sup>, HASTINGS, and DORSET.*

*Glo.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—  
Who are they <sup>6</sup>, that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not ?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.  
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd  
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

*Grey.* To whom in all this presence speaks your grace ?

*Glo.* To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.  
When have I injur'd thee ? when done thee wrong ?—  
Or thee ?—or thee ?—or any of your faction ?  
A plague upon you all ! His royal grace,  
(Whom God preserve better than you would wish !)  
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints <sup>7</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.  
The king, on his own royal disposition,  
And not provok'd by any suitor else,  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
That in your outward action shows itself,  
Against my children, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather

<sup>4</sup> — at the HEIGHT.] The 4tos. read "at the *highest*."

<sup>5</sup> Enter Gloster,] "Stamping angrily," or *angrily*, says the corr. fo. 1632, which affords a curious glimpse, as we apprehend, of the manner of some old performer, perhaps of Burbadge himself, in this portion of the play. Even if the old annotator never saw any body but a successor of Burbadge in the part of the hero, it is most likely that this successor would imitate the conduct and demeanour of so popular, and so admirable an actor.

<sup>6</sup> Who ARE THEY,] The folio, erroneously, "Who *is it*," &c.

<sup>7</sup> — with LEWD complaints.] i. e. With *wicked* complaints : Steevens, however, contends that "*lewd*" here means only *ignorant*. See Vol. ii. p. 77.



The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it<sup>\*</sup>.

*Glo.* I cannot tell ;—the world is grown so bad,  
That wrens make prey<sup>†</sup> where eagles dare not perch :  
Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, we know your meaning, brother  
Gloster :

You envy my advancement, and my friends.  
God grant, we never may have need of you !

*Glo.* Meantime, God grants that I have need of you :  
Our brother is imprison'd by your means ;  
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
Held in contempt ; while great promotions<sup>‡</sup>  
Are daily given, to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

*Q. Eliz.* By him that rais'd me to this careful height  
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the duke of Clarence ; but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glo.* You may deny, that you were not the mean<sup>§</sup>  
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may, my lord ; for—

*Glo.* She may, lord Rivers,—why, who knows not so ?  
She may do more, sir, than denying that :  
She may help you to many fair preferments,  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high desert.  
What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

*Riv.* What, marry, may she ?

<sup>\*</sup> The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.] Resort to the 4tos. (where this line stands as we have given it) is necessary in this instance, as the sense of the passage is hardly complete in the folio, which concludes the speech of the Queen thus :—

“ Makes, him to send, that he may learn the ground ”—

<sup>†</sup> That wrens MAKE prey] This is the intelligible reading of the folio, and of the 4tos. of 1597 and 1598 ; but the later 4tos, beginning with that of 1602, have “ wrens may prey.”

<sup>‡</sup> — while GREAT promotions] The folio reads “ great promotions ;” the 4tos, “ many fair promotions,” many being surplusage as regards sense and metre. In the first line of this speech the 4tos. have “ we have need of you,” for “ I have need of you,” of the folio.

<sup>§</sup> — you were not the MEAN] The 4tos, “ You were not the cause.”

*Glo.* What, marry, may she? marry with a king,  
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.

I wis, your grandam had a worser match<sup>3</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,  
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.  
I had rather be a country serving-maid,  
Than a great queen, with this condition—  
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at<sup>4</sup>:  
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

*Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.*

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!  
[*Aside.*

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

*Glo.* What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch, in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower<sup>5</sup>.

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil! I do remember them too well:  
[*Aside.*

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

<sup>3</sup> I wis, your grandam had a worser match.] I know, or I am sure. As in "The Taming of the Shrew," Vol. ii. p. 455:

"I wis, it is not half way to her heart:"

i. e. "I know it is not," &c. Sometimes it ought to be spelt y-wiss, for certainly, Ger. *Gewiss*; but the etymology is the same, viz. A. S. *wissan*. "I wis" is often used as an adverb in English: in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," A. v. sc. 2, the Baily observes, "it is told me thou art a shrew, I wysse," meaning "thou art a shrew, certainly." Again in "Grim, the Collier of Croydon," A. v. sc. 1, Shorthose says, "I take him for some fiend, I wise." In both these instances the word ought more properly to be spelt y-wiss.

<sup>4</sup> To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:] Every 4to. has the line as we have printed it: the folio reads, "To be so baited, scorn'd and storm'd at." The 4to. reading seems preferable, in consequence of the cacophony of *scorn'd* and *storm'd*: and because "baited" is necessarily a word of two syllables, which is required by the measure. Besides, it cannot be truly said that Gloster had *storm'd* at the Queen, though he had "taunted, scorn'd, and baited at" her.

<sup>5</sup> I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.] This line is only in the folio, while a preceding line, "Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said," is only in the 4to. editions, though necessary to the sense. Three lines lower, the folio has "kill'dst," and the 4tos, *slewst*.

*Glo.* Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,  
 I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;  
 A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
 A liberal rewarder of his friends :  
 To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

[*Aside.*

*Glo.* In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,  
 Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—  
 And, Rivers, so were you :—was not your husband  
 In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ?  
 Let me put in your minds, if you forget,  
 What you have been ere this, and what you are ;  
 Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art. [*Aside.*

*Glo.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,  
 Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge ! [*Aside.*

*Glo.* To fight on Edward's party for the crown ;  
 And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.  
 I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,  
 Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine :  
 I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

[*Aside.*

Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

*Riv.* My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,  
 Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
 We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king<sup>6</sup> ;  
 So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glo.* If I should be ?—I had rather be a pedlar.  
 Far be it from my heart the thought thereof !

*Q. Eliz.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
 You should enjoy, were you this country's king,  
 As little joy you may suppose in me,  
 That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ; [*Aside.*  
 For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
 I can no longer hold me patient.—

[*Coming forward. They all start*<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> — our SOVEREIGN king ;] So the folio : the 4to, "lawful king:" perhaps, the latter ought to be preferred.

<sup>7</sup> Coming forward. They all start.] This stage-direction is from the corr. fo.

Heave me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
 In sharing that which you have pill'd from me !  
 Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ?  
 If not, that, I being queen<sup>a</sup>, you bow like subjects,  
 Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?—  
 Ah ! gentle villain, do not turn away.

*Glo.* Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight ?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;  
 That will I make, before I let thee go.

*Glo.* Wert thou not banished, on pain of death ?

*Q. Mar.* I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment,  
 Than death can yield me here by my abode<sup>b</sup>.  
 A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—  
 And thou, a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance :  
 This sorrow that I have, by right is your's,  
 And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,  
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes ;  
 And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout  
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—  
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
 Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;  
 And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

*Q. Eliz.* So just is God to right the innocent.

*Hast.* Oh ! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
 And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

*Riv.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dors.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What ! were you snarling all, before I came,  
 Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
 And turn you all your hatred now on me ?  
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,  
 That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

1632, and shows how carefully the old annotator marked the proper deportment for the performers at the unexpected appearance of Queen Margaret. The *asides*, carefully noted whenever she so speaks, are also from the corr. fo. 1632, and are highly expedient, although perhaps to be collected from the situation of the parties, and from what is said. See also "They all start" on p. 263.

<sup>a</sup> — I BEING queen,] So the 4tos : the folio, less intelligibly, "I am queen."

<sup>b</sup> Than death can yield me here by MY abode.] Gloster's question and Queen Margaret's reply, thus far, are only in the folio. The folio, 1632, omits "my" before "abode," but it is inserted in MS. by the old corrector of that impression.

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
 Should all but answer for that peevish brat ?  
 Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—  
 Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !—  
 Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
 As our's by murder, to make him a king !  
 Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,  
 For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,  
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence !  
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !  
 Long mayst thou live, to wail thy children's death <sup>1</sup> ;  
 And see another, as I see thee now,  
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !  
 Long die thy happy days before thy death ;  
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,  
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !  
 Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,  
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings, when my son  
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,  
 That none of you may live his natural age,  
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

*Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,  
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
 Oh ! let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
 And then hurl down their indignation  
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !  
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !  
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !  
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !  
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !  
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell <sup>2</sup> !

<sup>1</sup> — to wail thy children's DEATH :] So the folio : the 4tos, *loss*, which seems less forcible. Above, the 4tos. have "my son" for "our son," and higher still "could all but" for "should all but."

<sup>2</sup> The SLAVE of nature, and the SON of hell !] We do not disturb the old

Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!  
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
 Thou rag of honour! thou detested<sup>3</sup>—

*Glo.* Margaret!

*Q. Mar.* Richard!

*Glo.* Ha?

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glo.* I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,  
 That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.  
 Oh! let me make the period to my curse.

*Glo.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

*Q. Eliz.* Thus have you breath'd your curse against  
 yourself.

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune;  
 Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider<sup>4</sup>,  
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?  
 Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.  
 The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me  
 To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

*Hast.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
 Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you; you have all mov'd mine.

*Riv.* Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your  
 duty.

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me duty,  
 Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.  
 Oh! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

*Dor.* Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquess! you are malapert:  
 Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.  
 Oh, that your young nobility could judge,

intelligible text in this line; but we subjoin in a note the much more forcible way in which it stands in the corr. fo. 1632, viz.:

"The *stain* of nature, and the *scorn* of hell."

Such we believe to have been the poet's words; but upon principle we adhere, where we can, to the language of the 4tos. and folios.

<sup>3</sup> Thou rag of honour! thou detested—] In all the 4to. copies, "&c." follows "detested," rather needlessly, to show that the sentence was incomplete. The folio prints it as in our text. Two lines above, the folio reads "thy heavy mother's womb," which may very well be right, though we think the line is better as represented in the 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> — on that BOTTLED spider,] The corr. fo. 1632 has "*bottle*-spider," in reference to Richard's shape and qualities; but "*bottled* spider" is the reading both of the 4tos. and folios.

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !  
 They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,  
 And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

*Glo.* Good counsel, marry :—learn it, learn it, marquess.

*Dor.* It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glo.* Ay, and much more ; but I was born so high :  
 Our eyry buildeth in the cedar's top,  
 And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade,—alas ! alas !—  
 Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;  
 Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
 Hath in eternal darkness folded up.  
 Your eyry buildeth in our eyry's nest.—  
 O God ! that sceest it, do not suffer it :  
 As it was won ' with blood, lost be it so !

*Buck.* Peace, peace ! for shame, if not for charity.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me :  
 Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
 And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.  
 My charity is outrage, life my shame,  
 And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

*Buck.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O, princely Buckingham ! I'll kiss thy hand,  
 In sign of league and amity with thee :  
 Now, fair befall thee, and thy noble house !  
 Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
 Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor no one here ; for curses never pass  
 The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I will not think <sup>6</sup> but they ascend the sky,  
 And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
 O Buckingham ! take heed of yonder dog :  
 Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,  
 His venom tooth will rankle to the death <sup>7</sup> :  
 Have nought to do with him, beware of him ;  
 Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,

<sup>5</sup> As it was won] The folio, less correctly, " As it *is* won," and *is* is amended to " was " in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>6</sup> I will not THINK] The 4tos. have, " I'll not *believe* but they ascend."

<sup>7</sup> — will RANKLE TO THE death :] The 4to, 1597, has, " will *rackle thee* to death," &c. ; the later 4tos, " will rankle thee to death." That of the folio (which we adopt) is doubtless the true reading. Two lines above the 4tos. have " beware of yonder dog "—a difference of word, not of meaning.

And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glo.* What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

*Q. Mar.* What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,  
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?

Oh! but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess<sup>1</sup>.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to your's, and all of you to God's!

[*Exit.*

*Hast.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

*Riv.* And so doth mine. I muse, why she's at liberty<sup>2</sup>.

*Glo.* I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,  
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent  
My part thereof, that I have done to her<sup>3</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* I never did her any, to my knowledge.

*Glo.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is frank'd up to fatting<sup>4</sup> for his pains;—

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that hath done scath to us.

*Glo.* So do I ever, being well advis'd;

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself<sup>5</sup>.

[*Aside.*

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—  
And for your grace, and you, my noble lords<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.] Down to this line, from the speech of Hastings on p. 247, "False-boding woman," &c., is struck through with a pen in the corr. fo. 1632, as if not recited in the time of the old annotator.

<sup>2</sup> I MUSE, WHY she's at liberty.] The 4tos. have, "I wonder she's at liberty," which may serve as a comment on "muse" of the folio.

<sup>3</sup> — that I have done to HER.] The 4to. editions omit "to her."

<sup>4</sup> He is FRANK'D up to fatting] i. e. He is *styed*: a "frank" is a *sty*. See Vol. iii. p. 456. So in a subsequent scene of this play, A. iv. sc. 5, George Stanley is "frank'd up in hold."

<sup>5</sup> So do I ever, being well advis'd;

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.] Since he had been the cause of the imprisonment. This is one of the very rare instances in the folio, 1623, where a speech *aside* is marked: the direction here is, "Speaks to himself."

<sup>6</sup> And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.] So the 4tos, 1597 and 1598, excepting that "Lo." is put for "lords." The 4to, 1602, has it, "And for your



*Q. Eliz.* Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me? <sup>1</sup>

*Riv.* We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,

I do beweepe to many simple gulls;

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;

And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies,

That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now, they believe it; and withal whet me

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey<sup>2</sup>:

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:

And thus I clothe my naked villainy

With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But soft! here come my executioners.—

How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates!

Are you now going to dispatch this thing<sup>3</sup>?

*1 Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,  
That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glo.* Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead,

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

*1 Murd.* Tut, tut! my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd,

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

noble grace, and you my noble lord." The folio, "And for your grace, and *yours* my gracious lord." The text of the two earliest 4tos. is surely here to be preferred, and that we have followed.

<sup>1</sup> Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with *me*?] "Catesby, *we* come. Lords, will you go with *us*," in the 4to. editions. The 4tos. also, instead of "We wait upon your grace" of the folio, have "Madam, we will attend your grace."

<sup>2</sup> — on Rivers, VAUGHAN, Grey:] The folio, erroneously, has *Dorset* for "Vaughan" of the 4to. impressions. Vaughan is always a dissyllable.

<sup>3</sup> — to dispatch this *thing*?] The 4tos. have *deed* for "thing," but *Gloster* may mean to speak of it slightly.

*Glo.* Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears<sup>1</sup>:

I like you, lads:—about your business straight;  
Go, go, dispatch.

<sup>1</sup> *Murd.* We will, my noble lord<sup>2</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Tower.

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY*<sup>1</sup>.

*Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Clar.* Oh! I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights<sup>2</sup>,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me<sup>3</sup>.

*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster  
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along

<sup>1</sup> Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes FALL tears:] "Drop tears" in the 4tos. The expression is proverbial, and it is used (as Steevens pointed out) in the tragedy of "Cæsar and Pompey," 1607:

"Men's eyes must *mill-stones* drop, when fools shed tears."

<sup>2</sup> We will, my noble lord.] In the 4tos, the scene ends with the words, "about your business," omitting what follows in the folio.

<sup>3</sup> Enter Clarence and BRAKENBURY.] Instead of "Brakenbury," the folio, 1623, has *Keeper*, who listens to the dream of Clarence, and Brakenbury does not enter until after the line, p. 253, "I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest." Perhaps, when the folio was printed, the *Keeper* and *Brakenbury* were separate parts, which, at an earlier date, had been in the hands of one performer, for economy and convenience of the theatre. No *exit* for the *Keeper* is, however, marked in the folio, 1623.

<sup>2</sup> So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,] The 4to, 1597, and other editions in the same form, give this line as follows:—

"So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams."

<sup>3</sup> — my lord? I pray you, tell me.] The 4tos, "I long to hear you tell it:" and in the next line, "Me thought I was embark'd for Burgundy."

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling<sup>4</sup>,  
Struck me (that thought to stay him) over-board,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown;  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What ugly sights of death<sup>5</sup> within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea<sup>6</sup>:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,  
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had, and often did I strive

To yield the ghost<sup>7</sup>; but still the envious flood

Stopt in my soul<sup>8</sup>, and would not let it forth

To find<sup>9</sup> the empty, vast, and wandering air;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not in this sore agony<sup>1</sup>?

*Clar.* No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.

Oh! then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that sour ferryman<sup>2</sup> which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

<sup>4</sup> — and, in FALLING,] The 4tos, "and, in *stumbling*."

<sup>5</sup> What ugly sights of death] So the 4tos, and in the commencement Clarence has spoken of the "ugly sights" he had seen in his sleep. The folio, 1623, erroneously transfers the epithet "ugly" from "sights" to "death"—"what sights of ugly death."

<sup>6</sup> All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:] This line is not in the 4tos. "Unvalued," in the line above, is of course *invaluable*—not to be valued.

<sup>7</sup> ——— and often did I strive

To yield the ghost;] These two hemistichs are not in the 4tos.

<sup>8</sup> Stopt in my soul,] The 4tos. have "*Kept* in my soul."

<sup>9</sup> To FIND] The 4tos, 1597 and 1598, *seek*. The 4tos, 1602, 1612, and 1634, have *keep*, and the folio, 1623, *find*.

<sup>1</sup> — IN this sore agony?] Every 4to. has *with*: the folio, *in*.

<sup>2</sup> With that sour ferryman] The folio has "sour" for *grim* of the 4tos.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
 Who cried aloud<sup>3</sup>,—"What scourge for perjury  
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"  
 And so he vanish'd. Then, came wandering by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud<sup>4</sup>,—  
 "Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,  
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—  
 Seize on him, furies! take him unto torment!"<sup>5</sup>  
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environ'd me<sup>6</sup>, and howled in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
 Such terrible impression made my dream<sup>7</sup>.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;  
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it<sup>8</sup>.

*Clar.* Ah, Brakenbury! I have done these things  
 That now give evidence<sup>9</sup> against my soul,  
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—  
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:  
 Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!<sup>1</sup>—  
 Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile<sup>2</sup>;  
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest.—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a couch.*]

<sup>3</sup> Who *cried* aloud,] The folio, with an obvious loss of force, reads, "Who *spake* aloud." We, therefore, prefer the 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> — and he *shriek'd* out aloud,] The 4to, 1597, *squak'd*; the other 4tos, *squeak'd*, and the folio, "shriek'd."

<sup>5</sup> — unto torment!] So the folio: the 4tos, "to your torments."

<sup>6</sup> Environ'd me.] The 4tos. add *about*, to the injury of the metre.

<sup>7</sup> — made my dream.] The 4tos, "made *the* dream."

<sup>8</sup> I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.] The 4tos, "I promise you I am afraid," &c. In the next line they read, "O, Brakenbury!" and rightly, since the dialogue has all along been between him and Clarence.

<sup>9</sup> That now give evidence] The 4tos. have, "*bear* evidence."

<sup>1</sup> Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!] This and the three preceding lines are not found in any of the 4to. impressions. Perhaps the writer was aware that the wife of Clarence was then dead; but Shakespeare may afterwards have inserted this allusion to her, in order to give additional interest to the scene.

<sup>2</sup> Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile;] So the folio: the 4tos,

"I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me."

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours, [He sits.  
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.  
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honour for an inward toil;  
 And for unfelt imaginations,  
 They often feel a world of restless cares :  
 So that, between their titles, and low name,  
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

1 *Murd.* Ho ! who's here ?

*Brak.* What wouldst thou, fellow ? and how cam'st thou  
 hither ? [Rising.

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence ; and I came hither  
 on my legs.

*Brak.* What ! so brief ?

2 *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—  
 Let him see our commission ; and talk no more.

[A paper delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
 The noble duke of Clarence to your hands :—  
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
 Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.  
 There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys<sup>1</sup>.  
 I'll to the king ; and signify to him,  
 That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir ; 'tis a point of wisdom :  
 Fare you well. [Exit BRAKENBURY.

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1 *Murd.* No ; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he  
 wakes.

2 *Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judg-  
 ment day.

<sup>1</sup> — and how cam'st thou hither ?] The 4tos. omit, "Ho ! who's here ?" and give Brakenbury's exclamation thus :—"In God's name, what are you, and how came you hither ?"

<sup>2</sup> What ! so brief ?] The 4tos, "What ! are you so brief ?" The two next lines immaterially vary in the 4tos. and folio. Perhaps in the next line we might read " 'Tis better so, than," &c., and below, "You may so," &c.

<sup>3</sup> There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.] The line in the 4tos. stands thus :—

"Here are the keys ; there sits the duke asleep."

In the next line, the 4tos. have, "and certify his grace," for "and signify to him," of the folio.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live<sup>6</sup>.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this passionate humour<sup>7</sup> of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* Oh! in the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go: there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing<sup>8</sup>, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

<sup>6</sup> So I am, to let him live.] This reply, and the preceding observation by the 1 Murderer, are not found in the 4to. impressions. There are likewise verbal variations in this part of the scene not requiring separate notice.

<sup>7</sup> — THIS PASSIONATE humour] So the folio: the 4tos, "*my holy humour*." In the corr. fo. 1632 "*passionate*" is altered to *compassionate*.

<sup>8</sup> — it is a dangerous thing,] These words are from the 4to, 1597, and they are inserted in all the other 4to. editions: as they are consistent with what the 2 Murderer says afterwards to the same effect, we have thought it right to insert them.

1 *Murd.* Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd<sup>1</sup>; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work<sup>2</sup>?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murd.* Oh, excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No; we'll reason with him.

*Clar.* [*Waking and rising.*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

*Clar.* But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Clar.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

*Clar.* How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak.

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale<sup>3</sup>?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Both Murd.* To, to, to—

*Clar.* To murder me?

*Both Murd.* Ay, ay.

*Clar.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Clar.* I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

<sup>1</sup> I am STRONG-FRAM'D;] This is the reading of the folio, and it is probably right, as the 2 Murderer, in the next speech, calls his companion "a tall man," meaning a bold strong man. The 4tos. have, "I am strong in fraud"—an expression which the 1 Murderer would not be likely to use.

<sup>2</sup> Come, shall we fall to work?] In the 4tos. it is, "Come, shall we to this gear?" i. e. to this matter, or affair.

<sup>3</sup> Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?] This line is not found in any of the 4tos, and the next line differs,—

"Tell me who are you? wherefore come you hither?"

*Clar.* Are you drawn forth among a world of men<sup>4</sup>,  
 To slay the innocent? What is my offence?  
 Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?  
 What lawful quest have given their verdict up  
 Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd  
 The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?  
 Before I be convict by course of law,  
 To threaten me with death is most unlawful.  
 I charge you, as you hope to have redemption<sup>5</sup>  
 By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,  
 That you depart, and lay no hands on me:  
 The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings  
 Hath in the table of his law commanded,  
 That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,  
 Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?  
 Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,  
 To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,  
 For false forswearing, and for murder too.  
 Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight  
 In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
 Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,  
 Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,  
 When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
 For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:  
 He sends you not to murder me for this;  
 For in that sin he is as deep as I.  
 If God will be avenged for the deed,  
 Oh! know you yet, he doth it publicly<sup>6</sup>;

<sup>4</sup> Are you DRAWN forth AMONG a world of men.] The 4tos. read, "Are you call'd forth from out a world of men." Johnson suggested that the true reading perhaps was "call'd forth." See the contrary error, Vol. iii. p. 723.

<sup>5</sup> — to have redemption] The folio very poorly substitutes "for any goodness," and omits the next line, probably on account of the statute 3 Jac. I. c. 21. The Master of the Revels, in this play as in others, discharged his duty very unsystematically and capriciously.

<sup>6</sup> Oh! know you yet, he doth it publicly;] This line is only in the folio.



Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm :  
 He needs no indirect or lawless course,  
 To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,  
 When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,  
 That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty', and thy faults,  
 Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Clar.* If you do love my brother, hate not me ;  
 I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,  
 And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;  
 Who shall reward you better for my life,  
 Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd : your brother Gloster hates you.

*Clar.* Oh ! no ; he loves me, and he holds me dear.  
 Go you to him from me.

*Both Murd.* Ay, so we will.

*Clar.* Tell him, when that our princely father York  
 Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
 And charg'd us from his soul to love each other',  
 He little thought of this divided friendship :  
 Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Clar.* Oh ! do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right ; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive  
 yourself ;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here'.

*Clar.* It cannot be ; for he bewept my fortune,  
 And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
 That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
 From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

*Clar.* Have you that holy feeling in your souls,

' — our duty.] "The devil," in the 4to. impressions ; and in the next line,  
 "Have brought us," instead of "Provoke us."

\* And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,] This almost necessary line  
 is omitted in the folio.

† 'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.] So the folio : the 4tos, " 'Tis he  
 hath sent us hither now to slaughter thee." In the next line, for "he bewept my  
 fortune," of the folio, the 4tos. read, "when I parted from him." For Gloster's  
 allusion to "mill-stones" see p. 251.

To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
 And are you yet to your own souls so blind,  
 That you will war with God by murdering me?  
 Oh! sirs, consider, they that set you on  
 To do this deed, will hate you for the deed<sup>1</sup>.

1 *Murd.* What shall we do?

*Clar.*

Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
 If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
 Would not entreat for life? as you would beg  
 Were you in my distress, so pity me<sup>2</sup>.

1 *Murd.* Relent! no: 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
 Oh! if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
 Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.  
 A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that: if all this will not do,

[*Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit with the body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!  
 How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
 Of this most grievous guilty murder done<sup>3</sup>.

*Re-enter first Murderer.*

1 *Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st  
 me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

<sup>1</sup> To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.] In the 4tos, the first four lines of the speech are as if addressed by Clarence to only one Murderer, "Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul," &c., whereas he ought to address both, and so it stands correctly and consistently in the folio.

<sup>2</sup> Were you in my distress, so PITY ME.] The five lines ending with these words are not in the 4to. editions. We have adhered to the distribution of the dialogue of the folio. The words "so pity me" are from the corr. fo. 1632, and complete both the line and the sense, the 1 Murderer's speech, "Relent! no:!" &c. following naturally here. The words "so pity me," we may be sure, had in some way escaped in the press.

<sup>3</sup> Of this most grievous guilty murder done.] So the line stands in the 4tos: the folio has merely, "Of this most grievous murder." There are other variations of less importance in this part of the scene.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother !  
 Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,  
 For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Murd.* So do not I : go, coward, as thou art.—  
 Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,  
 Till that the duke give order for his burial :  
 And when I have my meed, I will away ;  
 For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King EDWARD, led in sick, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.*

*K. Edw.* Why, so :—now have I done a good day's work.—  
 You peers, continue this united league :  
 I every day expect an embassy  
 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;  
 And more at peace ' my soul shall part to heaven,  
 Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.  
 Rivers, and Hastings', take each other's hand :  
 Dissemble not your hatred ; swear your love.

*Riv.* By heaven, my soul<sup>4</sup> is purg'd from grudging hate ;  
 And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

*Hast.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

*K. Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before your king ;  
 Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,  
 Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
 Either of you to be the other's end.

*Hast.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

*Riv.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

*K. Edw.* Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,—

<sup>4</sup> And more at peace] It is "more to peace" in the folio, 1623 : in the 4to. it stands "And now in peace;" but the corr. fo. 1632 tells us to read, "And more at peace," which, as the next line shows, is in all probability correct.

<sup>5</sup> Rivers, and Hastings,] So the 4tos, correctly: the folio, erroneously, "Dorset and Rivers."

<sup>6</sup> By heaven, my soul] The 4tos. have *heart*, for "soul" of the folio.

Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;—  
 You have been factious one against the other.  
 Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;  
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Q. Eliz.* There, Hastings : I will never more remember  
 Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

*K. Edw.* Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord mar-  
 quess.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
 Upon my part shall be inviolable.

*Hast.* And so swear I.

*K. Edw.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league  
 With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
 And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate  
 Upon your grace', [*To the Queen.*] but with all duteous love  
 Doth cherish you, and your's, God punish me  
 With hate in those where I expect most love.  
 When I have most need to employ a friend,  
 And most assured that he is a friend,  
 Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
 Be he unto me. This do I beg of heaven,  
 When I am cold in love' to you, or your's.

*K. Edw.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,  
 Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
 There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,  
 To make the blessed period' of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble duke'.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen ;  
 And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

*K. Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.—

<sup>7</sup> Upon your grace,] "On you and your's" is the 4to. reading.

<sup>8</sup> — cold in LOVE] "Cold in zeal" in the 4tos.

<sup>9</sup> — the BLESSED period] "Perfect period" in the 4tos.

<sup>1</sup> And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.] So the 4tos, correctly ; but the folio reads,

———— "And in good time

Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke."

The direction, which follows in the folio, is consistently, "Enter Ratcliffe and Gloster," but Gloster only appears to have entered. It is not easy, nor is it very material, to account for this marked discordance between the 4tos. and folio.

Gloster, we have done deeds of charity ;  
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
 Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

*Glo.* A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—  
 Among this princely heap, if any here,  
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
 Hold me a foe ;  
 If I unwittingly, or in my rage<sup>2</sup>,  
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
 By any in this presence<sup>3</sup>, I desire  
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace :  
 'Tis death to me, to be at enmity ;  
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—  
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;  
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;  
 Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset,  
 That all without desert have frown'd on me ;  
 Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you<sup>4</sup> ;  
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.  
 I do not know that Englishman alive,  
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
 More than the infant that is born to-night :  
 I thank my God for my humility<sup>5</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* A holy day shall this be kept hereafter :  
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—  
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

<sup>2</sup> If I UNWITTINGLY, or in my rage,] The folio, by an easy misprint, has *unwillingly*, but all the 4to. copies are right ; and *unwillingly* is amended to "unwittingly" in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>3</sup> By any in this presence,] Prepositions, in the time of Shakespeare, as frequently remarked, were used with great licence : in this instance, the 4tos. read "*By any*," &c. and the folios, "*To any*," &c.

<sup>4</sup> Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you ;] This line is only found in the folio, and here "Woodville" is a dissyllable.

<sup>5</sup> I thank my God for my humility.] This and the three preceding lines are quoted by Milton in his *Εικονολαστρις*, as Steevens and others have pointed out. The passage is one in which Milton charges Charles I. with having had, like Richard III., pious expressions always in his mouth. "I shall not (he says) instance an abstruse author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one who, we well know, was the closet companion of these his solitudes,—William Shakespeare ;" and then he proceeds to cite the four lines already indicated. The copy of the folio, 1632, formerly belonging to Charles I., has been preserved.

*Glo.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this?  
To be so flouted<sup>6</sup> in this royal presence?  
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

*K. Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

*Q. Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

*Buck.* Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,  
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Edw.* Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

*Glo.* But he, poor man<sup>7</sup>, by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear;  
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,  
That came too lag to see him buried.  
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
And yet go current from suspicion.

*Enter Lord STANLEY.*

*Stan.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

*K. Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

*Stan.* I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

*K. Edw.* Then say at once, what is it thou requestest<sup>8</sup>.

*Stan.* The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life<sup>9</sup>;  
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

*K. Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,  
And shall that tongue<sup>1</sup> give pardon to a slave?  
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,  
And yet his punishment was bitter death<sup>2</sup>.  
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?

<sup>6</sup> To be so FLOUTED] "To be so scorned" in the 4tos.

<sup>7</sup> But he, poor MAN,] "But he, poor soul," is the reading of the 4tos.

<sup>8</sup> — what is it thou REQUESTEST.] The reading of the 4tos. is, "Then *speak* what is it thou demand'st."

<sup>9</sup> The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;] i. e. Grant me my servant's life, which has become forfeit.

<sup>1</sup> And shall THAT TONGUE] "And shall *the same*," in the 4tos.

<sup>2</sup> — was BITTER death.] "*Cruel death*," 4tos. In the next line, the folio has, "in my wrath," and the 4tos, "in my *rage*."

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?  
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake  
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?  
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,  
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,  
 And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king?"  
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,  
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?  
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.  
 But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,  
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,  
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon!  
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.  
 But for my brother not a man would speak,  
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself  
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all  
 Have been beholding to him in his life,  
 Yet none of you would once beg for his life<sup>3</sup>.—  
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold  
 On me, and you, and mine, and your's, for this.—  
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah, poor Clarence!<sup>4</sup>  
*[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.]*

*Glo.* This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark'd you not,  
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen<sup>5</sup>  
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?  
 Oh! they did urge it still unto the king:  
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>3</sup> — once beg for his life.] So the folio, 1623: the 4tos. have *plead* for "beg."

<sup>4</sup> Ah, poor Clarence!] The corr. fo. 1632 gives the concluding passage thus, and very likely correctly:—

"Come, Hastings, *prithee*, help me to my closet.

Ah, poor Clarence!"

<sup>5</sup> How that the *GUILTY* kindred of the queen] The folio, 1632, omits "guilty:" the old corrector detected the error, and made the line conform to the text as represented in the 4tos. and folios.

<sup>6</sup> Come, lords; will you go,] "But come, let's in," is the reading of the 4tos, which leaves the measure incomplete. Buckingham's reply, "We wait upon your grace," is wanting in the 4tos.

To comfort Edward with our company?

*Buck.* We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

London.

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a Son and Daughter of  
CLARENCE.*

*Son.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

*Duch.* No, boy.

*Daugh.* Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;  
And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

*Son.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,  
If that our noble father were alive?

*Duch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me both:  
I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loath to lose him, not your father's death.  
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost<sup>7</sup>.

*Son.* Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead?  
The king mine uncle is to blame for it:  
God will revenge it; whom I will importune  
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

*Daugh.* And so will I.

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you  
well.

Incapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

*Son.* Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster  
Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,  
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

<sup>7</sup> Why do you weep so oft?] The 4tos. have, "Why do you ring your hands:" and the corr. fo. 1632 gives the line thus:—

"Why do you weep so? and oft beat your breast,"

an expedient, perhaps, but still not a necessary, change.

<sup>8</sup> — you mistake me BOTH:] "You mistake me *much*," in the 4tos.

<sup>9</sup> It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.] The 4tos. give this line lamely,

"It were lost labour to weep for one that's lost."



And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek<sup>1</sup>;  
 Bade me rely on him, as on my father,  
 And he would love me dearly as a child.

*Duch.* Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,  
 And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice<sup>2</sup>!  
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,  
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son.* Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly<sup>3</sup>; RIVERS and DORSET,  
 following her.*

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
 And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude impatience?

*Q. Eliz.* To make an act of tragic violence:  
 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!—  
 Why grow the branches, when the root is gone<sup>4</sup>?  
 Why wither not the leaves that want their sap<sup>5</sup>?—  
 If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;  
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;  
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
 To his new kingdom of ne'er changing night<sup>6</sup>.

*Duch.* Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,  
 As I had title in thy noble husband.  
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
 And liv'd with looking on his images;

<sup>1</sup> And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;] The 4tos. thus imperfectly  
 contain these two lines:—

“And when he told me so, he wept,  
 And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my cheek.”

<sup>2</sup> — hide deep vice!] “Deep *guile*” is the reading of the 4tos.

<sup>3</sup> Enter Queen Elizabeth, DISTRACTEDLY;] “With her hair about her ears,”  
 is the stage-direction in the folio: “Enter the Queen” in the 4tos, where the  
 stage-directions are generally more brief.

<sup>4</sup> — when the root is gone?] “Now the root is *wither'd*,” 4tos.

<sup>5</sup> — that want their sap?] “The sap being gone,” 4tos.

<sup>6</sup> — of ne'er changing night.] “Of perpetual rest,” in the 4tos; but the corr.  
 fo. 1632 instructs us to substitute *light* for “night,” and very possibly the word  
 was misheard and therefore misprinted.

But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance  
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,  
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
 Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
 And hast the comfort of thy children left':  
 But death hath snatch'd my husband<sup>8</sup> from mine arms,  
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,  
 Clarence, and Edward. Oh! what cause have I,  
 (Thine being but a moiety of my moan<sup>9</sup>)  
 To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries?

*Son.* Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;  
 How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

*Daugh.* Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;  
 Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.

*Q. Eliz.* Give me no help in lamentation;  
 I am not barren to bring forth complaints<sup>1</sup>.  
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
 That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,  
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!  
 Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward<sup>2</sup>!

*Chil.* Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

*Duch.* Alas, for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence.

*Q. Eliz.* What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

*Chil.* What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

*Q. Eliz.* Was never widow had so dear a loss.

*Chil.* Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs<sup>3</sup>:  
 Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.  
 She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;  
 I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:  
 These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:

<sup>7</sup> — thy children left:] The 4tos. add *thee* at the end of this line.

<sup>8</sup> — my HUSBAND] *Children*, in the 4tos, but it is certainly wrong.

<sup>9</sup> — a moiety of my MOAN] All the 4tos, excepting that of 1634, have *grief* for "moan:" the 4to. of 1634 gives the line, "Then, being but a moiety of myself." In the next line, the 4tos. read *plaints* for "woes."

<sup>1</sup> — to bring forth COMPLAINTS.] *Laments* in the 4tos.

<sup>2</sup> — for my DEAR lord, Edward!] So the folio: the 4to, 1597, has "*eire* lord Edward;" that of 1598, "*eyre* lord Edward;" and the other later 4tos, "*heire* lord Edward."

<sup>3</sup> — mother of these GRIEFS:] "*Mother of these moans*," in the 4tos.

I for an Edward weep, so do not they<sup>4</sup> :—  
 Alas ! you three on me, threefold distress'd,  
 Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,  
 And I will pamper it with lamentation.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother : God is much displeas'd,  
 That you take with unthankfulness his doing.  
 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful  
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,  
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;  
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,  
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Riv.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
 Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,  
 Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives.  
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne<sup>5</sup>.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF,  
 and others.*

*Glo.* Sister, have comfort<sup>6</sup> : all of us have cause  
 To wail the dimming of our shining star ;  
 But none can help our harms<sup>7</sup> by wailing them.—  
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;  
 I did not see your grace.—Humbly on my knee  
 I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy breast<sup>8</sup>,  
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

*Glo.* Amen ; [*Aside.*] and make me die a good old man !—  
 That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;  
 I marvel, that her grace<sup>9</sup> did leave it out.

*Buck.* You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,  
 That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,  
 Now cheer each other in each other's love :  
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,

<sup>4</sup> These babes for Clarence weep, AND SO DO I :

I for an Edward weep, so do not they :] The last line is omitted in the folio, and in the first line, "so do not they" is printed for "and so do I." The omission is supplied, and the error corrected from the 4to, 1597.

<sup>5</sup> And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.] This and the eleven preceding lines are first found in the folio, 1623.

<sup>6</sup> SISTER, have comfort :] "*Madam*, have comfort," 4tos.

<sup>7</sup> — can HELP OUR harms] "*Can cure their harms*," 4tos.

<sup>8</sup> — in thy BREAST,] "*In thy mind*" is the word in the 4tos.

<sup>9</sup> — THAT her grace] "*Why* her grace" in the 4tos.

We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
 The broken rancour of your high-swoln hates<sup>1</sup>,  
 But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,  
 Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :  
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet<sup>2</sup>  
 Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Riv.* Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;  
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
 By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd :  
 Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
 And may direct his course as please himself,  
 As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
 In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glo.* I hope the king made peace with all of us ;  
 And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

*Riv.* And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :  
 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
 To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
 Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd :  
 Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,  
 That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Hast.* And so say I<sup>3</sup>.

*Glo.* Then be it so ; and go we to determine  
 Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow<sup>4</sup>.—  
 Madam,—and you my sister,—will you go  
 To give your censures in this business<sup>5</sup>?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

<sup>1</sup> — your high-swoln HATES,] The 4tos. have *hearte* for "hates."

<sup>2</sup> Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be *vet*] We have had this old form of the participle before, in "Henry V.," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 576. It was the language of the time, and ought not to be modernized.

<sup>3</sup> And so say I.] This and the seventeen lines preceding form one of the additions in the folio, 1623. They are in none of the 4to. impressions.

<sup>4</sup> — post to LUDLOW.] So the 4tos, correctly, both here and afterwards : the folio, *London*, in both places, although it is "Ludlow" in a preceding speech by Buckingham. In the next line, the folio has "sister," and the 4tos, *mother*.

<sup>5</sup> To give your CENSURES in this business?] Here, as in many other places, "censure" is used for *opinion* or *judgment*. Modern editors have injured this line, by inserting *weighty* before "business," from the 4tos. It is on all accounts objectionable; and if we adopt one word, why are we not to introduce many others found in the 4tos, but, probably, purposely excluded from the folio, 1623?

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :  
For by the way I'll sort occasion<sup>6</sup>,  
As index to the story<sup>7</sup> we late talk'd of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

*Glo.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin !  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

*Enter two Citizens, meeting<sup>8</sup>.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour : whither away so fast ?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.

Hear you the news abroad ?

1 *Cit.* Yes ; that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady ; seldom comes the better :

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world<sup>9</sup>.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death ?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

<sup>6</sup> — I'll sort occasion,] I will select or sort out an opportunity.

<sup>7</sup> As INDEX to the story] i. e. As introduction or commencement. Shakespeare not unfrequently employs the word "index" in this sense: thus, later in this play (A. iv. sc. 4) we have, "The flattering *index* of a direful pageant;" and in "Othello," A. ii. sc. 1, "An *index* and obscure prologue to the history." This use of the word seems to have arisen out of the fact, that the index of a book was formerly placed at the beginning.

<sup>8</sup> Enter two Citizens, meeting.] This scene is entirely erased in the corr. fo. 1632, but the emendations of the text are continued. Perhaps it was not acted in the time of the old annotator.

<sup>9</sup> — a GIDDY world.] So the folio: the 4to, 1597, *troublous*, though "*troublous world*" occurs again just below. The 4tos, 1598, 1602, and the later editions in the same form, have *troublesome*. There are other minor variations in this scene, which it is not necessary to mark, as they do not at all change the sense. Our text, as usual, is that of the folio.

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;  
That, in his nonage<sup>1</sup>, council under him,  
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;  
For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel: then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,  
Or by his father there were none at all;  
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
Oh! full of danger is the duke of Gloster;  
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:  
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come; we fear the worst: all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks;  
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand:  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:  
You cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger<sup>2</sup>; as by proof we see  
The water swell before a boisterous storm<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> THAT, in his nonage.] So all the old copies; and the change to "*With*, in his nonage," proposed in the corr. fo. 1632, is needless, if not injudicious.

<sup>2</sup> ENSUING danger:] When we printed "*Pursuing* danger" in our first edition, from the folio, 1623, we did not advert to the fact that the word is "*ensuing*" in the 4to. impressions: thus authorised we give it preference.

<sup>3</sup> The water swell before a boisterous storm.] With reference to this simile, Tollet, very appositely, quotes the following from Holinshed, who had it from Sir

But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.

### SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.*

*Arch.* Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford,  
And at Northampton they do rest to-night<sup>4</sup>:  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the prince:  
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no: they say, my son of York  
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,  
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow  
More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,  
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"  
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

*Duch.* 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold.  
In him that did object the same to thee:  
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,  
So long a growing, and so leisurely,  
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam<sup>5</sup>.

Thomas More, and Shakespeare from Holinshed, "Before such great things, men's hearts, of a secret instinct of nature, misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest."

<sup>4</sup> Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford,

And at Northampton they do rest to-night:] The 4tos. reverse the order of places:

"Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;  
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night."

<sup>5</sup> And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.] This line is assigned to the young Duke of York in the folio; but modern editors, without giving any notice, have transferred it to the Archbishop; to whom, however, it probably belongs, as the corresponding speech in the 4tos. is given to the Cardinal, so there called.

*Duch.* I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,  
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,  
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Duch.* How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Duch.* I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Duch.* His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

*Q. Eliz.* A parlous boy<sup>6</sup>.—Go to, you are too shrewd.

*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.

*Enter a Messenger*<sup>7</sup>.

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger : what news with you ?

*Mess.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report<sup>8</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* How doth the prince ?

*Mess.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Duch.* What is thy news ?

*Mess.* Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,  
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them ?

*Mess.* The mighty dukes,  
Gloster and Buckingham.

*Arch.* For what offence ?

*Mess.* The sum of all I can I have disclos'd :  
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah me ! I see the ruin of my house :

<sup>6</sup> A PARLOUS boy.] "Parlous" means *perilous*. See Vol. iii. p. 388. The word occurs again in A. iii. sc. 1, p. 280, and there, as if to show its etymology, it is spelt *perilous* in all the old copies, 4to. and folio.

<sup>7</sup> Enter a MESSENGER.] In the 4to. editions, the Marquess of Dorset is made the messenger. "Enter Dorset" is the stage-direction, followed by "Here comes your son, Lo. M. Dorset.—What news, Lord Marquess ?"

<sup>8</sup> Here comes a messenger : what news with you ?] The last two words, necessary to the line and unobjectionable in themselves, are from the corr. fo. 1632. They may have dropped out in the press, or have been carelessly omitted in recitation, and restored by the old annotator.

<sup>9</sup> — as grieves me to REPORT.] The 4tos. have "as grieves me to unfold."



The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.  
 Insulting tyranny begins to jet<sup>1</sup>  
 Upon the innocent and awless throne<sup>2</sup>:—  
 Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!  
 I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Duch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld!  
 My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
 And often up and down my sons were tost,  
 For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:  
 And being seated, and domestic broils  
 Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,  
 Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,  
 Blood to blood, self against self:—Oh! preposterous  
 And frantic outrage<sup>3</sup>, end thy damned spleen,  
 Or let me die, to look on death no more<sup>4</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—  
 Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* Stay, I will go with you.

*Q. Eliz.* You have no cause.

*Arch.* My gracious lady, go,  
 [To the Queen.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.  
 For my part, I'll resign unto your grace  
 The seal I keep: and so betide to me,  
 As well I tender you, and all of your's.  
 Go; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> Insulting tyranny begins to jet] To "jet" is to strut or swagger. See Vol. ii. p. 676. The 4tos. all have "jet," and the folio, *jut*, which, no doubt, was meant for the same word. The Rev. Mr. Dyce truly states ("Remarks," p. 134), that "to jet upon" means "boldly to encroach upon," and he cites several passages in support of his opinion, particularly "to jet upon a prince's right," from "Titus Andronicus," A. ii. sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Upon the innocent and AWLESS throne:] *i. e.* The throne filled by a child, and deprived of awe or reverence: the 4tos. read "*lawless* throne." In the next line the 4tos. have *death* for "blood."

<sup>3</sup> And frantic OUTRAGE,] So every old edition, in 4to. and folio. Malone substituted *courage*, much to the detriment of the sense: it may have been a misprint, but Boswell has a note upon it, stating that the 4to, 1597, has "outrage."

<sup>4</sup> Or let me die, to look on DEATH no more.] The folio has "on *earth*" for "on death," which is the reading of every old 4to: it is a mistake to assert, as some modern editors have unhesitatingly done, that any of the 4tos. countenance "on *earth*." The Duchess of course refers to the scenes of slaughter to which her eyes had been witness. Other changes in the folio, at the close of this scene, are slight and not worth remark, as they do not at all affect the poet's meaning.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

London. A Street.

*Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, and others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber<sup>1</sup>.

*Glo.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :  
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Prince.* No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :  
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Glo.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :  
No more can you distinguish of a man,  
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,  
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart<sup>2</sup>.  
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;  
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,  
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :  
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends ! but they were  
none.

*Glo.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.*

*May.* God bless your grace with health and happy days !

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord ; and thank you all.—  
[*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*

I thought my mother, and my brother York,  
Would long ere this have met us on the way.

<sup>1</sup> — to London, to YOUR CHAMBER.] i. e. *Camera Regis*, as London was called from nearly the time of the Conquest downwards. Reed refers us to Coke's 4 Inst. 243, and to various other authorities, which it is needless to quote.

<sup>2</sup> Seldom, or never, JUMPETH with the heart.] An old familiar expression to signify agreement ; as much as to say, " which seldom, or never, *accordeth* with the heart "—the outward show of a man is seldom or never in unison with his internal feeling.

Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not  
To tell us whether they will come or no.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Buck.* And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord. What! will our mother  
come?

*Hast.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I,  
The queen your mother, and your brother York,  
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince  
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,  
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buck.* Fie! what an indirect and peevish course  
Is this of her's.—Lord cardinal, will your grace  
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York  
Unto his princely brother presently?  
If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,  
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Card.* My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory  
Can from his mother win the duke of York,  
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid!  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,  
Would I be guilty of so great a sin<sup>1</sup>.

*Buck.* You are too strict and abstinent, my lord<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> — God IN HEAVEN forbid] So the 4tos, 1597 and 1598: the later 4tos, as well as the folio, omit "in heaven," to the ruin of the line. The necessary words are restored in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>2</sup> — of so GREAT a sin.] The 4tos, 1597 and 1598, have *deep* for "great," which last is the reading of the folio, 1623, and of the later 4tos. and folios.

<sup>3</sup> You are too STRICT AND ABSTINENT, my lord.] The old reading makes the Duke of Buckingham quite abusive in his language to the Cardinal;

"You are too *senseless-obstinate*, my lord."

He would hardly have addressed such terms to an inferior, much less to Cardinal Bouchier: the printer misread "abstinent" *obstinate*, and conformed the other epithet, perhaps not very clearly written, to that word; but who before ever heard of such a compound as *senseless-obstinate*? Again, in the next line but one, "the goodness of his age" (meaning the innocence belonging to the infancy of the Duke of York) has been misprinted "the *grossness* of *this* age." The argument of Buckingham is, that sanctuary having been allowed to guilt, it could not be applied to innocence, and therefore that "the holy privilege" might be infringed as regarded the young Duke of York. We apprehend that there ought to be no doubt respecting either of these emendations in the corr. fo. 1632: various methods of treating the last have been proposed, but it is now needless to discuss them.

Too ceremonious, and traditional :  
Weigh it but with the goodness of his age,  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place :  
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it ;  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :  
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,  
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—  
Come on, lord Hastings ; will you go with me ?

*Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.—  
[*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

*Glo.* Where it seems best <sup>1</sup> unto your royal self.  
If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :  
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.—  
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

*Buck.* He did, my gracious lord <sup>2</sup>, begin that place,  
Which since succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

*Buck.* It is upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd,  
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

<sup>1</sup> Where it seems best] The folio, 1623, reads, "Where it *think'st* best," in which it follows the 4to. of 1602 : the earlier 4tos. have it as in our text.

<sup>2</sup> He did, my gracious lord, &c.] All the old editions, 4to. and folio, give this reply to Buckingham, whom no doubt the Prince addressed, turning from Gloster in some disgust at the mention of the Tower. Several modern editors have conspired (against all authority, and without any information that they had deviated from the ancient distribution) to give the answer to Gloster, although they allow Buckingham to continue the subject afterwards, with "Upon record, my gracious lord." The corr. fo. 1632 gives Buckingham's answer, "*It is upon record,*" &c., and the line is thus rendered complete ; but the scribe, who wrote the MS. for the printer, seems to have been less attentive to the verse, than to the sense.

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day<sup>3</sup>.

*Glo.* So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

[*Aside.*

*Prince.* What say you, uncle?

*Glo.* I say, without characters fame lives long.—

Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity<sup>4</sup>,

[*Aside.*

I moralize two meanings in one word.

*Prince.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :

With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set down to make his valour live :

Death makes no conquest of his conqueror,

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord?

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again,

Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

*Glo.* Short summers lightly<sup>5</sup> have a forward spring.

[*Aside.*

*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.*

*Buck.* Now, in good time here comes the duke of York.

*Prince.* Richard of York ! how fares our noble brother?

*York.* Well, my dread lord<sup>6</sup>; so must I call you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is your's.

Too late he died that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*Glo.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. Oh ! my lord,

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth :

<sup>3</sup> — ALL-ENDING day.] This compound "all-ending" is from the 4to, 1597: the other 4tos. and the folio omit *all*.

<sup>4</sup> Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity.] The "Vice," or Jester, in some of the old Moralities, was called Iniquity. In "King Darius," 1565, he bears that name, and he is mentioned by it in Ben Jonson's "Staple of News," &c. He was also known by various other appellations, such as Courage in "Tide tarryeth no Man," 1576; Conditions in "Common Conditions," &c. The Vice figures in some of the later religious plays as well as in Moralities. See Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, Vol. ii. p. 265.

<sup>5</sup> — lightly] *i. e.* Commonly or usually. In the next page, we have "lightly" used in a different sense—"I weigh it *lightly*, were it heavier;" meaning, "I should consider it a trifle, were it heavier."

<sup>6</sup> Well, my DREAD lord;] So the 4tos, 1597 and 1598. The 4to, 1602, first introduced *dear* for "dread," and the folio, 1623, copied it.

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glo.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glo.* Oh! my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then he is more beholding to you, than I.

*Glo.* He may command me as my sovereign,  
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glo.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;  
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glo.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift? Oh! that's the sword to it.

*Glo.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* Oh! then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:  
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

*Glo.* It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glo.* What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*Glo.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My lord of York will still be cross in talk.—  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.—  
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:

Because that I am little, like an ape,  
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharp provided wit he reasons':  
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.  
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful. [*Aside.*

<sup>7</sup> With what a SHARP PROVIDED wit he reasons:] Here the corr. fo. 1632 has an emendation which we do not adopt, viz.

"With what a *sharply pointed* wit he reasons."

It may be right; *sharply* may have been misprinted "*sharp*" and *pointed* "provided," but the meaning of the line, as it is given in the folios and 4tos, is intelligible, and not by any means obviously erroneous. When, three lines afterwards, the corr. fo. 1632 alters Gloster's line,

"My lord, will't please you pass along?"

to the following,

"My lord, will't please *your grace* to pass along?"

there seems every reason to think the emendation right, since the verse is just here quite regular, and thus easily restored.

*Glo.* My lord, will't please your grace to pass along?  
 Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,  
 Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
 To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*York.* What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so<sup>1</sup>.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glo.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:  
 My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope I need not fear.  
 But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart<sup>2</sup>,  
 Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A sennet. Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS,  
 Cardinal, and Attendants.*]

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
 Was not incensed by his subtle mother  
 To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glo.* No doubt, no doubt. Oh! 'tis a perilous boy;  
 Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:  
 He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.  
 Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,  
 As closely to conceal what we impart.  
 Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:—  
 What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
 To make William lord Hastings of our mind,  
 For the instalment of this noble duke  
 In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*Cate.* He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince,  
 That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

*Cate.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby,  
 And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,

<sup>1</sup> My lord protector NEEDS will have it so.] Every copy of this play, 4to. and folio, excepting the 4to. of 1597, omits *needs* in this line, which is necessary to the measure, which had been carelessly damaged as in Gloster's last speech.

<sup>2</sup> But come, my lord; AND, with a heavy heart,] "And," required by the metre, is first found in the folio, 1623. It is an instance of a particle, in some way lost in the older editions.

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;  
 And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
 To sit about the coronation<sup>1</sup>.  
 If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:  
 If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,  
 Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,  
 And give us notice of his inclination;  
 For we to-morrow hold divided councils<sup>2</sup>,  
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

*Glo.* Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,  
 His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;  
 And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,  
 Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go<sup>3</sup>; effect this business soundly.

*Cate.* My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

*Glo.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

*Cate.* You shall, my lord.

*Glo.* At Crosby-place<sup>4</sup>, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive  
 Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glo.* Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do<sup>5</sup>:—  
 And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
 The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables  
 Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

*Glo.* And look to have it yielded with all kindness<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> To sit about the coronation.] This and the preceding line are not in any of the 4tos. impressions. For the next line of the folio, 1623, we have only in the 4tos. "If he be willing."

<sup>2</sup> — DIVIDED councils,] This is (says Johnson) a *private consultation*, separate from the known and public council. This interpretation is warranted by the historical evidence of Hall and Holinshed.

<sup>3</sup> Good Catesby, go;] The 4tos. omit "go." In the next line, the 4tos. have *may* for "can"—trifles scarcely worth remark.

<sup>4</sup> At Crosby-PLACE,] The 4tos. Crosby-place; the folio Crosby-house; and see A. i. sc. 2, p. 237.

<sup>5</sup> Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:] So every 4to. edition: the folio, much less characteristically, reads, "Chop off his head; something we will determine." It deserves remark, that the old corrector of the fo. 1632, makes the text there conform exactly to that of the 4tos.

<sup>6</sup> — with all KINDNESS.] "With all *willingness*," in the 4tos, giving a redundant syllable to the line.



Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards  
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord! my lord!—

[*Knocking.*]

*Hast.* [*Within.*] —Who knocks'?

*Mess.* One from the lord Stanley.

*Hast.* [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* Cannot my lord Stanley<sup>1</sup> sleep these tedious nights?

*Mess.* So it appears<sup>2</sup> by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

*Hast.* What then?

*Mess.* Then certifies your lordship, that this night  
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm<sup>3</sup>:  
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept;  
And that may be determin'd at the one,  
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.  
Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,  
If you will presently take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him toward the north,  
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

<sup>1</sup> Who knocks?] "At the door," add the 4tos; and the answer there is, "A messenger from the lord Stanley."

<sup>2</sup> Cannot MY LORD STANLEY] The 4tos, "Cannot *thy master*." The 4tos. subsequent to that of 1597 read, "*the tedious nights*."

<sup>3</sup> So it APPEARS] The 4to, "So it *should seem*." In the next line we have *lordship* in the 4tos, for "self" in the folio.

<sup>4</sup> Then certifies your lordship, that this night

He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:] The 4to. gives the passage thus:—

"And then he sends you word,

He dreamt to-night the boar had ras'd his helm."

There are other minor variations in this part of the scene, but the text of the folio is to be preferred: the word to "rase," as Steevens showed, was sometimes spelt to *rash*, and was used to express the noise produced by the tearing tusks of a boar. In the 4tos, in this and the next speech, we have *held* for "kept," *servant* for "good friend," *wanting* for "without," &c.

*Hast.* Go, fellow, go; return unto thy lord.  
 Bid him not fear the separated council:  
 His honour and myself are at the one,  
 And at the other is my good friend Catesby;  
 Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,  
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
 Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance;  
 And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple;<sup>2</sup>  
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.  
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;  
 And we will both together to the Tower,  
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

*Mess.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.<sup>3</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!

*Hast.* Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring.  
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

*Cate.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;  
 And, I believe, will never stand upright,  
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

*Hast.* How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

*Cate.* Ay, my good lord.

*Hast.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,  
 Before I'll see<sup>4</sup> the crown so foul misplac'd.  
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

*Cate.* Ay, on my life<sup>5</sup>; and hopes to find you forward  
 Upon his party for the gain thereof:  
 And thereupon he sends you this good news,—  
 That this same very day your enemies,  
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
 Because they have been still mine enemies<sup>6</sup>;

<sup>2</sup> I wonder he's so SIMPLE] "I wonder he is so *fond*," in the 4tos: the old meaning of the word *fond* was what is represented in the text of the folio.

<sup>3</sup> I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.] The 4tos, "My gracious lord, I'll tell him," &c.

<sup>4</sup> BEFORE I'll see] "Ere I will see" in the 4tos.

<sup>5</sup> Ay, on my life;] "Upon my life, my lord," in the 4tos.

<sup>6</sup> — still MINE ENEMIES;] Here the 4tos. give the best text, and we follow it: the folio reads, "still my *adversaries*," without regard to the metre. See p. 316.

But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

*Cate.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind.

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,  
That they which brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.—  
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older<sup>7</sup>,  
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

*Cate.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

*Hast.* Oh, monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

*Cate.* The princes both make high account of you;  
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

*Hast.* I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

*Enter STANLEY.*

Come on, come on<sup>8</sup>! where is your boar-spear, man?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow:—good morrow, Catesby.—  
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

*Hast.* My lord, I hold my life as dear as your's<sup>9</sup>;  
And never in my days, I do protest,  
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now<sup>1</sup>.  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,  
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,

<sup>7</sup> Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,] In the 4to. editions the dialogue runs thus:—

“ I tell thee, Catesby—

“ *Cat.* What, my lord?

“ *Hast.* Ere a fortnight makes me older.”

<sup>8</sup> Come on, come on!] “ What, my lord!” in the 4tos.

<sup>9</sup> — as dear as your's;] i. e. “ As dear as *you do* your's,” which in fact is the reading of the 4to. editions, but decidedly wrong on account of the measure. In the next line, the 4tos. have *life* for “ days.”

<sup>1</sup> Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.] The 4tos. read, “ Was it *more* precious to me *than* 'tis now.”

And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;  
 But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast :  
 This sudden stab<sup>2</sup> of rancour I misdoubt.  
 Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !  
 What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent<sup>3</sup>.

*Hast.* Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord ?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Stan.* They for their truth might better wear their heads,  
 Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.  
 But come, my lord, let's away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

*Hast.* Go on before ; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt* STANLEY and CATESBY.]

How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee ?

*Purs.* The better, that your lordship please to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,  
 Than when thou met'st me last, where now we meet :  
 Then, was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
 By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;  
 But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself)  
 This day those enemies are put to death,  
 And I in better state than ere I was.

*Purs.* God hold it, to your honour's good content.

*Hast.* Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*]

*Purs.* I thank your honour.

[*Exit Pursuivant.*]

*Enter a Priest.*

*Pr.* Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour.

*Hast.* I thank thee, good sir John<sup>4</sup>, with all my heart.

<sup>2</sup> This sudden STAB] The 4tos. misprint it *scab*.

<sup>3</sup> What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.] The 4tos. give this line, " But come, my lord ; shall we to the Tower ?" The reply of Hastings, according to the same authority, is,

" I go ; but stay : hear you not the news ?

This day those men you talk'd of are beheaded."

Other variations may be pointed out in this part of the scene : for instance, Hastings, in the 4tos, calls the Pursuivant " Hastings," instead of " sirrah ;" and says, " I tell thee, *fellow*," instead of " I tell thee, man."

<sup>4</sup> I thank thee, good SIR John,] It is scarcely necessary again to say that the title of " sir " was generally given to the clergy. See " As You Like It," Vol. ii. p. 399, " Twelfth Night," Vol. ii. p. 706, &c.

I am in your debt for your last exercise<sup>6</sup>;  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Pr.* I'll wait upon your lordship.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!  
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:  
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
The men you talk of came into my mind.  
What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buck.* I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:  
I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Hast.* Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go?

*Hast.* I'll wait upon your lordship<sup>6</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

*Enter* Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS,  
GREY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.

*Riv.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this':—  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God bless the prince<sup>7</sup> from all the pack of you!  
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

*Vaugh.* You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

<sup>6</sup> I am in your debt for your last EXERCISE;] i. e. Religious instruction. In the 4to. the line runs, "I am beholding to you for your last day's exercise:" "I'll wait upon your lordship" is in the folio only. When Buckingham enters, he says, in the 4to, "How now, lord chamberlain!" &c.

<sup>7</sup> I'll wait upon your lordship.] These words are not in the 4to. editions, the two noblemen going out with "Come, shall we go along?" spoken by Buckingham. We have just before had the same form of expression in the folio, "I'll wait upon your lordship," also not found in the 4to. editions.

<sup>8</sup> Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:] This line, in the 4tos, is preceded by, "Come, bring forth the prisoners," spoken by Ratcliff to the guard.

<sup>9</sup> God BLESS the prince] So the folio: the 4tos. have *keep* for "bless."

*Rat.* Dispatch : the limit of your lives is out<sup>9</sup>.

*Riv.* O Pomfret, Pomfret ! Oh, thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !  
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,  
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death :  
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat<sup>1</sup>,  
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,  
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and me<sup>2</sup>,  
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

*Riv.* Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buck-  
ingham,  
Then curs'd she Hastings<sup>3</sup> :—Oh, remember, God,  
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us !  
And for my sister, and her princely sons,  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt !

*Rat.* Make haste : the hour of death is expiate<sup>4</sup>.

*Riv.* Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan ;—let us here embrace :  
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.]

<sup>9</sup> Dispatch : the limit of your lives is out.] This and the preceding line are not in the 4tos.

<sup>1</sup> — thy dismal SEAT,] *Soul*, for "seat," in the 4tos. It may be observed, of the word "slander" in this line, that it is the very term employed in "Richard II.," Vol. iii. p. 311, with reference to his *slaughter*, as it stands in all the 4tos. but the first.

<sup>2</sup> When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and me.] This line is only in the folio impressions. The corr. fo. 1632 properly amends *I* to "me."

<sup>3</sup> Then curs'd she HASTINGS:] The 4tos. have *Richard* for "Hastings;" and the reverse in the preceding line.

<sup>4</sup> Make haste : the hour of death is EXPIATE.] For this line we have, in the 4tos, a line previously omitted, "Come, come, dispatch : the limit of your lives is out." The editor of the folio, 1632, altered "expiate" into *is now expir'd*, not understanding "expiate" in the peculiar sense in which it seems used here, viz. that of *completed* or *ended*. Steevens recommended *expire*, but it is to be remembered that "expiate" occurs precisely in the same way in Shakespeare's 22nd Sonnet, cited by Malone :

"But when in thee time's furrows I behold,

Then look I death my days should *expiate*."

Here "expiate" cannot well be a misprint for *expire*, the supposed participle of *expire*; and *expire* is not to be found in Shakespeare, nor in any other author of his time, or we believe, indeed, of any time. We would almost prefer *expedite*, in the sense of *dispatched*, as given in Todd's Johnson.

## SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of ELY*, CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table : Officers of the Council attending.

*Hast.* Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met  
Is to determine of the coronation :

In God's name, speak, when is this royal day ?

*Buck.* Are all things ready for the royal time ?

*Stan.* They are ; and want but nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?  
Who is most inward<sup>5</sup> with the noble duke ?

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

*Buck.* We know each other's faces<sup>6</sup> ; for our hearts,  
He knows no more of mine, than I of your's ;  
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.  
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Hast.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;  
But for his purpose in the coronation,  
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd  
His gracious pleasure any way therein :  
But you, my noble lords, may name the time<sup>7</sup> ;  
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,  
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Ely.* In happy time here comes the duke himself.

*Glo.* My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.

<sup>5</sup> Who is most INWARD] "Inward" is *intimate* ; and in "Measure for Measure," A. iii. sc. 2, we have had "inward" used substantively, where Lucio tells the Duke, "Sir, I was an inward of his." In the commencement of this scene there are some unimportant diversities between the text of the folios, and that of the 4tos. They do not at all affect the sense : thus, instead of "To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day," the 4tos. have *guess* for "judge."

<sup>6</sup> We know each other's faces ;] This is preceded in the 4tos. by the inquiry by Buckingham, as if in surprise, "Who? I, my lord?"

<sup>7</sup> But you, my NOBLE lords, may name the time ;] The folio, 1623, to the destruction of the measure, has *honourable* for "noble lords" of the 4tos.

I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,  
My absence doth neglect no great design,  
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

*Buck.* Had you not come upon your cue<sup>a</sup>, my lord,  
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,  
I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

*Glo.* Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder :  
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well<sup>a</sup>.  
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;  
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit* ELY.]

*Glo.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Taking him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
That he will lose his head, ere give consent  
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw yourself awhile ; I'll go with you<sup>1</sup>.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

*Stan.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.  
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;  
For I myself am not so well provided,  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter Bishop of ELY.*

*Ely.* Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster ?  
I have sent for these strawberries.

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning :  
There's some conceit or other likes him well,  
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

<sup>a</sup> Had you not come upon your cue.] This expression is taken from the theatre. The *cue*, Fr. *queue*, is the *tail* of a speech, consisting of the last words.

<sup>9</sup> — and loves me well.] To this speech the 4tos. add as follows :—

“ *Hast.* I thank your grace.

“ *Glo.* My lord of Ely,—

“ *Ely.* My lord.

“ *Glo.* When I was last in Holborn,” &c.

<sup>1</sup> Withdraw yourself awhile ; I'll go with you.] The differences between the folio and 4to. copies are here of little consequence : instead of this line from the folio, Buckingham says, in the 4tos, “ Withdraw you hence, my lord : I'll follow you.”



I think, there's never a man in Christendom  
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Stan.* What of his heart perceive you in his face,  
By any livelihood<sup>3</sup> he show'd to-day?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended;  
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks<sup>4</sup>.

*Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft? and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this princely presence  
To doom th' offenders: whoso'er they be,  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glo.* Then, be your eyes the witness of their evil.  
Look, how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm  
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot strumpet, Shore<sup>5</sup>,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord<sup>6</sup>,—

*Glo.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet;  
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor.—  
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.—

<sup>3</sup> By any LIVELIHOOD] This is a variation of some value: we prefer the reading of the folio to that of the 4tos, which all have *likelihood* for "livelihood:" Stanley refers to the vivacity of the expression of Gloster's countenance, and "livelihood" is used exactly in the same way in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. i. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 534.

<sup>4</sup> For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.] After this line, the 4tos. give the following words to Stanley, "I pray God he be not, I say."

<sup>5</sup> CONSORTED with that harlot strumpet, Shore,] i. e. *Associated* with. The Rev. Mr. Dyce contends that "harlot" ought in this place to be taken as an adjective: we think him right, and have transferred the comma, which in our first edition was placed before "strumpet," to its proper situation after that word. Mr. Dyce has two separate attacks upon this obnoxious comma: see "Remarks," p. 135, and "Few Notes," p. 103.

<sup>6</sup> If they have done this deed, my noble lord,] We give the following, as a specimen of the unimportant variations in the 4tos, which read, "If they have done this *thing*, my *gracious* lord." Above we have had "princely presence" in the folio, and "noble presence" in the 4tos.

Lovel, and Ratcliff, look that it be done<sup>6</sup>:  
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Hast.* Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;  
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;  
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly<sup>7</sup>.  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
Oh! now I need the priest that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As too triumphing, how mine enemies  
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd<sup>8</sup>,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour.—  
O Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

*Rat.* Come, come; dispatch<sup>9</sup>, the duke would be at dinner:  
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* Oh, momentary grace of mortal men!  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.  
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready with every nod to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, dispatch: 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Hast.* Oh, bloody Richard!—miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> Lovel, and Ratcliff, look that it be done:] "Some see it done" only, in the 4tos. We must suppose Ratcliff to have arrived in London from Pomfret, where he had superintended the execution of the nobles.

<sup>7</sup> And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.] So the folio: the 4tos, <sup>8</sup> But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly." Below, we have "I need the priest," in the folio, and "I want the priest," in the 4to.

<sup>8</sup> As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd.] The 4tos. give this passage as follows:—

"As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies,  
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd."

<sup>9</sup> Come, come; dispatch,] So the folio, unceremoniously and characteristically. The 4tos. make Catesby (to whom the speech is there assigned) give Hastings his rank:—"Dispatch, my lord." Four lines lower, the 4tos. have "fair looks" for "good looks" of the folio.

<sup>10</sup> That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.] This and the three preceding lines are only in the folio.

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

The Same. The Tower Walls.

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour<sup>3</sup>, marvellous ill-favoured.*

*Glo.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

*Buck.* Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw<sup>4</sup>,

Intending deep suspicion<sup>5</sup>: ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time to grace my stratagems.

But what! is Catesby gone?

*Glo.* He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.*

*Buck.* Lord mayor,—

*Glo.* Look to the drawbridge there!

*Buck.*

Hark! a drum.

<sup>3</sup> — in RUSTY armour,] “In *rotten* armour, marvellous ill-favoured,” is the stage-direction of the folio: the 4tos. have only “in armour.” Holinshed tells us that “the protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the citie unto the Tower; and at their coming, himselfe, with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backes, except that some sudden necessitie had constrained them.” Shakespeare, as usual, has here very closely followed Holinshed.

<sup>4</sup> Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,] This line is not found in any of the 4tos, and was probably added afterwards.

<sup>5</sup> INTENDING deep suspicion:] To “intend” was often of old used for to *pretend*: so in “The Taming of the Shrew,” A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 499, “I *intend* that all is done in reverend care of her.” Many other instances might be pointed out in Shakespeare: in sc. 7 of this Act (p. 298), Buckingham tells Gloster to “*intend* some fear.”

*Glo.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent,—

*Glo.* Look back, defend thee: here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocence defend and guard us!

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.*

*Glo.* Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel<sup>6</sup>.

*Lov.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

*Glo.* So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,  
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian<sup>7</sup>;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts:  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,  
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,  
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor  
That ever liv'd.—

Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
Were't not that by great preservation  
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council house,  
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

*May.* Had he done so?

*Glo.* What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,  
Enforc'd us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;  
And your good graces both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

<sup>6</sup> Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.] In the 4tos, the stage-direction preceding this line (which there only stands, "Oh! Oh! be quiet: it is Catesby") is, "Enter Catesby with Hast. head:" but Lovel and Ratcliff had been told by Gloster to look to the execution of Hastings, according to the folio, and they, therefore, bring the head—"on a spear," adds the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>7</sup> That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;] After this line, the 4to. subjoins, "Look ye, my lord Mayor;" but the words are not in the folio, and we may suppose Gloster to turn to him without attracting his attention by this particular address.

*Buck.* I never look'd for better at his hands<sup>\*</sup>,  
 After he once fell in with mistress Shore;  
 Yet had we not determin'd he should die,  
 Until your lordship came to see his end<sup>†</sup>;  
 Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
 Something against our meanings, hath prevented:  
 Because, my lord, I would have had you heard  
 The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
 The manner and the purpose of his treasons;  
 That you might well have signified the same  
 Unto the citizens, who, haply, may  
 Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

*May.* But, my good lord, your grace's words shall serve,  
 As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:  
 And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
 But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
 With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Glo.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
 To avoid the censures of the carping world.

*Buck.* But since you come<sup>‡</sup> too late of our intent,  
 Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
 And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

*Glo.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
 The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:  
 There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
 Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
 Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,  
 Only for saying—he would make his son  
 Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,  
 Which by the sign thereof was termed so.  
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
 And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,  
 Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,

\* *Buck.* I never look'd for better at his hands,] This and the following line, in the folio, form the commencement of Buckingham's speech, and such, no doubt, is the correct distribution of the dialogue. They are given to Gloster in the 4tos.

† — to see his END;] "To see his death," in the 4tos. In the next line they have *longing* for "loving:" see "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," A. ii. sc. 7, where the same error is committed.

‡ But since you come] So the 4tos: the folio "*Which* since"—clearly wrong. In the preceding line, in the 4tos, the epithet "*carping*" is applied to "*censures*" and not to "*world*:" either may be right.

Without controul lusted to make a prey<sup>2</sup>.  
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :  
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,  
 My princely father, then had wars in France ;  
 And by true computation<sup>3</sup> of the time,  
 Found that the issue was not his begot ;  
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father.  
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,  
 Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,  
 As if the golden fee, for which I plead,  
 Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu<sup>4</sup>.

*Glo.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,  
 Where you shall find me well accompanied,  
 With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

*Buck.* I go ; and, towards three or four o'clock,  
 Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

*Glo.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—  
 Go thou [*To CAT.*] to friar Penker :—bid them both  
 Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle<sup>5</sup>.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I go<sup>6</sup>, to take some privy order,  
 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;  
 And to give order, that no manner person  
 Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> — LUSTED to make a prey.] The 4tos. have "*listed to make his prey,*" and in the preceding line *lustful* for "*raging*"—properly perhaps *ranging*.

<sup>3</sup> And by TRUE computation] The 4tos. have "*just computation.*" Such differences are scarcely worth notice.

<sup>4</sup> — and so, my lord, adieu.] This conclusion of the line is only in the folio. The commencement of the speech in the 4to. is, "*Fear not, my lord.*"

<sup>5</sup> Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.] Dr. Shaw and Penker, or Pinker, were popular preachers of the time ; and Speed (as quoted by Steevens) informs us that the latter was Provincial of the Augustine friars : Dr. Shaw was brother to the Lord Mayor. The three lines referring to them are only in the folio.

<sup>6</sup> Now will I go,] "*Now will I in,*" 4tos. Two lines lower the 4tos. have notice for "*order,*" and *no manner of person* for "*no manner person,*" which was an idiom of the time. One or two other minor variations, towards the end of this scene, do not require remark.

## SCENE VI.

A Street.

*Enter a Scrivener*<sup>1</sup>.

*Scriv.* Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;  
 Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
 That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:  
 And mark how well the sequel hangs together.  
 Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,  
 For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me<sup>2</sup>.  
 The precedent was full as long a doing;  
 And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,  
 Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.  
 Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,  
 That cannot see this palpable device?  
 Yet who so bold<sup>3</sup>, but says he sees it not?  
 Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
 When such ill dealing must be seen in thought<sup>1</sup>. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

The Same. The Court of Baynard's Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER at one door, and BUCKINGHAM at another.**Glo.* How now! how now! what say the citizens?

*Buck.* Now by the holy mother of our Lord,  
 The citizens are mum, say not a word<sup>2</sup>.

*Glo.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

<sup>1</sup> *Enter a Scrivener.*] "With a paper in his hand" adds the stage-direction in the 4to, 1597: it ought to have been a parchment.

<sup>2</sup> — was it SENT me.] "*Brought* me," in the 4tos.

<sup>3</sup> Yet who so BOLD.] "Who's so *blind*," 4tos.

<sup>1</sup> When such *ILL* dealing must be seen in thought.] i. e. Seen in silence; but the corr. fo. 1632 may lead us to suppose that "in" was a misprint for *or*,—"must be seen *or* thought." Such may have been the fact, but we are not warranted to alter the received text.

<sup>2</sup> — say not a word.] "*And spake* not a word" in the 4tos. In the 4tos. Gloster meets Buckingham with "How now, my lord!" not with the impatient and eager "How now! how now!"

*Buck.* I did ; with his contract with lady Lucy,  
 And his contract by deputy in France<sup>3</sup> :  
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
 And his enforcement of the city wives ;  
 His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,  
 As being got, your father then in France ;  
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke<sup>4</sup>.  
 Withal I did infer your lineaments,  
 Being the right idea of your father,  
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind :  
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;  
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose  
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse :  
 And, when my oratory drew toward end,  
 I bade them that did love their country's good,  
 Cry—" God save Richard, England's royal king !"

*Glo.* And did they so ?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a word<sup>5</sup> ;  
 But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones<sup>6</sup>,  
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.  
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,  
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence ?  
 His answer was, the people were not us'd<sup>7</sup>  
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.  
 Then, he was urg'd to tell my tale again :—

<sup>3</sup> And his contract by deputy in France:] This and the preceding line are wanting in the 4tos, as well as the next line but one.

<sup>4</sup> And his resemblance, being not like the duke.] This line also is only in the folio ; and the old corrector of the fo. 1632 tells us to read, not " his resemblance," but *disresemblance*, or unlikeness, want of likeness, to the duke. This is precisely what might be wished, if we could find any other authority for the word *disresemblance*. Perhaps this objection ought not to prevail, and at a later date " dissemblance " was certainly used to express absence of similarity.

<sup>5</sup> — they spake not a word :] Not in any of the 4tos.

<sup>6</sup> But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones.] Here we have an instance, as in " Henry VI., Part II.," A. iii. sc. 2 (this Vol. p. 59), of *statue* having been pronounced as a trisyllable ; although there the old annotator on the fo. 1632 inserted " then " to cure the real or supposed defect : here he makes no such emendation. Other proofs to the same effect may be pointed out in " Julius Cæsar," A. ii. sc. 2, &c. Rowe, not attending to this circumstance, and mistaking the poet's meaning, read *unbreathing* for " breathing." Some modern editors have printed " statue " *statua*, and such was now and then the old orthography. In the next line the 4tos. read *gas'd* and the folio " star'd."

<sup>7</sup> — were not us'd] So the folio : the 4tos. " were not wont."



"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"  
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
 At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
 And some ten voices cried, "God save king Richard!"  
 And thus I took the vantage of those few\*,—  
 "Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth I;  
 "This general applause, and cheerful shout,  
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:"  
 And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?\*

Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren come?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;  
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:  
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;  
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descant<sup>1</sup>:  
 And be not easily won to our requests;  
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Glo.* I go; and if you plead as well for them,  
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
 No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads! the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;  
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

*Enter CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?\*

\* And thus I took the vantage of those few.] A line not in the 4tos. In the next line for "gentle" the 4tos. have *loving*, and in the line following for "cheerful shout" they have "loving shout," so that the same epithet is almost immediately repeated in the most ancient authorities.

\* — would they not speak?] In the 4tos. only this question is followed by "*Buck.* No, by my troth, my lord."

<sup>1</sup> For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:] "Ground" and "descant" are both terms of art in music, the first meaning the leading air, and the last what we now call variations upon it. The 4tos. read *build* for "make," a verb which is inconsistent with the musical figure employed by Buckingham. Other variations in this part of the scene are comparatively trivial.

<sup>2</sup> Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?] In the 4tos. the line is, "Here comes his servant.—How now, Catesby! what says he?"

*Cate.* He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,  
To visit him to-morrow, or next day.  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation;  
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke<sup>3</sup>:  
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,  
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cate.* I'll signify so much unto him straight<sup>4</sup>. [*Exit.*]

*Buck.* Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not an Edward:  
He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed,  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
But meditating with two deep divines;  
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,  
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.  
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof;  
But sore I fear<sup>5</sup> we shall not win him to it.

*May.* Marry, God defend<sup>6</sup> his grace should say us nay!

*Buck.* I fear, he will. Here Catesby comes again.—

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

*Cate.* He wonders to what end you have assembled  
Such troops of citizens to come to him:  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,  
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am, my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:

<sup>3</sup> — to the gracious duke:] "To thy lord again" in the 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> I'll signify so much unto him straight.] The 4tos. read, prosaically, "I'll tell him what you say, my lord." Two lines lower the 4tos. have *day-bed* (i. e. *couch*) for "love-bed;" and further on *gracious* for "virtuous prince."

<sup>5</sup> But *sore* I fear] So the corr. fo. 1632; and so Mr. Singer, admitting that all the old copies (as well as all the modern ones) have *sure* for "sore," but accidentally not admitting where he found the emendation, and not pretending that it is contained in his own corrected copy of the folio, 1632.

<sup>6</sup> Marry, God *defend*] The 4tos, "Marry, God *forbid*," which, if any explanation were needed, explains this sense of "defend." The 4tos. afterwards have "God defend:" see p. 302.

By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;  
 And so once more return, and tell his grace. [*Exit CATESBY.*  
 When holy, and devout religious men  
 Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence ;  
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, with a book, in a gallery above', between two Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

*May.* See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-  
 men !

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,  
 To stay him from the fall of vanity ;  
 And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;  
 True ornaments to know a holy man \*.—  
 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
 Lend favourable ear to our requests,  
 And pardon us the interruption  
 Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

*Glo.* My lord, there needs no such apology ;  
 I do beseech your grace to pardon me †,  
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
 Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.  
 But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,  
 And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

*Glo.* I do suspect, I have done some offence,  
 That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;  
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord : would it might please your  
 grace,  
 On our entreaties to amend your fault.

*Glo.* Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

*Buck.* Know then, it is your fault that you resign  
 The supreme seat, the throne majestic,

\* — in a gallery above,] The old simple stage-direction in the 4tos. and folio is *aloft*, (misprinted a *loste* in the 4to, 1597,) meaning of course in the balcony at the back of the old stage. The words "with a book" are derived from an addition to the stage-direction in the corr. fo. 1632.

† True ornaments to know a holy man.] This and the preceding line are only in the folio.

‡ I do beseech your grace to pardon me,] The 4tos. read, "I rather do beseech you pardon me;" and in the next line but one the 4tos. have *neglect* for "deferr'd."

The scepter'd office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth<sup>1</sup>,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;  
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
Which here we waken to our country's good,  
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs<sup>2</sup>;  
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf  
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion<sup>3</sup>.  
Which to recure, we heartily solicit  
Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land:  
Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain;  
But as successively from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just cause come I to move your grace.  
*Folio.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:  
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me:  
If to reprove you for this suit of your's,  
So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,

<sup>1</sup> Your state of fortune, and your due of birth.] This line, inserted in the folio, is wanting in the 4tos.

<sup>2</sup> THIS noble isle doth want HER proper limbs;] So the 4tos; a reading preferable to that of the folio, "The noble isle doth want *his* proper limbs:" *his* for "her" is an error repeated in the two next lines, the last of which is not contained in the 4tos. As *her* was formerly often spelt *hir*, the misprint of *hir* for "his" was a very easy and common one.

<sup>3</sup> Of DARK forgetfulness, and DEEP oblivion.] The 4tos. read, "Of *blind* forgetfulness and *dark* oblivion."

Definitively thus I answer you<sup>4</sup>.  
 Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,  
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.  
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
 And that my path were even to the crown,  
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth<sup>5</sup>;  
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,  
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,  
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,  
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;  
 And much I need to help you, were there need:  
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
 Will well become the seat of majesty,  
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
 On him I lay that you would lay on me,  
 The right and fortune of his happy stars;  
 Which God defend that I should wring from him!  
*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;  
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial<sup>6</sup>,  
 All circumstances well considered.  
 You say, that Edward is your brother's son:  
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;  
 For first was he contract to lady Lucy;  
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow:  
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd  
 To Bona, sister to the king of France.  
 These both put off, a poor petitioner,  
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons<sup>7</sup>,  
 A beauty-waning, and distressed widow,  
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,

<sup>4</sup> Definitively thus I answer you.] This and the preceding nine lines seem a subsequent addition in the folio.

<sup>5</sup> As the ripe revenue and due of birth;] The 4to. give this line thus:—  
 "As my ripe revenue and due *by* birth."

<sup>6</sup> — are nice and trivial.] "Trivial" here explains the sense in which Shakespeare often uses "nice." See, especially, "Henry IV., Part II.," A. i. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 432, where Northumberland throws away his "nice crutch."

<sup>7</sup> — mother to a many sons,] "Mother of a many children" in the 4to, 1597.

Made prize and purchase<sup>a</sup> of his wanton eye,  
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree<sup>b</sup>  
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy<sup>c</sup>.  
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
 This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.  
 More bitterly could I expostulate,  
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity;  
 If not to bless us and the land withal,  
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry<sup>d</sup>  
 From the corruption of abusing times,  
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

*May.* Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love<sup>e</sup>.

*Cate.* Oh! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.

*Glo.* Alas! why would you heap this care on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty.

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,  
 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;  
 As well we know your tenderness of heart,  
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
 Which we have noted in you to your kindred,  
 And equally, indeed, to all estates,—  
 Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,

<sup>a</sup> Made prize and PURCHASE] Here, as in many other places, "purchase" means *booty*. See Vol. iii. p. 345, &c.

<sup>b</sup> — height of his degree] So the folio: the 4tos, "height of all his thoughts." It is difficult to say, in the abstract, which reading ought to be preferred, but our general rule has been to follow the folio, 1623.

<sup>c</sup> — and loath'd BIGAMY.] Blackstone supplies us with the following useful note:—"Bigamy, by a canon of the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1274 (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edward I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from polygamy, or having two wives at once, as it consisted of either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow." Malone quotes Sir T. More, as copied first by Hall and afterwards by Holinshed, to show that Buckingham really so put the case to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen:—"Sith it is an unfitting thing, and a very blemish and high disparagement to the sacred majesty of a prince (that ought as nigh to approach to priesthood in cleanness as he doth in dignity) to be defouled with bigamy in his first marriage."

<sup>d</sup> Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry] The 4tos. for this line read, lamely, "Yet to draw out your royal stock."

<sup>e</sup> Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.] This line is only in the folio.

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
 But we will plant some other in your throne,  
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house.  
 And, in this resolution, here we leave you.—  
 Come, citizens, we will entreat no more<sup>4</sup>.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

*Cate.* Call him again, sweet prince; accept their suit:  
 If you deny them, all the land will rue it<sup>5</sup>.

*Glo.* Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Call him again: I am not made of stone<sup>6</sup>,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit* CATESBY.  
 Albeit against my conscience, and my soul.—

*Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,  
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
 To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,  
 I must have patience to endure the load:  
 But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,  
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof;

<sup>4</sup> Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.] The 4tos. add, very characteristically, what was perhaps afterwards omitted in consequence of the statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21: Buckingham there says,

"Come, citizens: *sounds!* I'll entreat no more;"

and Gloster, standing between the two clergymen, thus reproves him:—

"Oh! do not swear, my lord of Buckingham."

There can be little doubt that this proceeded from Shakespeare's pen, on whatever account the text might afterwards be altered. The corr. fo. 1632 is made nearly to correspond with the 4tos, showing, probably, how the speeches were delivered in the time of the old annotator. We are far from sure that we ought not here to place the reading of the 4tos. in the text.

<sup>5</sup> If you deny them, all the land will rue it.] The 4tos, with some immaterial literal variations from the folio, attribute this line to "Another," and the line before it only to Catesby. The multiplication of characters was necessarily avoided on our old stage, when companies were scanty.

<sup>6</sup> — I am not made of stone,] "Of stones," all the old copies, but probably a misprint. We have regulated this part of the scene by the corr. fo. 1632, which alters *them* to "him," consistently with Catesby's "Call *him* again." It appears that Buckingham only ought to make his exit, as if expecting to be followed by the Lord Mayor and Citizens; but that the latter do not go out is quite clear, because the four lines spoken by Gloster, "Will you enforce me to a world of cares?" &c. were certainly intended to be heard, not by Catesby, who was in the secret, but by the Lord Mayor and his brethren. Buckingham accordingly returns to the scene, and then Gloster addresses him and the "sage grave men," who had remained behind when Buckingham made his exit with affected impatience.

For God doth know, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*May.* God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

*Glo.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this royal title<sup>7</sup>,—  
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

*All.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

*Glo.* Even when you please, for you will have it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:  
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

*Glo.* Come, let us to our holy work again<sup>8</sup>.—

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewell, my cousin:—farewell, gentle friends. [Exit.]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

*Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquess of DORSET; on the other, ANNE Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,  
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!  
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,  
On pure heart's love to greet the tender prince.—  
Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day.

*Q. Eliz.* As much to you, good sister: whither away<sup>9</sup>?

<sup>7</sup> — with this ROYAL title,] “*Kingly* title” in the 4tos.

<sup>8</sup> — our holy WORK again.] “Our holy *task* again” in the 4tos. It is to be recollected that, according to the old arrangement of this scene, Gloster, with the two bishops, stood in the balcony at the back of the stage, while he was addressed by Buckingham, &c. from the boards.

<sup>9</sup> As much to you, good sister: whither away?] The 4tos, instead of the preceding lines in the folio, have only the following:—

“*Duch.* Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet?

“*Qu.* Sister, well met: whither away so fast?”



*Anne.* No farther than the Tower ; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there <sup>1</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* Kind sister, thanks ; we'll enter all together :

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.—  
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York ?

*Brak.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them :  
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

*Q. Eliz.* The king ! who's that ?

*Brak.* I mean the lord protector.

*Q. Eliz.* The lord protect him from that kingly title !  
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me ?

I am their mother ; who shall bar me <sup>2</sup> from them ?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother ; I will see them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother ;  
Then, bring me to their sights <sup>3</sup> : I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Brak.* No, madam, no ; I may not leave it so <sup>4</sup> :  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,  
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—  
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the Duchess of GLOSTER.*

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah ! cut my lace asunder,  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

<sup>1</sup> — the GENTLE princes there.] The 4tos. have *tender* for "gentle."

<sup>2</sup> How doth the prince, and my young son of York ?] For this line the 4tos. only have, "How fares the prince?" Brakenbury's reply is, "Well, madam, and in health ; but by your leave," &c. Lower down, he precedes his answer of "I mean the lord protector" by "I cry you mercy."

<sup>3</sup> — who SHALL BAR me] "Who *should* keep me," 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> Then, bring me to their sights:] "Then fear not thou," in the 4tos.

<sup>5</sup> No, madam, no ; I may not leave it so:] "I do beseech your graces all to pardon me," in the 4tos.

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings! Oh, unpleasing news!<sup>6</sup>

*Dor.* Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?

*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone;

Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels:

Thy mother's name is ominous to children<sup>7</sup>.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead,

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's 'counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours<sup>8</sup>;

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way:

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* Oh, ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

Oh, my accursed womb! the bed of death,

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,

Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

*Stan.* Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.—

Oh! would to God, that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal, that must round my brow,

Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!

Anointed let me be with deadly venom<sup>9</sup>;

And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,

Which issued from my other angel husband,

And that dear saint<sup>1</sup> which then I weeping follow'd;

<sup>6</sup> Despiteful tidings! Oh, unpleasing news!] This line is only in the folio: in the 4tos. Dorset says, "Madam, have comfort: how fares your grace?"

<sup>7</sup> Thy mother's name is ominous to children.] "To her children" in the corr. fo. 1632, but needlessly as regards the verse, and perhaps as little required by the sense.

<sup>8</sup> — of the hours;] "Of the time," 4tos. The next line but one in the 4tos. is, "To meet you on the way and welcome you."

<sup>9</sup> — with deadly venom;] "With deadly poison" in the 4tos.

<sup>1</sup> And that dear saint] "Dead saint" in the 4tos.

Oh! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
 This was my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I, “accurs'd,  
 For making me so young, so old a widow!  
 And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
 And be thy wife (if any be so mad)  
 More miserable by the life of thee',  
 Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!”  
 Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,  
 Within so small a time', my woman's heart  
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:  
 Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;  
 For never yet one hour in his bed  
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.  
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eliz.* Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining'.

*Anne.* No more than with my soul I mourn for your's.

*Dor.* Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

*Duch.* Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[*To* DORSET.]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[*To* ANNE.]

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[*To* Queen ELIZABETH.]

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen'.

*Q. Eliz.* Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

\* — by the LIFE of thee,] The 4tos. read “by the death of thee,” which corresponds with Anne's words in A. i. sc. 2, p. 231.

† Within so small a time,] “Even, in so short a space,” 4tos.

‡ Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.] In the 4tos, “Alas! poor soul, I pity thy complaints.” Three lines earlier the 4tos. have, “But have been waked by his timorous dreams.”

§ — a week of TEEN.] i. e. A week of sorrow—a rather favourite word with Shakespeare. We have had it in “Love's Labour's Lost,” A. iv. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 140, and it occurs again in “Romeo and Juliet,” A. i. sc. 3, and in “The Tempest,” A. i. sc. 2. It is found in Chaucer both as a verb and substantive: it is from the A. S. *teon*, meaning, annoyance, trouble, or sorrow. It may be doubted whether *wrackt* of the old copies is to be taken as *rack'd*, or “wreck'd.”

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls;  
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!  
 Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow  
 For tender princes, use my babies well!  
 So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell\*.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

*Sennet.* RICHARD, *as King, upon his throne*<sup>1</sup>; BUCKINGHAM,  
 CATESBY, *a Page, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham!

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,  
 And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—  
 But shall we wear these glories for a day<sup>2</sup>,  
 Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever let them last!

*K. Rich.* Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch<sup>3</sup>,  
 To try if thou be current gold, indeed.—  
 Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

\* So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.] The folio, in which alone this speech is found, has "sorrow" in the plural, and "bids" in the singular. Rowe made the emendation, and it is supported by the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>1</sup> Richard, as King, upon his throne;] We have before remarked that there were probably no "discoveries" (as they are now called) in our old theatre, but that the characters entered. Such was the case here; for the old 4tos. inform us, in a direction, after Richard has come upon the stage, "Here he ascendeth the throne." In the folio the trumpets were directed to "sound," when Richard said to Buckingham, "Give me thy hand." In the 4tos. there is no reply by Buckingham, "My gracious sovereign," after Richard has called him.

<sup>2</sup> — these GLORIES for a day.] The 4tos. read "*honours* for a day."

<sup>3</sup> — now do I play the TOUCH.] "Touch" was of old more frequently used than *touchstone*, though Whetstone, in 1584, wrote a tract called "A Touchstone for the Time," and the words were sometimes indifferently employed. There are several unimportant variations between the 4to. and folio copies in the opening of this scene: thus, in the 4tos, Richard says, "Think now what I would say," and Buckingham replies, "Say on, my gracious sovereign."

*K. Rich.* Oh! bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince.—  
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :—  
Shall I be plain ?—I wish the bastards dead ;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.  
What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly ; be brief.

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut ! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.  
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

*Buck.* Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,  
Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve you herein presently<sup>1</sup>. [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

*Cate.* The king is angry : see, he gnaws his lip<sup>2</sup>. [*Aside.*]

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,  
[*Descends from his throne.*]

And unrespective boys : none are for me,  
That look into me with considerate eyes.  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.  
Boy !—

*Page.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold  
Will tempt<sup>3</sup> unto a close exploit of death ?

*Page.* I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit :  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*K. Rich.* What is his name ?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man : go, call him hither<sup>4</sup>.—  
[*Exit Page.*]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :

<sup>1</sup> I will resolve you herein presently.] So in the folio : “ presently ” in Shakespeare (and in all writers of his day and long afterwards, to which we need not refer) means *immediately*, as indeed it stands in the 4tos,—“ I will resolve your grace immediately.”

<sup>2</sup> — see, he GNAWS HIS lip.] “ Bites the lip ” in the 4tos. In Richard's next speech “ unrespective ” means devoid of consideration, unsuspecting.

<sup>3</sup> WILL tempt] The 4tos, “ Would tempt,” and so modern editors. In the 4tos, Richard calls the “ boy ” before he exclaims against “ high-reaching Buckingham.” Two lines lower the 4tos. have *mind* for “ spirit ” of the folio.

<sup>4</sup> I partly know the man : go, call him hither.] In the 4tos, “ Go, call him hither presently.” The corr. fo. 1632 strikes out “ boy ” at the end of this line, where it is also evidently misplaced in the folio, 1623, and puts it before *exit*—“ Boy exit,” where it ought to stand.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,  
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

*Enter STANLEY.*

How now, lord Stanley! what's the news?<sup>a</sup>

*Stan.* Know, my loving lord,  
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled  
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides<sup>b</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Come hither, Catesby<sup>c</sup>: rumour it abroad,  
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman<sup>d</sup>,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—  
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,  
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:  
About it; for it stands me much upon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her?  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

*Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

<sup>a</sup> How now, lord Stanley! what's the news?] *With you*, adds the corr. fo. 1632; but we suspect that "what's the news?" is itself an interpolation, and that originally the line, commenced by Richard's exclamation, "How now, lord Stanley!" was completed by "Know, my loving lord," from lord Stanley.

<sup>b</sup> — in the parts where he abides.] The 4tos, "in those parts beyond the seas where he abides."

<sup>c</sup> Come hither, Catesby:] In the 4tos, the dialogue is more broken:—

"*K. Rich.* Catesby.

"*Cate.*

My lord.

"*K. Rich.*

Rumour is abroad," &c.

<sup>d</sup> — some mean poor gentleman,] "Some mean-born gentleman," 4tos.

*Tyr.* Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,  
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,  
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

*Tyrrel*, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them. [*Kneels.*

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,  
*Tyrrel*:

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear.

[*TYRREL rises, and RICHARD whispers.*

There is no more but so:—say, it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it\*.

*Tyr.* I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late demand that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear the news, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well look unto it.

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;  
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just request?

*K. Rich.* I do remember me,—Henry the sixth  
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.  
A king!—perhaps—

*Buck.* My lord<sup>9</sup>,—

*K. Rich.* How chance, the prophet could not at that time,

\* — and prefer thee FOR IT.] The 4tos, "and prefer thee, too." After these words the 4tos. add,

"*Tyr.* 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

"*K. Rich.* Shall we hear from thee, ere we sleep?

"*Tyr.* Ye shall, my lord."

The same question had been put to Catesby by Richard, near the end of A. iii. sc. 1, p. 281. It was therefore, perhaps, omitted here in the folio.

<sup>9</sup> *Buck.* My lord,] From this speech down to the line, "I am not in the giving vein to-day," is only in the 4to. impressions, but they all contain it; and it

Have told me, I being by', that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

*K. Rich.* Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I started,  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Ay; what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promis'd me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why, let it strike?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack', thou keep'st the  
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no<sup>2</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD and Train.*]

*Buck.* And is it thus? repays he my deep service  
With such contempt? made I him king for this?

Oh! let me think on Hastings, and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*]

is difficult in any way to account for the omission in the folio, 1623, of a portion of the play so strikingly characteristic. We have not scrupled to insert it in our text, and it is more important than the omission noted on p. 304.

<sup>1</sup> Have told me, I being by,] Johnson remarks that these allusions to the three parts of "Henry VI." are no weak proofs of the authenticity of those pieces; but he ought to have added, that this particular allusion contains a misstatement: Richard was not present when King Henry pronounced the prophecy on young Richmond for his succession to the throne. Shakespeare either forgot what he had written, or what had been written by others and improved and altered by him. See this Vol. p. 189.

<sup>2</sup> Because that, like a JACK,] The figure in old clocks, which used to strike the chimes or hours, was called a "Jack," or *Jack of the Clock*. See "Richard II.," A. v. sc. 5, Vol. iii. p. 307.

<sup>3</sup> Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.] The folio, which, as has been remarked, omits what immediately precedes, gives this line as follows:—

"May it please you to resolve me in my suit."

The 4tos. place the interjections, "Tut, tat!" before Richard's answer.



## SCENE III.

The Same.

*Enter TYRREL* <sup>4</sup>.

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;  
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre,  
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, blooded dogs <sup>5</sup>,  
 Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,  
 Wept like two children in their death's sad story.  
 "Oh ! thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—  
 "Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another  
 Within their alabaster innocent arms :  
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
 And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.  
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;  
 Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind ;  
 But, oh ! the devil"—there the villain stopp'd ;  
 When Dighton thus told on,—“we smothered  
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
 That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.”  
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse :  
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,  
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

*Enter King RICHARD.*

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord <sup>6</sup> !

<sup>4</sup> Enter Tyrrel.] The 4tos, without exception, here call him “Sir Francis Tyrrel,” although they had not long before made him tell Gloster that his name was *James*,—“James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.”

<sup>5</sup> Albeit they were flesh'd villains, BLOODED dogs.] It is “bloody dogs” in the old copies ; but Tyrrel means that as the villains had been “flesh'd,” so, like dogs, they had been “blooded,” or initiated in the taste of blood. This is the correction in the corr. fo. 1632 ; and in the next line but one it alters *to* to “two ;” for Tyrrel is speaking of Dighton and Forrest, and ought to say, not that they “wept like to children,” but, “like two children.”

<sup>6</sup> All health, my sovereign lord !] “All hail, my sovereign liege !” 4tos. There are several variations between the 4tos. and folio in this speech by Tyrrel, one only

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Beget your happiness, be happy then;  
For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know<sup>1</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.  
Farewell, till then.

*Tyr.* I humbly take my leave<sup>2</sup>. [*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* The son of Clarence have I pent up close;  
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne, my wife, hath bid this world good night.  
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY in haste<sup>3</sup>.*

*Cate.* My lord!—

*K. Rich.* Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

*Cate.* Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond<sup>4</sup>;

of which it is necessary to point out. Some 4tos. (not that of 1612) read in the fifth line, "To do this *ruthless* piece of butchery," and the folio, "To do this piece of *ruthful* butchery," which epithet modern editors have needlessly, and without notice, changed to *ruthless*. Shakespeare often uses "ruthful" in this way: in "Henry VI., Part III.," A. ii. sc. 5, we have, "Oh! that my death would stay these *ruthful* deeds;" and in "Troilus and Cressida," A. v. sc. 3, "Spur them to *ruthful* work, rein them from ruth." Various other instances to the same effect might be quoted from him and other authors.

<sup>1</sup> But where, to say the truth, I do not know.] In the 4tos. the line is, "But how, or in what place, I do not know." In the next line the 4tos. have, "soon at after supper."

<sup>2</sup> I humbly take my leave.] In the 4tos, Tyrrel merely makes his *exit* without any observation, after Richard has said, not "Farewell till *then*," as in the folio, but "Farewell till *soon*."

<sup>3</sup> Enter Catesby in haste.] The words *in haste* are an addition, in the corr. fo. 1632, to the usual stage-direction "Enter Catesby."

<sup>4</sup> — Morton is fled to Richmond;] In the 4tos. he is called *Ely*, of which

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

*K. Rich.* Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength<sup>1</sup>.

Come; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:

Then, fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.—

Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter Queen MARGARET.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow,  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death<sup>2</sup>.

Here in these confines silyly have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of mine enemies<sup>3</sup>.

A dire induction am I witness to,

And will to France; hoping, the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

[She stands back.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.*

*Q. Elis.* Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!  
My unblown flowers<sup>4</sup>, new-appearing sweets!

see he was bishop. Richard afterwards calls him Ely in the folio, as well as in the 4tos.

<sup>1</sup> — rash-levied STRENGTH.] “Rash-levied army” in the 4tos, and in the next line the 4tos. read *heard* for “learn'd.”

<sup>2</sup> And drop into the rotten mouth of death.] Steevens pointed out the following palpable imitation of Shakespeare in Marston's “History of Antonio and Mellida,” 4to, 1602:—

————— “Now is his fate grown mellow,  
Instant to fall into the rotten jaws  
Of chap-fall'n death.”

<sup>3</sup> To watch the waning of mine ENEMIES.] “Mine *adversaries*” in the 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> My unblown flowers,] So the 4tos: the folio, 1623, has *unblowed*.

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation.

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right for right  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night. [*Aside.*]

*Duch.* So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—  
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet; [*Aside.*]  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt<sup>6</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst thou sleep<sup>7</sup>, when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When holy Harry died, and my sweet son. [*Aside.*]

*Duch.* Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,  
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,  
Brief abstract and record of tedious days<sup>8</sup>,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*]  
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
Ah! who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,  
[*Coming forward.*]

Give mine the benefit of seniory,  
And let my griefs<sup>9</sup> frown on the upper hand.  
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down by them.*]  
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine<sup>1</sup>:—

<sup>6</sup> Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.] This and the preceding four lines are only in the folio.

<sup>7</sup> WHEN didst thou sleep,] So every old edition until the folio, 1632, which needlessly substituted *why* for "when." "When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?" means, when before this time didst thou sleep, &c. Queen Margaret's reply makes it quite clear that such is the sense of the line, which was not understood by the editor of the second folio.

<sup>8</sup> Brief abstract and record of tedious days,] This line is not in the 4tos, which, in the opening of this speech, read, "Blind sight, dead life," &c.

<sup>9</sup> And let my GRIEFS] "And let my *woes*" in the 4tos.

<sup>1</sup> Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:] This line is from the 4tos, having been, probably, accidentally omitted in the folio, as the sense, though not absolutely incomplete, can hardly be called perfect without it. In the next line but one the 4tos. have "Richard" (which is evidently wrong) for "husband"

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;  
 I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him :  
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;  
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

*Duch.* I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him :  
 I had a Rutland too ; thou holp'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
 A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :  
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood :  
 That foul defacer of God's handy-work,  
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth',  
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—  
 Oh ! upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
 And makes her pew-fellow' with other's moan !

*Duch.* Oh, Harry's wife ! triumph not in my woes :  
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me : I am hungry for revenge,  
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;  
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;  
 Young York he is but boot', because both they  
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.  
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;  
 And the beholders of this frantic play',  
 Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.  
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,  
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,  
 And send them thither ; but at hand, at hand,

of the folio, 1623. Lower down, the folio has "*hop'st* to kill him" for "*holp'st* to kill him." The error is committed in the 4tos, 1597 and 1598, and corrected in that of 1602.

<sup>2</sup> That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,] This and the preceding line are only in the folio.

<sup>3</sup> And makes her pew-fellow] *i. e.* Companion. The word is frequently met with in this sense, especially in our old dramatists.

<sup>4</sup> Young York he is but boot,] *i. e.* Something thrown in—given *to boot*.

<sup>5</sup> — this FRANTIC play,] The 4tos. read "*tragic* play."

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :  
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence<sup>6</sup>.—  
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God ! I pray,  
 That I may live and say, the dog is dead.

*Q. Eliz.* Oh ! thou didst prophesy, the time would come,  
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
 That bottled spider<sup>7</sup>, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune ;  
 I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;  
 The presentation of but what I was,  
 The flattering index of a direful pageant,  
 One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below :  
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;  
 A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag<sup>8</sup>,  
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;  
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;  
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?  
 Where be thy two sons<sup>9</sup> ? wherein dost thou joy ?  
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen ?  
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?  
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?  
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;  
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;  
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;  
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care :  
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;  
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;  
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> — convey'd FROM HENCE.] “Convey'd away” in the 4tos, an instance of a rhyme clearly avoided in the folio, 1623.

<sup>7</sup> That bottled spider,] Here again we have “*bottle-spider*” substituted in the corr. fo. 1632, but we still adhere to the old reading.

<sup>8</sup> A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,] The 4tos. give the passage as follows :—

“A dream of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,  
 A sign of dignity, a garish flag,” &c.

<sup>9</sup> Where be thy two sons ?] The 4tos. read, “Where are thy *children* ?”

<sup>1</sup> For one commanding all, obey'd of none.] Boswell erroneously informs us that this line is not found in the 4tos ; and several modern editors have taken his word for it, without turning to any of the 4to. impressions, in all of which it is, in fact, inserted. It is the preceding line, “For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one,” that is not in the 4tos.

Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about<sup>2</sup>,  
 And left thee but a very prey to time;  
 Having no more but thought of what thou wast  
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not  
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?  
 Now, thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;  
 From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,  
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.  
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:  
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

*Q. Eliz.* O thou! well skill'd in curses, stay a while,  
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;  
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were<sup>3</sup>,  
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:  
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:  
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words are dull; oh! quicken them with thine.

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like  
 mine. [*Exit Queen MARGARET.*]

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words?

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,  
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!  
 Let them have scope: though what they do impart  
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart<sup>4</sup>.

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,  
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
 My, damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*A trumpet heard.*]

The trumpet sounds<sup>5</sup>: be copious in exclaims.

<sup>2</sup> — course of justice WHIRL'D about,] The 4tos. have "*wheel'd* about."

<sup>3</sup> Think that thy babes were FAIRER than they were,] The folio has *sweeter*, which does not support the antithesis of *fouler* in the next line: we therefore here adopt the word in all the 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.] We vary from the folio, 1623, in two places in this speech. The folio has *intestine* for "*intestate*" of the 4tos; and "*will* impart" for "*do* impart." These changes seem necessary; but we read with the folio "*their* client woes," instead of "*your* client woes" of the 4tos; and, "*Help* nothing else" of the folio, instead of "*Help not at all*" of the older editions.

<sup>5</sup> The trumpet sounds:] In the 4to, "*I hear his drum.*" The mode of introducing Richard had, perhaps, been varied in the interval between 1597 and 1623.

*Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition?

*Duch.* Oh! she, that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

*Q. Eliz.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,  
Where should be branded<sup>o</sup>, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad! where is thy brother Clarence,  
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

*Q. Eliz.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

*Duch.* Where is kind Hastings?<sup>7</sup>

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!—

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son?

*K. Rich.* Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impatience<sup>8</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,  
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* Oh! let me speak.

*K. Rich.* Do, then; but I'll not hear<sup>9</sup>.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,  
God knows, in torment and in agony<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>o</sup> Where should be BRANDED.] So the folio: the 4to, poorly, *graven*: the folio, however, by a clear error, reads, "*Where't* should be branded." "That ow'd that crown," in the next line, is, of course, "that *own'd* that crown."

<sup>7</sup> Where is kind Hastings?] In the 4tos. these two speeches are made one, and given to the Queen, "Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?"

<sup>8</sup> Then patiently HEAR my impatience.] It is "*bear* my impatience" in the corr. fo. 1632, but the change seems needless.

<sup>9</sup> Do, then; but I'll not hear.] This and the preceding speech are not in any of the 4tos. In the next line for "words" of the folio, the 4tos. have *speech*.

<sup>1</sup> — in torment and in agony.] In the 4tos, it stands "in anguish, pain, and agony." For "I have stay'd for thee," the corr. fo. 1632, in the preceding line, has "I once stay'd for thee,"—perhaps rightly.



*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well;  
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.  
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;  
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild and furious;  
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;  
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody<sup>3</sup>,  
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:  
What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That ever grac'd me with thy company?

*K. Rich.* 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd  
your grace  
To break fast once forth of my company<sup>4</sup>.  
If I be so disgracious in your eye,  
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—  
Strike up the drum!

*Duch.* I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word;  
For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die<sup>5</sup>, by God's just ordinance,  
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,  
And never look upon thy face again<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> — subtle, sly, and bloody,] "Subtle, bloody, treacherous," in the 4tos. The next line is wanting in the 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To break fast once forth of my company.] We agree with Malone that "Humphrey Hour" is here only used for *hour*, as Tom Troth is used for *truth* or *truth*. He and other editors probably committed an error in printing "breakfast" as one word: the allusion is not to a particular meal, but to breaking the fast or eating at any time. Richard tells his mother that the only comfortable hour he had graced her with was upon one occasion, when she ate out of his company.

<sup>5</sup> Either thou wilt die,] The preceding part of the dialogue, as we find it in the folio, runs thus in the 4tos:—

"Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

"*Duch.* Oh! hear me speak, for I shall never see thee more.

"*K. Rich.* Come, come, you are too bitter.

"*Duch.* Either thou wilt die," &c.

<sup>6</sup> And never look upon thy face again.] So the 4tos; and the reading is clearly preferable to that of the folio,

"And never *more* behold thy face *again*."

In the next line the folio has "grievous curse," and the 4to. more tamely, "heavy curse." Farther on the 4tos. have *speak* for "talk."

Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;  
 Which in the day of battle tire thee more,  
 Than all the complete armour that thou wearest!  
 My prayers on the adverse party fight;  
 And there the little souls of Edward's children  
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
 And promise them success and victory.  
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. *[Exit.]*

*Q. Eliz.* Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to  
 curse

Abides in me: I say amen to her. *[Going.]*

*K. Rich.* Stay, madam; I must talk a word with you.

*Q. Eliz.* I have no more sons of the royal blood,  
 For thee to slaughter<sup>6</sup>: for my daughters, Richard,  
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;  
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Q. Eliz.* And must she die for this? Oh! let her live,  
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;  
 Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;  
 Throw over her the veil of infamy:  
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess<sup>7</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Q. Eliz.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.

*Q. Eliz.* No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoids is the doom of destiny<sup>8</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny.  
 My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,  
 If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

*K. Rich.* You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

<sup>6</sup> For thee to SLAUGHTER:] The 4tos. read, "For thee to murder." It seems indifferent which is taken.

<sup>7</sup> — she is a royal PRINCESS.] So the folio: the 4tos. read, "she is of royal blood."

<sup>8</sup> All UNAVOIDED is the doom of destiny.] "Unavoided" is used here for *unavoidable*; and Malone refers to a previous line in this play (p. 307), where Shakespeare is speaking of the cockatrice,

"Whose *unavoided* eye is dangerous."

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd  
 Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
 Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,  
 Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :  
 No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,  
 Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
 To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
 But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
 My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,  
 Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;  
 And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
 Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
 Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom<sup>1</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,  
 And dangerous success of bloody wars<sup>1</sup>,  
 As I intend more good to you and your's,  
 Than ever you or your's by me were harm'd !

*Q. Eliz.* What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,  
 To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

*K. Rich.* Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

*Q. Eliz.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

*K. Rich.* Unto the dignity and height of honour<sup>2</sup>.  
 The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Q. Eliz.* Flatter my sorrow with report of it :  
 Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,  
 Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

*K. Rich.* Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,  
 Will I withal endow a child of thine ;  
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,  
 Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

*Q. Eliz.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
 Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

<sup>1</sup> Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.] This speech, and the introductory observation of Richard, "You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins," are only in the folio.

<sup>1</sup> And dangerous success of bloody wars.] This and the preceding line stand thus prosaically in the 4tos : "Madam, so thrive I in my dangerous attempt of hostile arms." At the end of the speech we have *wrong'd* in the 4tos. for "harm'd" in the folio.

<sup>2</sup> Unto the dignity and height of honour.] The folio has *fortune* for "honour" of the 4tos ; but "honour" seems to be the true word, from the subsequent repetition of it by the Queen : "Tell me what state, what dignity, what *honour*," &c. We therefore prefer it.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Q. Eliz.* That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.  
So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;  
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.  
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her queen of England.

*Q. Eliz.* Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

*Q. Eliz.* What! thou?

*K. Rich.* Even so: how think you of it?

*Q. Eliz.* How canst thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That I would learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

*Q. Eliz.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Q. Eliz.* Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,  
A pair of bleeding hearts, thereon engraven<sup>4</sup>  
Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:  
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body<sup>5</sup>,  
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.  
If this inducement move her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds<sup>6</sup>;  
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,

<sup>3</sup> Even so: how think you of it?] So the folio, completing the line commenced by "What! thou?" The 4tos. read, "I, even I: what think you of it, madam?"—perhaps preferably.

<sup>4</sup> A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon ENGRAVEN] It is "thereon engrave" in the folio, 1623, but amended to "engraven" in the corr. fo. 1632. The emendation is not absolutely required, but it seems most likely that the last letter had escaped in the press.

<sup>5</sup> ——— which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,] This passage is wanting in the 4tos. The speech is evidently corrupt in the 4tos, and is defective in other places, besides that here pointed out.

<sup>6</sup> Send her a LETTER of thy noble DEEDS;] The 4tos. have, "Send her a story of thy noble acts."

Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam : this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

*Q. Eliz.* There is no other way,  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*K. Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her ?

*Q. Eliz.* Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate  
thee',

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be now amended.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-hours give leisure to repent :

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,

To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,

To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam's name is little less in love,

Than is the doting title of a mother :

They are as children, but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;

Of all one pain, save for a night of groans

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow<sup>7</sup>.

Your children were vexation to your youth ;

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son, being king,

And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore, accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul

Treads discontented steps in foreign soil<sup>8</sup>,

This fair alliance quickly shall call home

<sup>7</sup> — she cannot choose but HATE thee.] This is the text in the folio, 1623, and as it is not altered in the corr. fo. 1632, we leave it as there represented, admitting with Mason and Steevens that "hate" was very possibly a misprint for *have*. See the misprint of *have* for "hate" in "Coriolanus," A. iv. sc. 4.

<sup>8</sup> Endur'd of her, for whom you BID like sorrow.] i. e. Endur'd by her, for whom you *did abide* like sorrow. "Bid," as Johnson truly observes, is the past tense of *bide* or *abide*.

<sup>9</sup> TREADS discontented steps in foreign soil.] It is "*Leads* discontented steps" in the folio, 1623, but the phrase seems unusual, and the misprint of *Leads* for "Treads" easy: it is "Treads" in the corr. fo. 1632.

To high promotions and great dignity :  
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,  
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;  
 Again shall you be mother to a king,  
 And all the ruins of distressful times  
 Repair'd with double riches of content.  
 What ! we have many goodly days to see :  
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
 Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,  
 Advantaging their loan with interest <sup>1</sup>  
 Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.  
 Go then, my mother ; to thy daughter go :  
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;  
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;  
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame  
 Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess  
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :  
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,  
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;  
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Q. Eliz.* What were I best to say ? her father's brother  
 Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?  
 Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles ?  
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,  
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,  
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?<sup>2</sup>

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

*Q. Eliz.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

*K. Rich.* Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

*Q. Eliz.* That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

*Q. Eliz.* To wail the title<sup>3</sup>, as her mother doth.

<sup>1</sup> Advantaging their LOAN with interest] Misprinted *lone* in the folio; the letter *n* (as was frequently the case) having been accidentally turned: Theobald made the alteration. Only to show how likely was the blunder, we notice (strange as it may seem) that it is committed in this very place by Mr. Singer, who says that "the folio misprints this *lone*," when we see that the error of the folio was misprinting *lone* for "lone."

<sup>2</sup> Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?] This and the fifty-four preceding lines are only in the folio. Possibly, we should read "years" *ears*.

<sup>3</sup> To WAIL the title,] So the 4to, 1597, and subsequent editions in the same

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long shall that title, ever, last?

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Q. Eliz.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

*K. Rich.* As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

*Q. Eliz.* As long as hell and Richard like of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low<sup>4</sup>:

*Q. Eliz.* But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Q. Eliz.* An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale<sup>5</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Q. Eliz.* Oh! no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break<sup>6</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

*Q. Eliz.* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear—

*Q. Eliz.* By nothing; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour<sup>7</sup>;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now by the world,—

*Q. Eliz.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death,—

*Q. Eliz.* Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself<sup>8</sup>,—

form: all the folios misprint *vail* for "wail." But for the 4tos, we might have supposed that *vail*, in the sense of *lower* or *submit*, was the true word.

<sup>4</sup> — am her subject low.] So the folio, 1623: the 4tos, "subject *love*."

<sup>5</sup> Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.] The 4tos. have this line,  
"Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale."

<sup>6</sup> Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.] In all the old copies, excepting the 4to, 1597, there is some confusion respecting this and the preceding line. The 4to, 1598, gives, "Harp on it still shall I," &c. to Richard, and omits Richard's observation introducing it: the 4to, 1602, makes it part of the Queen's preceding speech; and such is the case in the folio, 1623, where Richard's speech, "Harp not on that string, madam; that is past," is made to come last.

<sup>7</sup> — hath lost his LORDLY honour;] So the folio: the 4tos, "*holy* honour."

<sup>8</sup> Then, by myself,] Our arrangement of these speeches is that of the first and other 4tos. The folio makes Richard first swear by himself, next by the world,

*Q. Eliz.*

Thyself is self-mis-used.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by God,—

*Q. Eliz.*

God's wrong is most of all <sup>1</sup>.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
The unity, the king my husband made,  
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;  
And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now <sup>2</sup>?

*K. Rich.*

The time to come.

*Q. Eliz.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;  
For I myself have many tears to wash  
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee <sup>3</sup>.  
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,  
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age:  
The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,  
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast  
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past <sup>4</sup>.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper, and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt  
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours <sup>5</sup>!

and thirdly by his father's death; evidently wrong. In the 4tos, when Richard proposes to swear by himself, the Queen answers, "Thy self thyself misusest."

<sup>1</sup> God's wrong is most of all.] The folio substitutes *heaven* in both these places: Malone read *heaven* in the first instance, and "God's" in the second. Our reading is that of the 4tos, which were published before the passing of the statute 3 Jac. I. ch. 21.

<sup>2</sup> What canst thou swear by now?] This question is not in the 4tos, but it seems necessary. In the preceding part of the Queen's speech, the 4tos. have *brow* for "head," and "*play-fellows*" for "bed-fellows." The other variations are trifling.

<sup>3</sup> Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.] So the folio: the 4tos, hardly intelligibly, "Hereafter time for time by the past wrong'd." In the next line, the 4tos. have *parents* for "fathers" of the folio.

<sup>4</sup> — by times ill-us'd o'er-past.] The folio has *re-past*, for "o'er-past" of the 4tos, to which it is amended in the corr. fo. 1632. In the next line but one, the 4tos. have "attempt," for *affairs* in the folio: "*affairs* of hostile arms" is not a common expression. Near the beginning of this interview, we have had the same expression in the 4to. altered in the folio.

<sup>5</sup> Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!] This line is only in the folio.



Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest !  
 Be opposite all planets of good luck  
 To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,  
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter.  
 In her consists my happiness and thine ;  
 Without her follows, to myself, and thee,  
 Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,  
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay<sup>6</sup> :  
 It cannot be avoided, but by this ;  
 It will not be avoided, but by this.  
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)  
 Be the attorney of my love to her.  
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;  
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :  
 Urge the necessity and state of times,  
 And be not peevish found in great designs<sup>7</sup>.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself, to be myself ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

*Q. Eliz.* Yet thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them :

Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed  
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Q. Eliz.* I go.—Write to me, Richard, very shortly,  
 And you shall understand from me her mind<sup>8</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* *Exit Q. ELIZABETH.*

<sup>6</sup> Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :] The passage runs thus in the 4tos :—

“ Without her, follows to this land and me,  
 To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,  
 Sad desolation, ruin and decay.”

<sup>7</sup> And be not *PEEVISH FOUND* in great designs.] “ *Peevish* ” is of course *silly*, as we have often before seen it used: the 4tos. have, “ be not *peevish fond*,” and *fond* has so much the same meaning as *peevish*, that *peevish fond* seems tautology. Nevertheless, “ *peevish found* ” of the folio, 1623, seems injudiciously altered to “ *peevish fond* ” in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>8</sup> And you shall understand from me her mind.] A line only in the folio. The preceding line is defective from the loss of two syllables, and the old annotator on the fo. 1632 informs us that “ Richard ” has been omitted in it. We insert it, as it most inoffensively amends the verse, and does not in any way alter the sense of the speech.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !  
How now ! what news ?

*Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.*

*Rat.* Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast  
Rideth a puissant navy : to our shores  
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.  
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the duke of  
Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

*Cate.* Here, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Catesby, fly to the duke.

*Cate.* I will, my lord, with all convenient haste<sup>1</sup>.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury :  
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,

[*To CATESBY.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

*Cate.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,  
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* Oh ! true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy straight  
The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

*Cate.* I go.

[*Exit.*

*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go ?

*Rat.* Your highness told me, I should post before.

*Enter STANLEY.*

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd<sup>2</sup>.—Stanley, what news with  
you ?

<sup>1</sup> How now ! what news ?] These words are not in the 4tos, which, in the speeches immediately preceding, have one or two unimportant variations. Ratcliff's speech begins in the 4tos, "*My gracious sovereign ;*" but he just afterwards calls Richard "*mighty sovereign.*"

<sup>2</sup> I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.] "*Convenient haste*" is of course such haste as befits the occasion. This line is not in the 4tos, nor the next words of Richard, "*Ratcliff, come hither.*" The folio, by an obvious error, has Catesby for Ratcliff.

<sup>3</sup> My mind is chang'd.] The 4to. reads, characteristically, "*My mind is chang'd, sir ; my mind is chang'd ;*" though to the detriment of the verse, and perhaps merely the repetition of the performer.

*Stan.* None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;  
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

*K. Rich.* Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad?  
What need'st thou run so many miles about,  
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?  
Once more, what news?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him,  
White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess?<sup>3</sup>

*Stan.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,  
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?  
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?  
What heir of York is there alive, but we?  
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?  
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?<sup>4</sup>

*Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.  
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Stan.* No, my good lord; therefore, mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?  
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?<sup>5</sup>  
Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan.* No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to me:<sup>6</sup> What do they in the  
north,  
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty king.  
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,  
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:  
But I'll not trust thee.

<sup>3</sup> Well, as you guess?] Here again the 4tos. repeat the words, "Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess." It may have been Burbadge's manner.

<sup>4</sup> — what MAKES he upon the seas?] "What doth he upon the sea?" in the 4tos. The use of the verb "to make" in this Saxon sense is not uncommon.

<sup>5</sup> Cold friends to ME:] "Cold friends to Richard," in the 4tos. Above, Stanley in the 4to. calls the king "mighty liege," and in the folio as in our text.

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.  
I never was, nor never will be false.

*K. Rich.* Go, then, and muster men : but leave behind  
Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm<sup>6</sup>;  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.]

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*2 Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;  
And every hour more competitors  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong<sup>7</sup>.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*3 Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

*3 Mess.* The news I have<sup>8</sup> to tell your majesty [*Kneeling.*

<sup>6</sup> Look your HEART be firm,] The 4tos. read, "Look your *faith* be firm."

<sup>7</sup> And every hour more competitors

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.] Shakespeare here, and in some other places, uses the word "competitors" in its etymological sense, that of persons seeking or competing to attain the same object—confederates. In "Twelfth Night," A. iv. sc. 2 (Vol. ii. p. 707), the Clown, speaking of those who had conspired with him against Malvolio, says, "The competitors enter." In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," A. ii. sc. 6, "competitor" means *rival*—"Myself in counsel, his competitor." In "Love's Labour's Lost," A. ii. sc. 1 (Vol. ii. p. 110), Boyet calls the Duke and his companions "competitors in oath," they having mutually sworn, among other things, to bar themselves from female society. For the second line, as it stands in the folio, 1623, the 4tos. have, "Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth."

<sup>8</sup> The news I have, &c.] So the folio. The 4tos. read as follows:—

"Your grace mistakes; the news I bring is good:

My news is that, by sudden flood and fall of water,

The duke of Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;

And he himself fled, no man knows whither."

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* I cry thee mercy:  
There is my purse<sup>9</sup>, to cure that blow of thine. [3 *Mess. rises.*  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

*Enter a fourth Messenger.*

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquess Dorset,  
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms:  
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—  
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,  
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;  
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,  
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in arms;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cate.* My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken;  
That is the best news: that the earl of Richmond  
Is, with a mighty power, landed at Milford  
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost.—  
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury: the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

<sup>9</sup> There is my purse,] According to the 4tos, the king says, "O! I cry you mercy, I did mistake," and does not himself condescend to recompense the messenger: his words are, "Ratcliff, reward him for the blow I gave him." The stage-directions, *Kneeling* and 3 *Mess. rises*, are from the corr. fo. 1632, and show that it was the custom on the stage, in the time of the old annotator, for the Messenger to drop on his knee after being struck.

## SCENE V.

A Room in Lord STANLEY's House.

*Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK*<sup>1</sup>.

*Stan.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—  
That, in the sty of the most bloody boar,  
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold :  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head :  
The fear of that holds off my present aid<sup>2</sup>.  
So, get thee gone ; commend me to thy lord :  
Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented,  
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

*Sir Chris.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

*Stan.* What men of name and mark resort to him<sup>3</sup> ?

*Sir Chris.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley ;  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;  
And many more of noble fame and worth<sup>4</sup> :  
And towards London do they bend their power,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stan.* Well, hie thee to thy lord ; I kiss his hand :  
My letter will resolve him of my mind.  
Farewell.

[*Giving papers to Sir CHRISTOPHER.*

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> — Sir Christopher Urswick.] He was chaplain to the countess of Richmond, and afterwards almoner to Henry VII. Here, as in former instances, the style of knighthood is given to Urswick as a priest. See this Vol. p. 15.

<sup>2</sup> The fear of that HOLDS OFF my present aid.] The 4tos. read *withholds* for "holds off," and the folio adds the three next lines, which in the 4tos. are made part of the concluding speech of Stanley.

<sup>3</sup> What men of name AND MARK resort to him?] The ordinary text omits "and mark," for which we are indebted to the corr. fo. 1632: the line is imperfect without the words, and we have no doubt that they had escaped either in copying, printing, or recitation.

<sup>4</sup> And many MORE of NOBLE fame and worth :] Such is the line in the 4tos, which is probably right, as we have had "men of name" just above. The folio has "And many other of great name and worth."

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury. An open Place.

*Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.**Buck.* Will not king Richard let me speak with him?*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore, be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,  
 Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
 By underhand corrupted foul injustice,  
 If that your moody discontented souls  
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
 Even for revenge mock my destruction!—  
 This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

*Sher.* It is.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.  
 This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,  
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
 False to his children, or his wife's allies:  
 This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall  
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;  
 This, this All-souls' day to my fearful soul  
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.  
 That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,  
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
 To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms:  
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck<sup>1</sup>:—  
 "When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,  
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—  
 Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;  
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

*[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Officers.]*

<sup>1</sup> THUS Margaret's curse FALLS HEAVY ON MY NECK:] The 4tos. give this line, "Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head."

## SCENE II.

A Plain near Tamworth.

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, with a paper, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and others : Forces marching.*

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,  
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
The reckless, bloody, and usurping boar<sup>6</sup>,  
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough  
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine  
Is now ' even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thousand men<sup>7</sup>,  
To fight against this guilty homicide.

*Herb.* I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,  
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march.  
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> The RECKLESS, bloody, and usurping boar,] Here, in the old copies, we have an instance of a misheard epithet, viz. *wretched* for "reckless," the word substituted in the corr. fo. 1632. *Wretched* could not have been Shakespeare's language, but "reckless" is precisely adapted to the place and person, in reference to the indiscriminating character of Richard's, i. e. the boar's, slaughters: we have therefore inserted it in the text.

<sup>7</sup> Is now] "*Lies now*" in the 4tos; perhaps, preferably.

<sup>8</sup> — a thousand MEN,] "A thousand *swords*" in the 4tos. In the next line the 4tos. read *that bloody* instead of "this guilty."



## SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

*Enter King RICHARD, and Forces; the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad<sup>o</sup>?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;  
[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors<sup>1</sup>?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.—

Call for some men of sound direction.—

Let's lack no discipline<sup>2</sup>, make no delay,

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.]

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Officers. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's tent.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,

<sup>o</sup> My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?] In the 4tos. this question is addressed to Catesby, "Why, how now Catesby!" &c., and the answer is consistently given by Catesby.

<sup>1</sup> — the number of the TRAITORS?] The 4tos. less forcibly read *for* for "traitors;" and in the next line for "utmost power" the same editions have *greatest number*.

<sup>2</sup> Let's LACK no discipline,] The 4tos, "Let's *want* no discipline." There are some minor variations, which do not require particular notice.

And by the bright track of his fiery car,  
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—  
 Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—  
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent<sup>3</sup> :  
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
 Limit each leader to his several charge,  
 And part in just proportion our small power.  
 My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—  
 And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me<sup>4</sup>.  
 The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :  
 Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,  
 And by the second hour in the morning  
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent.—  
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me :  
 Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colours much,  
 (Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)  
 His regiment lies half a mile, at least,  
 South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible,  
 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him<sup>5</sup>,  
 And give him from me this most needful note. [*Giving it.*]

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it :  
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night<sup>6</sup> !

*Richm.* Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,  
 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business :  
 In to my tent, the dew is raw and cold<sup>7</sup>.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

*K. Rich.* What is't o'clock ?

<sup>3</sup> Give me some ink and paper in my tent :] The 4to. editions place this line, and three others in Richmond's last speech, before he and his officers withdraw into the tent. We adhere to the arrangement of the folio ; but Pope thought it more natural that these directions should come later.

<sup>4</sup> And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.] This and the preceding line are only in the folio.

<sup>5</sup> Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,] So the folio : the 4tos, " Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him," which is exactly a repetition of a preceding line : in the next line, the 4tos. have *scroll* for "note" of the folio.

<sup>6</sup> And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!] This line is not in the 4tos.

<sup>7</sup> — the dew is raw and cold.] The 4tos. have *air* for "dew."

*Cate.* It's supper time, my lord ; it's nine o'clock\*.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was,

And all my armour laid into my tent ?

*Cate.* It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.

Use careful watch ; choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff'!

*Rat.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment : bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch<sup>1</sup> :

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!—

*Rat.* My lord.

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland ?

*Rat.* Thomas, the earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop

Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So : I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine :

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.— [*Wine brought.*]

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready ?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch. Leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent

And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*King RICHARD retires into his tent. Exeunt*

RATCLIFF and CATESBY.]

\* It's supper time, my lord ; it's nine o'clock.] The 4tos. read, " It is six o'clock, full supper time." It is not easy to account for such discrepancies between the old copies, 4to. and folio.

<sup>1</sup> Ratcliff!] In the 4tos. Richard calls Catesby. According to the folio Richard calls Ratcliff twice, here, and at the end of his speech.

<sup>1</sup> Give me a watch:] i. e. Most likely, a light, then called a watch-light ; but Richard may only mean, let me have a guard, and he afterwards orders that his guard should watch. " Cock-shut time," below, is twilight.

RICHMOND'S *tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.*

*Enter* STANLEY.

*Stan.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

*Richm.* All comfort, that the dark night can afford,  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !

Tell me, I pray, how fares our loving mother<sup>2</sup> ?

*Stan.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :  
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.  
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot)  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time  
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.  
God give us leisure for these rites of love !  
Once more, adieu.—Be valiant, and speed well !

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap<sup>3</sup> ;  
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,  
When I should mount with wings of victory.  
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c. *with* STANLEY.

Oh ! Thou, whose captain I account myself, [Kneeling.  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;

<sup>2</sup> — our LOVING mother?] So the 4tos: the folio has "our noble mother," but *noble* has occurred in the preceding line. "I pray" is from the corr. fo. 1632, having been carelessly omitted to the injury of the line.

<sup>3</sup> I'll strive, with troubled THOUGHTS, to take a nap;] "Thoughts" is from the 4to, which is much preferable to *noise*, the reading of the folio, 1623, but changed to "thoughts" in the corr. fo. 1632. To *peise* down, in the next line, is to *weigh* down: see Vol. ii. p. 306, and Vol. iii. p. 152. The word was common to Shakespeare, and to the writers of his time.

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
 Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!  
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
 That we may praise thee in thy victory! [Rising.  
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:  
 Sleeping, and waking, oh! defend me still!  
 [Lies down and sleeps.

*The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, Son to HENRY the Sixth, rises between the two tents*<sup>4</sup>.

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
 [To King RICHARD.

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth  
 At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die.—

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls  
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth rises.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortal, my anointed body  
 [To King RICHARD.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes<sup>5</sup>.  
 Think on the Tower, and me: despair, and die;  
 Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die.—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [To RICHMOND.  
 Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,  
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep<sup>6</sup>: live, and flourish.

*The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
 [To King RICHARD.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

<sup>4</sup> The Ghost, &c., rises between the two tents.] In the old copies, 4to. and folio, the ghosts are said to "enter;" but at that date there were trap-doors in the stage, by which spirits and fiends sometimes ascended. Such may have been the case here.

<sup>5</sup> By thee was punched full of DEADLY holes.] The epithet "deadly" is not in the folio: it is necessary to the verse, and is warranted by the 4to. editions, as well as by the corr. fo. 1632, into the margin of which it is introduced.

<sup>6</sup> Doth comfort thee in thy sleep:] "Thy" is from the 4to; the corr. fo. 1632 reads "Live *thou* and flourish"—of doubtful fitness.

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die.

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [To RICHMOND.  
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;  
Good angels guard thy battle ! Live and flourish.

*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.*

*Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow'.

[To King RICHARD.

Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair, and die.

*Grey.* Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair.

[To King RICHARD.

*Vaugh.* Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear  
Let fall thy pointless lance. Despair, and die'.—

[To King RICHARD.

*All.* Awake ! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

[To RICHMOND.

Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day !

*The Ghost of HASTINGS rises'.*

*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;

[To King RICHARD.

And in a bloody battle end thy days.

Think on Lord Hastings. So despair, and die'.—

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake ! [To RICHMOND.  
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

*The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower :

<sup>7</sup> Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.] By a misprint in the 4tos. of 1597 and 1598, this line has the prefix *King*: the error was corrected in the 4to, 1602, and consequently in the folio, 1623.

<sup>8</sup> Let fall thy POINTLESS lance. Despair, and die.] The line is imperfect without "pointless," which we obtain from the corr. fo. 1632: above, we have the Ghost of Clarence speaking of Richard's "edgeless sword" just in the same way as the Ghost of Vaughan here speaks of Richard's "pointless lance." In the next line but one "him" is omitted in the folio, 1632, but it is inserted in the margin by the old annotator.

<sup>9</sup> The Ghost of Hastings rises.] In the 4tos. the ghosts of the two young princes "enter" before the ghost of Hastings.

<sup>1</sup> Think on lord Hastings. So despair, and die.] "So" is from the corr. fo. 1632. It has been the custom for modern editors to thrust *and* into the line without authority, but "so" was probably the poet's word.

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard <sup>2</sup>;  
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.  
 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;  
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!  
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings.  
 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.*

*Ghost.* Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,  
 That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:  
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
 And fall thy powerless arm. Despair, and die <sup>3</sup>.—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep; [*To RICHMOND.*  
 Dream of success and happy victory:  
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.*

*Ghost.* The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;  
 [*To King RICHARD.*

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.  
 Oh! in the battle think on Buckingham,  
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness.  
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:  
 Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.—

I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid; [*To RICHMOND.*  
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:  
 God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side;  
 And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD starts out  
 of his dream.*

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—

<sup>2</sup> Let us be LEAD within thy bosom, Richard,] The folio and the later 4tos. read, "Let us be *laid*," &c.: considering the next line, we should have been disposed to think it a misprint for *lead*, and so it appears to have been by the 4to, 1597, which has "lead" for "*laid*." It is the only 4to. in which the line is correctly given, and another proof of its value is thus afforded.

<sup>3</sup> And fall thy POWERLESS ARM. Despair, and die.] Here, in the old copies, for "powerless arm" we have "edgeless sword," words given already to the Ghost of Clarence. Shakespeare would hardly have repeated them, and we are convinced that he did not do so by the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, where "edgeless sword" is struck out, and "powerless arm" inserted in its place.

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—  
 Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—  
 The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight<sup>4</sup>.  
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:  
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I<sup>5</sup>.  
 Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:  
 Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: why?  
 Lest I revenge. What! Myself upon myself?  
 Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,  
 That I myself have done unto myself?  
 Oh! no: alas! I rather hate myself,  
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
 I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.  
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.  
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
 Perjury, foul perjury<sup>6</sup>, in the high'st degree;  
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;  
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,  
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!  
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;  
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—  
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself.  
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd  
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*Rat.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Who's there?

*Rat.* Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock

<sup>4</sup> It is now dead midnight.] The 4tos, after that of 1597, and the folios have, "It is *not* dead midnight," but the earliest edition again gives us the true reading, which is also found in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>5</sup> — that is, I AM I.] The 4to, 1597, has it, "that is, I *and* I," an error corrected in the 4to, 1598, and in the folio.

<sup>6</sup> Perjury, *foul* perjury.] The second "perjury" is derived from all the 4tos, and is not in the folio. The corr. fo. 1632 puts the epithet "foul" before the second "perjury," and we do not hesitate to introduce it, seeing that it corresponds with "murder, stern murder," in the next line.

<sup>7</sup> Who's there?] The 4tos, "*Zounds!* who is there?"



Hath twice done salutation to the morn :

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream.—

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord<sup>8</sup>.

*K. Rich.* O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear.—

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me :  
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*]

*Enter OXFORD and others.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond.

*Richm.* Cry mercy, lords, [*Waking.*] and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,  
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,  
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!  
I promise you, my heart is very jocund<sup>9</sup>  
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.  
How far into the morning is it, lords?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—

[*He advances to the Troops*<sup>1</sup>.]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time

<sup>8</sup> No doubt, my lord.] This answer by Ratcliff, and the preceding speech by Richard, are wanting in the folio; and as the sense is evidently incomplete without some mention of Richard's dream, they are introduced into our text from the 4tos; but the corr. fo. 1632 cures the defect by the insertion of Richard's words, "I have dream'd a fearful dream."

<sup>9</sup> — my HEART is very jocund] The 4tos. have *soul* for "heart."

<sup>1</sup> He advances to the Troops.] "His oration to his soldiers" is placed, as a sort of title, before this speech in the old copies, 4to. and folio.

Forbids to dwell on : yet remember this,—  
 God and our good cause fight upon our side ;  
 The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,  
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.  
 Richard except, those whom we fight against  
 Had rather have us win, than him they follow.  
 For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,  
 A bloody tyrant, and a homicide ;  
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;  
 One that made means to come by what he hath,  
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him ;  
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;  
 One that hath ever been God's enemy.  
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers :  
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down<sup>2</sup> ;  
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;  
 If you do fight against your country's foes,  
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;  
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;  
 If you do free your children from the sword,  
 Your children's children quit it in your age<sup>3</sup>.  
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,  
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.  
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;  
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,  
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;  
 God, and Saint George ! Richmond, and victory ! [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond ?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

<sup>2</sup> If you do SWEAT to put a tyrant down,] So the 4tos. of 1597 and 1598 : that of 1602 first misprinted *swear* instead of "sweat," and it stands "swear" in the subsequent impressions in 4to. and folio : *swear* is carefully altered to "sweat" in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>3</sup> Your children's children QUIT it in your age.] *i. e.* *Quite* or *requite* it, a form of the word in very frequent use.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth : and what said Surrey then ?

*Rat.* He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

*K. Rich.* He was i' the right ; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar<sup>4</sup>.—

[*A calendar brought.*

Who saw the sun to-day ?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,  
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody.—

*Ratcliff*,—

*Rat.* My lord ?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day :  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,  
More than to Richmond ? for the self-same heaven,  
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

*Enter NORFOLK.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord ! the foe vaunts in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle.—Caparison my horse !—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length<sup>5</sup>,

Consisting equally of horse and foot :

Our archers shall be placed in the midst.

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow them<sup>6</sup>

In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

<sup>4</sup> Give me a calendar.] We learn from a manuscript stage-direction in the corr. fo. 1632, that it was the old custom of the stage for Richard here to be furnished with a calendar, or what looked like one, from the theatrical properties : we have therefore inserted it.

<sup>5</sup> — drawn out ALL in length,] So the 4to, 1597 : the other 4tos. and the folio, to the injury of the sense as well as of the measure, omit "out all." We have, therefore, restored the words accidentally omitted.

<sup>6</sup> They thus directed, we will follow THEM] The word "them" having dropped out at the end of the line, and being required for the metre, we insert it from the corr. fo. 1632.

This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou,  
Norfolk?

*Nor.* A good direction, warlike sovereign.—

This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a paper.*]

*K. Rich.* “Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold”, [*Reads.*]

For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.”

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

For conscience is a word<sup>7</sup> that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd<sup>8</sup>?

Remember whom you are to cope withal;—

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,

A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction<sup>1</sup>.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;

You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,

They would distrai<sup>2</sup>n the one, distain the other<sup>3</sup>.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost;

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;

<sup>7</sup> — be not too bold,] The early copies, including the folio, 1623, have, “be not *so* bold;” but the 4to. of 1634 reads, “be not *too* bold,” which is consistent with the words in Hall and Holinshed. We have therefore adopted “too,” notwithstanding it was allowed to remain “*so* bold” in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>8</sup> For conscience is a word] The 4tos, “Conscience is *but* a word.”

<sup>9</sup> What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?] In the 4tos. this line is preceded by a head, “His oration to his army.”

<sup>1</sup> To desperate VENTURES and assur'd destruction.] “Ventures” having been corrupted to *adventures* in the old copies, it has generally been so reprinted; but no argument can be necessary, with those who have any ear for verse, to convince them that the annotator on the corr. fo. 1632 was well warranted in amending it to “ventures.” Steevens also read “ventures.”

<sup>2</sup> They would DISTRAIN the one, distain the other.] It is “*restrain* the one” in the 4tos. and folios, but an evident error for “distrain,” which Warburton guessed, and which is supported by the corr. fo. 1632.

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.  
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
 And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our fathers  
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,  
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.  
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!<sup>3</sup>  
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;  
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:  
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

*Mess.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head!

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:  
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.  
 Advance our standards! set upon our foes!  
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,  
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets<sup>4</sup>.  
 [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field.

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him  
 CATESBY.*

*Cate.* Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!  
 The king enacts more wonders than a man,

<sup>3</sup> FIGHT, gentlemen of England! fight, BOLD yeomen!] So the 4to, 1597, which we ought here to follow: the folio reads, evidently corruptly, "Right, gentlemen of England! fight *boldly*, yeomen." It adopted the line, with its errors, from the 4to, 1602.

<sup>4</sup> Victory sits on our HELMS.] Here again the folio, 1623, adopted a corruption from the 4to, 1602, by printing *helps* for "helms." The 4tos. of 1597 and 1598 have "helms," and, as might be expected, it is "helms" in the corr. fo. 1632.

Daring an opposite to every danger.  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,  
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.  
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

*Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave ! I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND ; they fight ;  
RICHARD is slain<sup>5</sup>. Retreat and flourish. Then enter STANLEY  
bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

*Richm.* God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends ;  
The day is our's, the bloody dog is dead.

*Stan.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo ! here, this long-usurped royalty<sup>7</sup>,  
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it<sup>8</sup>.

*Richm.* Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all !—  
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

*Stan.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;  
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !] This is almost the only place where a verbal resemblance can be traced between Shakespeare and the old "True Tragedy of Richard the Third," 1594 : there the King enters wounded, and exclaims,

"A horse ! a horse ! a fresh horse !"

<sup>6</sup> — Richard is slain.] According to the old stage-direction Richard was killed before the audience—"Enter Richard and Richmond : they fight ; Richard is slain." Malone killed Richard off the stage.

<sup>7</sup> — THIS long-usurped ROYALTY,] So the 4to, 1597 ; the folio reads "*these* long-usurped *royalties*," and the later 4tos, "this long-usurped *royalties*." The conclusion of the speech seems to show that we ought to read "royalty," meaning the crown, in the singular.

<sup>8</sup> Wear it, ENJOY IT, and make much of it.] So the two earliest 4tos : that of 1602 omits "enjoy it," and in this blunder is followed by the folio, 1623, but the words "enjoy it" are added in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>9</sup> Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.] The folio reads, "Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us."

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side?

*Stan.* John duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,  
That in submission will return to us;  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
We will unite the white rose and the red :—  
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !—  
What traitor hears me, and says not, amen ?  
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :  
All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided in their dire division,  
Oh ! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together <sup>1</sup> !  
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so)  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,  
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !  
Rebate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord <sup>2</sup> ,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !  
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,  
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !  
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again !  
That she may long live here, God say amen !

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !] Our punctuation is that of the corr. fo. 1632. It has been usual, but, as we think, decidedly wrong, to put a period after "dire division."

<sup>2</sup> REBATE the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,] In every edition, ancient and modern, the text here has been, "*Abate* the edge of traitors ;" and, for the first time since this play was originally printed in 1597, the emendation of "*Rebate*" for *Abate* was proposed in our vol. of "*Notes and Emendations*," on the foundation of the corr. fo. 1632. The following quotation was also there made from "*Measure for Measure*," A. i. sc. 5 :—

"But doth rebate and blunt the natural edge," &c.

in order to support the change, which indeed could not be disputed. Mr. Singer borrows both "*Rebate*" and our illustration of its fitness, from "*Notes and Emendations*;" but although he admits that "the poet's word" has thus been recovered, he is entirely silent as to the source of the new light that has broken in upon him. It is astonishing how often he has been equally negligent.

# KING HENRY VIII.



**“The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight,”**  
was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-eight pages ; viz. from p. 205 to p. 232, inclusive. It is the last play in the division of “Histories.” It fills the same place in the later impressions in the same form.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE principal question, in relation to Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," is, when it was written. We are satisfied, both by the internal and external evidence, that it came from the poet's pen after James I. had ascended the throne.

Independently of the whole character of the drama, which was little calculated to please Elizabeth, it seems to us that Cranmer's prophecy, in A. v. sc. 4, is quite decisive. There the poet first speaks of Elizabeth, and of the advantages derived from her rule, and then proceeds in the clearest manner to notice her successor:—

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself;  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one  
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd."

Ingenuity cannot pervert these lines to any other meaning; but it has been said that they, and some others which follow them, were a subsequent introduction; and, moreover, that they were the work of Ben Jonson, on the revival of the play in the reign of James I. There does not exist a particle of evidence to establish either proposition. Any person, reading the whole of Cranmer's speech at the christening, can hardly fail to perceive such an entireness and sequence of thoughts and words in it, as to make it very unlikely that it was not dictated by the same intellect, and written by the same pen. Malone and others made up their minds that "Henry the Eighth" was produced before the death of Elizabeth; and finding the passage we have quoted directly in the teeth of this supposition, they charged it as a subsequent addition, fixed the authorship of it upon a different poet, and printed it between brackets.

As to external evidence, there is one fact which has never had

sufficient importance given to it. We allude to the following memorandum in the Registers of the Stationers' Company :—

" 12 Feb. 1604

" Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it, and then procure the wardens hands to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy."

Chalmers asserted, without qualification, that this entry referred to a contemporaneous play by Samuel Rowley, under the title of " When you see me you know me," 1605 ; but the " enterlude " is expressly called in the entry " K. Henry 8th," and we feel no hesitation in concluding that it referred to Shakespeare's drama, which had probably been brought out at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1604. The memorandum, judging from its terms, seems to have been made, not so much at the instance of Nathaniel Butter, the bookseller, as of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and in order to prevent a surreptitious publication of the play. The " 12 Feb. 1604," was, of course, the 12 Feb. 1605, and at that date Butter had not begun to print " Henry the Eighth." No edition of it is known before it appeared in the folio of 1623, and we may infer that Butter failed in getting " good allowance " with " the wardens' hands to it."

The Globe Theatre was destroyed on 29th June, 1613, the thatch with which it was covered having been fired by the discharge of some small pieces of ordnance. It has been stated by Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, that the play then in a course of representation was " Henry the Eighth ;" and this fact is confirmed by a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated on the day after the fire, and preserved in MS. Harl. No. 7002. John Chamberlain, writing to Sir R. Winwood, nine days subsequent to the calamity, does not mention the play ; but Sir Henry Wotton in a letter of 2nd July, printed in his *Reliquiæ* (edit. 1672, p. 425), tells his correspondent that the play had for title " All is True." These apparently contradictory statements are capable of being reconciled, if we only suppose, as there is good reason for doing, that the drama had originally been called " Henry the Eighth," and that, on its revival on this occasion, with such additions and alterations as to induce Sir Henry Wotton to term it " a new play," it bore for its novel title " All is True."

There is little doubt that he was right, because a ballad on the occasion of the burning of the Globe has for burden at the close of every stanza " All is True ;" it was entered for publication in the Registers of the Stationers' Company in 1613 ; but, although printed, it has only reached us in manuscript, and a very imperfect

and corrupted copy of it was inserted in "The Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. lxxxvi. p. 114. It was reprinted in the "Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," Vol. i. p. 387, but we have since obtained a much improved version (wanting, however, the date of the year) from the same source, containing, among other things, an additional stanza (the fifth), which is the more important, because it may be said to establish that the trial of Queen Katharine formed part of the drama, and thus there is every likelihood that the piece in a course of representation on 29th June, 1613; was Shakespeare's drama. We subjoin it, and this circumstance, of course, gives the ballad additional interest.

**"THE LAMENTABLE BURNING OF THE GLOBE PLAY-HOUSE  
ON S. PETER'S DAY.**

" Now, set thee down, Melpomene,  
Wrapp'd in a coal-black robe,  
And tell the doleful tragedy  
Late played at the Globe;  
Where all men that could sing or say  
Were scar'd upon S. Peter's day.  
O, sorrow! O, pitiful sorrow!  
And yet it All is True.

" All you that please to understand  
Come listen to my story,  
And see Death with his rake-hell brand  
Amongst the auditory;  
Regarding neither Cardinal's state,  
Nor bearded face of Henry the Eight.  
O, sorrow! &c.

" This fearful fire began above  
By firing chambers two;  
And to the stage did soon remove,  
And burn'd th' apparel new:  
Consuming every garish rag,  
Not sparing even the silken flag.  
O, sorrow! &c.

" Away ran knights, away ran lords,  
Away ran Burbadge too:  
Some lost their hats, their cloaks and swords,  
For there was such ado.  
Old Tooley, careful of his bundle,  
Was forc'd to fly with Harry Cundell.  
O, sorrow! &c.

" Away ran poets, eight or nine,  
Who would take no denial:  
Away ran Lady Katharine,  
Nor waited out her trial.  
Such trial was not in her part;  
Escape was all she had at heart.  
O, sorrow! &c.

" Then perriwigs and drum-heads fry,  
 And blaze like butter firkin :  
 Coal-black was presently the dye  
 Of many a good buff jerkin.  
 While with swell'd lips, like drunken Fleming,  
 Distraught and sad stood stuttering Hemming.  
 O, sorrow ! &c.

" No shower of rain did then pour down,  
 For it was summer weather,  
 To save that play-house of renown,  
 And ale-house both together.  
 Had it begun below, no doubt,  
 The maids and wives had put it out.  
 O, sorrow ! &c.

" Be warned you tall stage-strutters all  
 Lest fire again be caught :  
 Remember how it did befall,  
 Because your roof was thatched.  
 Forbear your wenching otherwhiles,  
 And save your cash to thatch with tiles.  
 O, sorrow ! &c.

" Go, poets, and prepare petitions,  
 And through all London beg :  
 To the Lord Mayor now make submission,  
 And fawn, and make a leg.  
 Take heed you be not too too witty,  
 Or you'll get nothing in the City.  
 O, sorrow ! O, pitiful sorrow !  
 And yet it All is True."

Ben Jonson in his "Execration against Vulcan," adverting to this calamity, informs us, like the ballad, that the company had only "two pcor chambers" (small pieces of artillery) to cause the conflagration, but he gives no hint that he ever had any hand in the additions and alterations to Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," when, as we have supposed, it was revived at the Globe in 1613, under the new title of "All is True." By whom these changes, including the Prologue and Epilogue, were made has been a subject of modern speculation, and two able writers have contended that they were by Fletcher, and they have even gone so far as to point out the particular scenes and passages he contributed<sup>1</sup>. We are not prepared to say more, than that the versification, where it is unlike that of Shakespeare, as for instance in the Prologue and Epilogue, is not dissimilar to that of the contemporary who has been thus pointed out.

<sup>1</sup> See an article by Mr. Spedding in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1851, and Mr. S. Hickson's communication to "Notes and Queries," Aug. 24, 1850.

In the instance of "Henry the Eighth," as of many other works by our great dramatist, there is ground for believing that there existed a preceding play on the same story. Henslowe's Diary affords us some curious and important evidence on this point, unknown to Malone. According to this authority (pp. 189. 198. 221, &c.), two plays were written in the year 1601 for the Earl of Nottingham's players, on the events of the life of Cardinal Wolsey, including necessarily some of the chief incidents of the reign of Henry VIII. These plays consisted of a first and second part, the one called "The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey," and the other "Cardinal Wolsey." We collect that the last was produced first, and the success it met with on the stage was perhaps the occasion of the second drama, containing, in fact, the commencement of the story. Of this course of proceeding Henslowe's Diary furnishes several other examples.

A farther point established by the same authority is, that Henslowe expended an unusual amount in getting up the drama. On the 10th Aug. 1601, he paid no less than 21*l.* for "velvet, sattin, and taffeta" for the dresses, a sum equal now to about 100*l.* Upon the costumes only, in the whole, considerably more than 200*l.* were laid out, reckoning the value of money in 1601 at about five times its value at present.

We may conclude with tolerable certainty that Shakespeare wrote "Henry the Eighth" in the winter of 1603-4, and that it was first acted at the Globe soon after the commencement of the season there, which seems to have begun towards the close of April, as soon as a theatre open to the weather could be conveniently employed. The coronation procession of Anne Bullen forms a prominent feature in the drama; and as the coronation of James I. and Anne of Denmark took place on the 24th July, 1603, we may not unreasonably suppose that the audiences at the Globe were intended to be reminded of that event, and that the show, detailed with such unusual minuteness in the folio of 1623, was meant as a remote imitation of its splendour. The opinion, that Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" was undoubtedly written after the accession of James I., was expressed and printed by us many years ago: the words "aged princess" (no part of the imputed addition by Ben Jonson) would never have been used by Shakespeare during the life of Elizabeth.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>.

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KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK. EARL OF SURREY.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN. LORD CHANCELLOR.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN. LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen. Garter, King at Arms.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

<sup>1</sup> First prefixed to the play, and printed by Rowe.

## PROLOGUE.

---

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
The subject will deserve it: such, as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too: those, that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they,  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow<sup>1</sup>,  
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
To make that only true we now intend,  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known,  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,

<sup>1</sup> In a long MOTLEY coat, GUARDED with yellow,] The variegated dress of a professed fool of old was called "motley." "Guarded" means *protected* or *ornamented* with lace. See Vol. ii. pp. 17. 287, Vol. iii. p. 486, &c. There is here an obvious allusion to some play, already popular, on the reign of Henry VIII., in which a fool played a prominent part: it was, probably, Samuel Rowley's "When you see me, you know me," first printed in 1605, where Will Somers, the king's jester, figures conspicuously.



Be sad as we would make ye : think, ye see  
The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living<sup>2</sup> ; think, you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat  
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery :  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

<sup>2</sup> The frequent repetitions of the words "true" and "truth" in this Prologue seem to refer to the title the play is supposed to have borne (not as it originally came from the pen of Shakespeare, when it was unquestionably called "King Henry the Eighth") on its revival in 1613, when the performance was stopped by the burning of the Globe Theatre.

# KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door ; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.*

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have you done, Since last we saw in France?

*Nor.* I thank your grace,  
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde :  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory : men might say,  
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders it's : to-day the French  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,

Shone down the English ; and to-morrow they  
 Made Britain, India : every man that stood  
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubims, all gilt : the madams, too,  
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
 The pride upon them, that their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting : now this mask  
 Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night  
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,  
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As presence did present them ; him in eye,  
 Still him in praise ; and, being present both,  
 'Twas said, they saw but one : and no discerner  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure<sup>1</sup>. When these suns  
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That Bevis was believ'd<sup>2</sup>.

*Buck.*

Oh ! you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal :  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;  
 Order gave each thing view : the office did  
 Distinctly his full function<sup>3</sup>.

*Buck.*

Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs

<sup>1</sup> Durst wag his tongue in CENSURE.] *i. e.* In giving an *opinion* or *judgment*. The word was over and over again employed in this sense, and two instances are to be found in the same scene of "As You Like It," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. ii. pp. 408. 413, where no note was thought necessary, the word speaking for itself.

<sup>2</sup> That Bevis was believ'd.] The story of the old romance of Bevis of Southampton. Bevis was a Saxon, and was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror Earl of Southampton.

<sup>3</sup> Distinctly his full function.] In the folio there is an error here in the distribution of the dialogue. From "All was royal" down to "Distinctly his full function," is made the commencement of Buckingham's speech, who knew nothing about the matter beyond the information he received from Norfolk. Theobald, therefore, very properly made it a continuation of Norfolk's speech, letting Buckingham begin with the question, "Who did guide," &c. In the corr. fo. 1632 the words, "the office did distinctly his full function," are nevertheless made a portion of Buckingham's speech, but it seems to be part of the original error, since Buckingham could only guess whether the office "did its full function" or not.

Of this great sport together, as you guess ' ?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no element<sup>4</sup>  
In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord ?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,  
That such a keech<sup>5</sup> can, with his very bulk,  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied  
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note<sup>6</sup>,  
The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys<sup>7</sup>  
A place next to the king.

*Aber.* I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him : let some graver eye  
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride

<sup>4</sup> — as you guess ?] These words in the folio, 1623, are made the beginning of Norfolk's reply, instead of the end of Buckingham's inquiry.

<sup>5</sup> — element] No *initiation* (says Johnson), no previous practice. Elements are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge.

<sup>6</sup> That such a *KEECH*] A "keech" is a mass of fat, such as is rolled up by butchers. See note to "Henry IV., Part I.," Vol. iii. p. 359. As Steevens remarks, it was appropriately and contemptuously applied by Buckingham to the lusty Wolsey, who was a butcher's son.

<sup>7</sup> Out of his self-drawing web, *HE* gives us note,] The line in the first folio stands exactly thus :—" Out of his self-drawing web. O gives us note ;" and it is repeated in the same form in the later folios, excepting that a mark of admiration is placed after "O" in the second folio. Steevens corrected "O" to "he." The MS. from which the first folio was printed, perhaps, had "'a gives us note," "he" being often expressed by "'a" in familiar dialogue by Shakespeare : the compositor mistook *a* for *o*, and thinking it an interjection, (without attending to the sense, which is a little obscure,) he inserted a period, and made use of a capital *O* : hence the difficulty.

<sup>8</sup> A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys] The old annotator on the folio, 1632, interpolates *and* in this line, and omits "for," reading it thus :—

"A gift which heaven gives him, *and* which buys ;"  
but there seems little need of any change.

Peep through each part of him : whence has he that ?  
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;  
 Or has given all before, and he begins  
 A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,  
 Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
 (Without the privy o' the king) t' appoint  
 Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file  
 Of all the gentry ; for the most part such  
 Too, whom as great a charge as little honour  
 He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,  
 The honourable board of council out,  
 Must fetch him in he papers<sup>9</sup>.

*Aber.* I do know  
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
 They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* Oh ! many  
 Have broke their backs, with laying manors on them  
 For this great journey. What did this vanity,  
 But minister consummation of  
 A most poor issue<sup>1</sup> ?

*Nor.* Grievingly I think,  
 The peace between the French and us not values  
 The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man,  
 After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
 A thing inspir'd ; and, not consulting, broke  
 Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,  
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
 The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out ;  
 For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd

<sup>9</sup> ——— and his own letter,

The honourable board of council out,  
 Must fetch him in he papers.] The meaning, though obscurely expressed,  
 seems to be, that Wolsey's letter, leaving out the approbation of the council,  
 must fetch in the persons whom he put down upon paper. The passage is erased  
 in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>1</sup> But minister CONSUMMATION of

A most poor issue ?] *i. e.* The accomplishment or attainment of a most poor  
 result. The old printer misread "consummation" and, not attending to the sense  
 of the passage, composed *communication*, which is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632,  
 and "consummation" written in the margin instead of it. The old text is little  
 better than nonsense.

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.*

Is it therefore

Th' ambassador is silenc'd ?

*Nor.*

Marry, is't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate.

*Buck.*

Why, all this business

Our reverend cardinal carried.

*Nor.*

'Like it your grace,

The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together : to consider farther, that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful ; and, I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and't may be said,  
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel ;  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo ! where comes that rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,) certain  
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal  
in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKING-  
HAM on him, both full of disdain<sup>1</sup>.*

*Wol.* The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha !  
Where's his examination ?

*1 Secr.*

Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready ?

*1 Secr.*

Ay, please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY, and Train.*]

*Buck.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's brood  
Out-worths a noble's blood<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> — both full of disdain.] This is the old explanatory stage-direction.

<sup>2</sup> — A beggar's brood

Out-worths a noble's blood.] So the corr. fo. 1632, the old text being *boot*

*Nor.* What! are you chaf'd?  
Ask God for temperance; that's th' appliance only,  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in's looks  
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd  
Me, as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores me with some trick. He's gone t' the king:  
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the king;  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim  
There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advis'd;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun  
By violent swiftness that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,  
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along  
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but

for "brood." The usual explanation has been, that the literary attainments of a beggar like Wolsey out-worth or out-value the blood of the nobility: Buckingham, just above, has adverted to the low origin of the Cardinal, and here very naturally terms him "a beggar's brood," or beggar's offspring. The reading has always been "book," but to make *book* stand for qualifications of a literary kind, is to strain it to a meaning Buckingham could hardly have intended, and we know that Wolsey was not a bookish man, and could not, with any fitness, be considered a bookish beggar. Besides, the jingle, probably designed, between "brood" and "blood," is entirely lost by the preservation of *book*.

From sincere motions, by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.*

Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong  
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,  
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,  
As able to perform't, his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)  
Only to show his pomp, as well in France  
As here at home, suggests the king, our master<sup>4</sup>,  
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing<sup>5</sup>.

*Nor.*

Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal  
The articles o' the combination drew,  
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,  
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end,  
As give a crutch t' the dead. But our count-cardinal  
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,  
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,  
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,  
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:  
His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
England and France might, through their amity,  
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily<sup>6</sup>  
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,  
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor

<sup>4</sup> — suggests the king, our master,] i. e. *Tempts*, or *incites* the king. Shakespeare commonly uses "suggest," and "suggestion," in this sense. See, among other places, Vol. ii. p. 611; Vol. iii. p. 565.

<sup>5</sup> Did break i' the RINSING.] In the three earlier folios the word is spelt *wrenching*, which the printer of the fourth folio, not understanding, altered to *drenching*: Nash. in his "Pierce Penniless," 1592, sig. E 3, spells it *rense*. To rinse has been derived from the Germ. *rein*, clean.

<sup>6</sup> He privily] "He," wanting both to the sense and metre in the folio, 1623, was inserted in the folio, 1632.



Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,  
 Ere it was ask'd : but when the way was made,  
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd :—  
 That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases',  
 And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
 To hear this of him ; and could wish he were  
 Something mistaken in't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable :  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

*Serg.* Sir,  
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl  
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
 Of our most sovereign king.

*Buck.* Lo, you, my lord !  
 The net has fall'n upon me : I shall perish  
 Under device and practice'.

*Bran.* I am sorry  
 To see you ta'en from liberty : to look on  
 The business present', 'tis his highness' pleasure,  
 You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing,  
 To plead mine innocence ; for that die is on me,  
 Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven  
 Be done in this and all things.—I obey.—  
 O ! my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

' Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,] There is no doubt, as the commentators prove, that to "buy and sell" was proverbial for to *betray* ; but here the words, as is evident from what foregoes and follows, are to be taken literally, the King's honour having been actually bought and sold by Wolsey.

' Under device and PRACTICE.] In authors of the time, and in Shakespeare especially. "practice" often means fraud or treacherous contrivance. See "The Tempest," A. i. sc. 2, &c.

' The business present,] Brandon means "Adverting to my present duty, it is his highness' pleasure," &c. Such seems the proper punctuation.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company.—The king  
 [To ABERGAVENNY.  
 Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know  
 How he determines farther.]

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
 The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
 By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
 The king t' attach lord Montacute; and the bodies  
 Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
 One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buck.* So, so;  
 These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I hope.

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* Oh! Nicholas Hopkins<sup>10</sup>?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false: the o'er-great cardinal  
 Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already:  
 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out<sup>11</sup>,  
 By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

## The Council-Chamber.

*Cornets.* Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of  
 the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, Attendant. The  
 King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder<sup>12</sup>.

*K. Hen.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,

<sup>10</sup> Oh! Nicholas Hopkins?] Such was the name, according to history, but mis-  
 printed *Michael* Hopkins. Just above, Gilbert Peck is called, by an error of the  
 press, *counsellor*, instead of "chancellor:" both these mistakes are afterwards set  
 right, but they here run through all the folios. In the corr. fo. 1632, for "One  
 Gilbert Peck, his chancellor," the words are "And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,"  
 but the necessity for the change is not very apparent.

<sup>11</sup> Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.] We think Mr. Singer quite  
 right in adopting Johnson's emendation of "out," for *on* of the old copies, in this  
 line. We were formerly anxious to adhere, if possible, to the folio, 1623, and  
 therefore left the word unchanged. The corr. fo. 1632 is silent.

<sup>12</sup> — leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.] The old stage-direction here adds,  
 "the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side." It seems  
 to come more properly afterwards, where, in modern times, it has been usually  
 placed.

Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level<sup>3</sup>  
 Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks  
 To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us  
 That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person  
 I'll hear him his confessions justify,  
 And point by point the treasons of his master  
 He shall again relate.

*The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council occupy their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.*

*A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King rises from his state, takes her up, kisses, and places her by him.*

*Q. Kath.* Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

*K. Hen.* Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit  
 Never name to us; you have half our power:  
 The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;  
 Repeat your will, and take it.

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty.  
 That you would love yourself, and in that love  
 Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
 The dignity of your office, is the point  
 Of my petition.

*K. Hen.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited not by a few,  
 And those of true condition, that your subjects  
 Are in great grievance. There have been commissions  
 Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart  
 Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,  
 My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
 Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
 Of these exactions, yet the king our master,  
 Whose honour heaven shield from soil! even he escapes not  
 Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks  
 The ties of loyalty<sup>4</sup>, and almost appears  
 In loud rebellion.

<sup>3</sup> I stood i' the level] *i. e.* In the direct line of the point-blank aim "of a full charg'd confederacy."

<sup>4</sup> The ties of loyalty,] "The *sides* of loyalty" in the folios; but what is to be understood by "the *sides* of loyalty" it is difficult to say, and the old annotator

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
 It doth appear; for upon these taxations,  
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
 The many to them 'longing, have put off  
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
 Daring th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
 And danger serves among them.

*K. Hen.* Taxation!  
 Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,  
 You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
 Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, sir,  
 I know but of a single part, in ought  
 Pertains to the state; and front but in that file  
 Where others tell steps with me.

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord,  
 You know no more than others; but you frame  
 Things, that are known, belike, which are not wholesome<sup>5</sup>  
 To those which would not know them, and yet must  
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
 Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,  
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,  
 They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer  
 Too hard an exclamation.

*K. Hen.* Still exaction!  
 The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,  
 Is this exaction?

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturous  
 In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief  
 Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
 The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
 Without delay; and the pretence for this  
 Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:  
 Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze

on the corr. fo. 1632 informs us that *sides* was misheard for "ties." We can readily believe him.

<sup>5</sup> Things, that are known, BELIKE, which are not wholesome] *Alike* is the word in the folios, but it can have little or no meaning here; and the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us that the old printer mistook and composed *alike* for "belike," i. e. *probably*.

Allegiance in them : their curses now,  
 Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,  
 Their tractable obedience is a slave<sup>6</sup>  
 To each incensed will. I would, your highness  
 Would give it quick consideration, for  
 There is no primer business<sup>7</sup>.

*K. Hen.* By my life,  
 This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
 I have no farther gone in this, than by  
 A single voice, and that not pass'd me but  
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say,  
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
 That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters (once weak ones<sup>8</sup>) is  
 Not our's, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here, where we sit, or sit  
 State statues only.

*K. Hen.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear :  
 Things done without example, in their issue

<sup>6</sup> THEIR tractable obedience is a slave] It is "*This tractable obedience*" in the folios ; but just before we have had "their duties," "their curses," "their prayers," and it is evident that we should also read "*Their tractable obedience*" with the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>7</sup> There is no primer business.] "Business," for *baseness* of the old editions, was Southern's emendation in his copy of the folio, 1685 ; but it is also made in the corr. fo. 1632, where *baseness* is struck out, and "business" written in. We therefore adopt it, in spite of the fact that *baseness* runs through all the folios, and has been transferred to various modern impressions. *Business* seems misprinted for "baseness" in "The Two Noble Kinsmen" A. iii. sc. 1 (Edit. Dyce, xi. 376).

<sup>8</sup> By sick interpreters (ONCE weak ones)] i. e. By sick interpreters, who are sometimes weak ones : this mode of employing "once" was not peculiar.

Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 A trebling contribution<sup>9</sup>! Why, we take,  
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county  
 Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied  
 The force of this commission. Pray, look to't;  
 I put it to your care.

*Wol.* A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*  
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
 Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd,  
 That through our intercession this revokement  
 And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you  
 Farther in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Q. Kath.* I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham  
 Is run in your displeasure<sup>1</sup>.

*K. Hen.* It grieves many:  
 The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;

<sup>9</sup> A TREBLING contribution!] It stands "A *trembling* contribution" in the old copies, but an evident misprint for "trebling contribution," a contribution of treble the proper amount. Such is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>1</sup> Is RUN in your displeasure.] Here the corr. fo. 1632 introduces a change which we cannot adopt; viz. *one* for "run:" it reads, "Is *one* in your displeasure;" but in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. ii. sc. 5 (Vol. ii. p. 573), Parolles uses the very same expression:—"I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure." We admit, however, that blunders were frequently made from the circumstance, that actors or others imperfectly pronounced the letter *r*. Thus in Webster's "Appius and Virginia" (Edit. Dyce, ii. 160), this passage occurs in the old edition:—

"Let not Virginia wate her contemplation  
 So high."

All commentators have been unable to understand "wate," and have printed it in various fashions, but none the right. The actor, or the person who read to the scribe or the printer, could not pronounce the letter *r*, and said "wate" for *rate*: read *rate*, and nothing can be more comprehensible:—

"Let not Virginia *rate* her contemplation  
 So high."

She was not to value herself too much upon the importance of her contemplation. One instance like this will suffice, but we could add various others.

To nature none more bound ; his training such,  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for aid out of himself : yet see,  
 When these so noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find  
 His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,  
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
 That once were his, and is become as black  
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear  
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
 Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount  
 The fore-recited practices, whereof  
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what you,  
 Most like a careful subject, have collected  
 Out of the duke of Buckingham.

*K. Hen.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
 It would infect his speech, that if the king  
 Should without issue die, he'd carry it so  
 To make the sceptre his. These very words  
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
 Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd  
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
 This dangerous conception in this point.  
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
 His will is most malignant ; and it stretches  
 Beyond you, to your friends.

*Q. Kath.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
 Deliver all with charity.

*K. Hen.* Speak on.  
 How grounded he his title to the crown,  
 Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him  
 At any time speak aught ?

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.] Here, in the old copy, we have

*K. Hen.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand,  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey? I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,  
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after, under the confession's seal',  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor's heirs,  
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive  
To gain the love 'o' the commonalty: the duke  
Shall govern England."

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed,  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

the Christian name right, Nicholas; and the surname wrong, Henton: Hopkins was, however, sometimes called Nicholas Henton, from the place where the convent to which he belonged was situated, viz. Henton, near Bristol.

<sup>3</sup> — the CONFESSION's seal.] The old copies, from the misprint of the first folio, read "*commission's* seal," for "confession's seal." Theobald made the correction, which is supported in terms by Holinshed, Shakespeare's usual authority. In the corr. fo. 1632 also *commission* is amended to "confession," and the blunder may be said to detect itself.

<sup>4</sup> To GAIN the love] The first, second, and third folios read,

—— "bid him strive

To the love," &c.

The word "gain," supplied in the fourth folio, had evidently dropped out in the original impression of this play.



*K. Hen.* Let him on.—  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous  
From this to ruminate on it so far, until<sup>s</sup>  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do: He answer'd, "Tush!  
It can do me no damage:" adding farther,  
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*K. Hen.* Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!  
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say farther?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
About sir William Blomer.

*K. Hen.* I remember,  
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence?

*Surv.* "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,  
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence, which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him."

*K. Hen.* A giant traitor!

*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,  
And this man out of prison?

*Q. Kath.* God mend all!

*K. Hen.* There's something more would out of thee: what  
say'st?

*Surv.* After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"

<sup>s</sup> FROM this to ruminate on it so far, until] So the corr. fo. 1632: the folio, 1623, has "'twas dangerous for this" instead of "from this," and afterwards, in the same line, we have *this* misprinted for "it." We wish that we were authorized in the same way to omit "so far," surplusage as regards sense and measure: we would read the whole thus:—

"The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous  
From this to ruminate on it, until  
It forg'd him some design."

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
 Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
 He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor  
 Was,—were he evil us'd, he would out-go  
 His father, by as much as a performance  
 Does an irresolute purpose.

*K. Hen.* There's his period,  
 To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;  
 Call him to present trial: if he may  
 Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,  
 Let him not seek't of us. By day and night,  
 He is a daring traitor to the height<sup>6</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.*

*Cham.* Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle  
 Men into such strange mysteries?

*Sands.* New customs,  
 Though they be never so ridiculous,  
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
 Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
 A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones,  
 For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,  
 Their very noses had been counsellors  
 To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would  
 take it,  
 That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin,

<sup>6</sup> He is a DARING traitor to the height.] It was not unusual for the first line of a couplet, especially at the end of a scene, to be some syllables short of the proper measure; but most unusual for the second line of a couplet to be so, unless by some gross misprint. The old copies read,

"Let him not seek't of us. By day and night,  
 He's traitor to the height,"

making one leg much shorter than the other. In the corr. fo. 1632 we find the last line as we have printed it, and as we may feel assured it was originally written. The words added to complete the line are such as the King might well have used on the occasion.

A springhalt reign'd among them.

*Cham.* Death ! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too',  
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom. How now !  
What news, sir Thomas Lovell ?

*Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Lov.* 'Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is't for ?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I am glad 'tis there : now, I would pray our  
monsieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either  
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks ;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom ; renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men,  
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities.

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;  
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle them ! I am glad they're going,

' — after such a pagan cut too,] The fourth folio first read "too;" the first and second folios, *too't*, perhaps meant for *to't* or *to it*. Above, we would read, "Or springhalt reign'd among them."

For, sure, there's no converting of them : now,  
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
 And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r-lady,  
 Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, lord Sands :  
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord ;  
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
 Whither were you a going ?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's.  
 Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* Oh ! 'tis true :  
 This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
 To many lords and ladies : there will be  
 The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us :  
 His dewes fall every where.

*Cham.* No doubt, he's noble ;  
 He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord, he has wherewithal : in him  
 Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.  
 Men of his sway should be most liberal<sup>a</sup> ;  
 They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so ;  
 But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;  
 Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas,  
 We shall be late else ; which I would not be,  
 For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,  
 This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> Men of his sway should be most liberal ;] It is "Men of his way" in the folios, but amended to "Men of his sway," i. e. men of his influence and power, in the corr. fo. 1632 : between "his" and "sway" one of the letters, s, was accidentally omitted, and the meaning of the passage much tamed and injured. In the next line, we are informed on the same authority, that "set" ought to be "sent," "They are sent here for examples ;" but examples are "set" as well as sent, and we refrain from alteration where there is no apparent improvement. As for "sway" instead of way, there can be no doubt : see the contrary error, detected on the same authority, in "Henry IV., Part II.," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 485.

## SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

*Hautboys.* A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests: then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad: he would have all as merry  
As first good company<sup>9</sup>, good wine, good welcome  
Can make good people.—Oh, my lord! y'are tardy:

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS  
LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* Oh, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these!

*Sands.* I would, I were;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* Faith, how easy?

*Sands.* As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?—Sir Harry,  
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:  
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;

<sup>9</sup> AS FIRST GOOD company,] This has been understood by some of the commentators to mean, what we should now familiarly call "first-rate company." It may be, that sir Henry Guildford intended to mention "good company" as first, and "good wine" and "good welcome" as second and third, but omitted the enumeration. It would not be easy to point out an instance where "first good" is used in the sense of the *best*.

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :—  
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :  
[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

*Sands.* Oh ! very mad, exceeding mad ; in love too ;  
But he would bite none : just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.—  
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and takes his state.

*Wol.* Y'are welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome ;  
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

*Sands.* Your grace is noble :  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord Sands,  
I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours.—  
Ladies, you are not merry :—gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this ?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then, we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,  
My lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.  
Here's to your ladyship ; and pledge it, madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing,—

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace, how they would talk anon <sup>1</sup>.

[*Drum and trumpets within; chambers discharged* <sup>2</sup>.

*Wol.*

What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a Servant.*

*Wol.*

What warlike voice,

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war y'are privileg'd.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now! what is't?

*Serv.*

A noble troop of strangers,

For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors

From foreign princes.

*Wol.*

Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue:

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain attended. All arise, and the tables are removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all; and, once more,

I shower a welcome on ye.—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as maskers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him* <sup>3</sup>.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd  
me

<sup>1</sup> I told your grace, how they would talk anon.] "How" is from the corr. fo. 1632. The line wants a syllable, and even if "how" were not the poet's word, we know not in what way the hiatus could be more unobjectionably filled up: we might, indeed, read "*that* they would talk anon."

<sup>2</sup> — CHAMBERS discharged.] "Chambers" were small pieces of ordnance, used on joyous occasions, and from their size and shape well adapted to theatres. It was probably the discharge of the "two chambers" in this scene, that fired and burned down the Globe in 1613: see our Introduction.

<sup>3</sup> — and gracefully salute him.] These are the words of the old stage-direction. Some modern editors say "twelve maskers," and "sixteen torch-bearers," but there is nothing of the kind in the old copies.

To tell your grace<sup>4</sup>:—That, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them  
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King takes*  
ANNE BULLEN.

*K. Hen.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd. Oh, beauty!  
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*

*Wol.* My lord,—

*Cham.* Your grace?

*Wol.* Pray tell them thus much from me.  
There should be one amongst them, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the Maskers, and returns.*

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see, then.—

[*Comes from his State.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*K. Hen.* You have found him, cardinal.

[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me

To tell your grace:] The pronoun "me" is wanting in the old copies, and is added in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632. We may be confident that it had escaped at the end of the line, for the expression "thus they pray'd to tell your grace" is clearly defective: they had entreated the Lord Chamberlain to speak for them.

<sup>5</sup> I should judge now UNHAPPILY.] "Unhappy" and "unhappily" often, of old, meant wicked and wickedly. Thus in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2



*Wol.* I am glad,  
 Your grace has grown so pleasant.  
*K. Hen.* My lord chamberlain,  
 Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?  
*Cham.* An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's  
 daughter,—  
 The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.  
*K. Hen.* By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,  
 I were unmannerly to take you out,  
 And not to kiss you<sup>6</sup>. [*Kisses her.*—A health, gentlemen!  
 Let it go round.  
*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
 I' the privy chamber?  
*Lov.* Yes, my lord.  
*Wol.* Your grace,  
 I fear, with dancing is a little heated.  
*K. Hen.* I fear, too much.  
*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
 In the next chamber.  
*K. Hen.* Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,  
 I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry,  
 Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths  
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
 To lead them once again; and then let's dream  
 Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it<sup>7</sup>.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

(Vol. ii. p. 151), Katharine calls Cupid "a shrewd unhappy gallows." The instances are too numerous for quotation: in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. iv. sc. 5 (Vol. ii. p. 612), we have the expression, "a shrewd knave and an unhappy," *i. e. mischievous*.

<sup>6</sup> And not to kiss you.] Steevens, after observing that formerly a kiss was the established fee for a lady's partner in a dance, quotes the following very appositely from "A Dialogue between Custom and Verity," printed by J. Alde about the year 1581, when it was entered at Stationers' Hall (see "Extr. from the Registers," Vol. ii. p. 142):—

"But some reply, what foole would daunce  
 if that when daunce is doon,  
 He may not have at Ladyes lips  
 that which in daunce he wooon?"

The question is put by Custom, and it much shocks Verity to hear of such a practice. The author of this very curious and amusing tract was Thomas Lovell (related, as he claimed, to Sir Thomas Lovell mentioned in the text), a strong Puritan, who dedicates it to Robert Crowley and Thomas Bainbridge, two divines of the same way of thinking.

<sup>7</sup> Let the music knock it.] *i. e.* Let the music play: "knock it" seems to have been derived from beating time, or perhaps from beating the drum. It was even applied to singing in the time of Shakespeare.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast ?2 *Gent.* Oh ! God save you.

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you  
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there ?1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty ?1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.1 *Gent.* So are a number more.2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it ?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar ; where, to his accusations  
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd  
To have brought<sup>\*</sup>, *vivâ voce*, to his face :  
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor ;  
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,  
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,

<sup>\*</sup> To HAVE brought,] The folios, 1623, 1632, and 1664, read, "To him brought." The error was not corrected in print until the folio, 1685 ; but, long before, it had been set right in the corr. fo. 1632. It may be noted that formerly, in our criminal proceedings, it was not necessary that the witnesses should be produced in open court, unless it were required by either party.

That fed him with his prophecies ?

1 *Gent.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear  
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not ;

He was never so womanish : the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,

The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,

No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally ; whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much  
They love and doat on ; call him, bounteous Buckingham,  
The mirror of all courtesey—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir ;

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: accompanied with Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS<sup>9</sup>, and common people.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

*Buck.*

All good people,

You that thus far<sup>1</sup> have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,  
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
It has done upon the premises but justice;  
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.  
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.  
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;  
There cannot be those numberless offences

<sup>9</sup> Sir WILLIAM Sands,] So Holinshed, from whom Shakespeare adopted nearly all such particulars. In the old copies it is sir *Walter* Sands.

<sup>1</sup> You that thus FAR] The folio, 1632, omitting "far," it was left out in the folios of 1664 and 1685. It was inserted in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632, being perhaps derived from the folio, 1623, or from recitation in the time of the old annotator.

'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with : no black envy  
 Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace ;  
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,  
 You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake<sup>2</sup>,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years.  
 Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be :  
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your grace ;  
 Then, give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there !  
 The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;  
 And fit it with such furniture, as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, sir Nicholas,  
 Let it alone : my state will now but mock me.  
 When I came hither I was lord high constable,  
 And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :  
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it ;  
 And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.  
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
 And without trial fell : God's peace be with him !  
 Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins  
 Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,  
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father :  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most :

<sup>2</sup> — and, till my soul forsake,] So the old editions: Rowe inserted *me* after "forsake," but without necessity; and it is not found in the corr. fo. 1632, probably, because the pronoun was understood.

A most unnatural and faithless service.  
 Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain:  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you be not loose<sup>3</sup>; for those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But when they mean to sink ye<sup>4</sup>. All good people,  
 Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell: and when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

1 *Gent.* Oh! this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads  
 That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,  
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!  
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it:  
 I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident:  
 You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear  
 A buzzing of a separation  
 Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;  
 For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
 He sent command to the lord mayor straight  
 To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
 That durst disperse it.

<sup>3</sup> Be sure, you be not loose;] *i. e.* That you are not too little under restraint in your conversation, and trust those who will ultimately betray you.

<sup>4</sup> But when they mean to sink ye.] Here the corr. fo. 1632 has the adverb of time, "when," substituted for that of place, *where*. The text has hitherto been *where*, but the use of "never," another adverb of time, in the preceding line, shows that "when" was misprinted *where* in the old copies: friends fall away, and are never found again but *at the time* they mean to destroy. Such was the poet's meaning, and such his word.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now; for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her: to confirm this, too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,  
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: but is't not cruel,  
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.  
We are too open here to argue this;  
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

*Cham.* "My Lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with  
all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished.  
They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in  
the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a  
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power,  
took them from me; with this reason,—his master would be  
served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped  
our mouths, sir."

I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them:  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

*Nor.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

<sup>s</sup> — which stopped our mouths, sir." The letter has commenced with the words "My Lord," and "sir" here sounds awkwardly. The MS. corrector of the folio, 1632, put his pen through "sir," but we have continued it in the text, as an expletive of no consequence.

*Cham.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No; his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'Tis so.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

*Suf.* Pray God, he do: he'll never know himself else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business,  
And with what zeal; for, now he has crack'd the league  
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:  
And, out of all these, to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,  
That like a jewel has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with; even of her  
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,  
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,  
And every true heart weeps for't. All, that dare  
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—  
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open  
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance,  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages. All men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,



I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed.  
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
 If the king please : his curses and his blessings  
 Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.  
 I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him  
 To him that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.*

Let's in ;

And with some other business put the king  
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.—  
 My lord, you'll bear us company ?

*Cham.*

Excuse me ;

The king hath sent me other-where : besides,  
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.  
 Health to your lordships.

*Nor.*

Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Curtain drawn, and the King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively<sup>6</sup>.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks : sure, he is much afflicted.

*K. Hen.* Who is there ? ha !

*Nor.*

Pray God, he be not angry.

*K. Hen.* Who's there, I say ?—How dare you thrust  
 yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha !

*Nor.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences,  
 Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way  
 Is business of estate ; in which we come  
 To know your royal pleasure.

*K. Hen.*

Ye are too bold.

Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :

Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha !— [*Raising his book*<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> — the King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.] The old stage-direction shows the simplicity of contrivance in our old theatres ; for, according to it, the Lord Chamberlain having gone out, the King himself drew the traverse curtain across the back of the stage, and exhibited himself to Norfolk and Suffolk, sitting, and reading pensively. The words are, "Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively." In the time of the old annotator on the folio, 1632, some improvement in this respect had been introduced, and the alteration he makes in the stage-direction proves, that the curtain was then drawn for the King by some pulley on the outside, and not by the King himself.

<sup>7</sup> Raising his book.] This stage-direction is furnished by the corr. fo. 1632 :

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—Oh! my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:  
Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker<sup>a</sup>.

[*To WOLSEY.*

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*K. Hen.*

We are busy: go.

[*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

*Nor.* This priest has no pride in him.

*Suf.* Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though for his place:  
But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him<sup>b</sup>.

*Suf.*

I another.

*Aside to  
each other.*

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

the King lifted his book from the table, in order to show Norfolk and Suffolk how he was engaged. This is a little point of the old business of the actor in the part of Henry VIII.

<sup>a</sup> I be not found a talker.] In reference to the welcome of Campeius: the King appeals to Wolsey to take care that he (the King) is not found a mere talker. Steevens here refers us to a passage in "Richard III.," A. iii. sc. 3, and Mr. Singer, intending to repeat the words, accidentally misquotes them: the 1 Murderer does not say "Talkers are no great doers," but "Talkers are no good doers." The difference is only material in Shakespeare.

<sup>b</sup> I'll venture one HEAVE at him.] It is "one *have* at him" in the folio, 1623, and altered to "one heave at him" in the folio, 1632. The punctuation in the first folio shows that the old printer did not understand what he was composing, viz.

"If it do, I'll venture one; have at him,"

whereas in the second folio it is

"If it do, I'll venture one heave at him."

So in "The Tempest," A. i. sc. 2,

"By foul play, as thou say'st, were we *heav'd* thence;"

or, more appositely still, in "Henry VI., Part II.," A. v. sc. 1, this Vol. p. 99,

"To *heave* the traitor Somerset from hence."

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
 I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms  
 Have their free voices<sup>1</sup>: Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
 This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;  
 Whom once more I present unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves:  
 They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,  
 You are so noble. To your highness' hand  
 I tender my commission; [*Kneeling and rising*<sup>1</sup>.] by whose  
 virtue,

(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord  
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,  
 In the impartial judging of this business.

*K. Hen.* Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted  
 Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know, your majesty has always lov'd her  
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
 A woman of less place might ask by law,  
 Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour  
 To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,  
 Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:  
 I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit WOLSEY.*]

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:  
 You are the king's now.

*Gard.* But to be commanded  
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, Gardiner. [*They talk apart.*]

<sup>1</sup> Have their free voices:] Malone contends that the word "sent," found in the next line, is understood after "have" in this passage; but surely such violence of construction is not necessary. To say that all the learned clerks "have their free voices" is sufficiently intelligible; and in the folio, 1623, "voices" is followed by a period, the sense being complete.

<sup>2</sup> Kneeling and rising.] We only insert this stage-direction from the corr. fo. 1632 in reference to the practice of the scene, when the drama was performed in the time of the old annotator on that edition.

*Cam.* My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envied him;  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him!  
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,  
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment:  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*K. Hen.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.—

[*Exit* GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.—  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord!  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—  
Oh! tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

*Enter* ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

*Anne.* Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches;  
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing,—Oh! now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which

To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter<sup>3</sup>, than  
 'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,  
 To give her the avaunt! it is a pity  
 Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
 Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* Oh, God's will! much better,  
 She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,  
 Yet if that cruel fortune do divorce<sup>4</sup>  
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging  
 As soul and body's severing.

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady!  
 She's a stranger now again?

*Anne.* So much the more  
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
 And range with humble livers in content,  
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
 And wear a golden sorrow<sup>5</sup>.

*Old L.* Our content  
 Is our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth, and maidenhead,  
 I would not be a queen.

<sup>3</sup> To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter,] The old text is "the which to leave a thousand-fold more bitter," &c. Theobald inserted *is* after "leave," and he was right as to the sense, but wrong as to the verse: the corr. fo. 1632 gives the line as it ought to stand:

" the which  
 To leave's a thousand-fold more better, than  
 'Tis sweet at first t' acquire."

Our arrangement of the verse here is that of the folio, 1623.

<sup>4</sup> Yet if that CRUEL fortune do divorce] The corr. fo. 1632 supplies us with a valuable emendation here—"cruel" for *quarrel*: the last has always been taken as the true word, and it has so come down to us on the evidence of all the old copies, while much ingenuity has been displayed, and we may now say thrown away, in endcavours by the commentators to reconcile it to a meaning. *Quarrel* seems to have been a mere miswriting, owing to this part of the dialogue (as we may presume) having been taken down in short-hand, and the same letters having been used in it for "cruel" and for *quarrel*. Such is the case with various systems of short-hand now employed; and attention to this circumstance will sometimes explain in what way some peculiar errors crept into the representations of the text of Shakespeare, and of other dramatists of his period.

<sup>5</sup> And wear a golden sorrow.] In Greene's "James the Fourth," not printed until 1598, but produced eight or ten years earlier, is a scene, commencing on A. ii., of a character somewhat similar to the present. Hence, possibly, the statement that that poet had written something on the story of Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen; but Stowe refers to "Rob. Greene" on the execution of the Queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.  
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience<sup>6</sup> would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth.

*Old L.* Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me,  
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little':  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to. If your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing<sup>7</sup>: I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes here?

<sup>6</sup> Of your soft CHEVERIL conscience] To apply the epithet "cheveril" to the conscience was not unusual. "Cheveril" is leather made of kid-skin, and easily stretched. See "Twelfth-Night," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 683.

<sup>7</sup> — Pluck off a little:] Johnson would read, "pluck up a little;" but the explanation of Steevens seems the true one, viz. *descend a little*. Anne declares she would not be a queen, nor a duchess; and the old lady then proceeds to "pluck off a little" from rank, and to assert that Anne would consent to be a countess, if she had the opportunity.

<sup>8</sup> You'd venture an EMBALLING:] The word "emballing" has occasioned some dispute: Steevens would read *empalling*, and Whalley *embalming*, in reference to the balm, or oil of consecration. "Emballing," Johnson suggested, has reference to the *ball*, one of the ensigns of royalty. Might we not read *empaling*? To empale, or impale, the head with a crown was an ordinary expression—not unfrequent in Shakespeare. See, among other places, "Henry VI., Part III.," A. iii. sc. 3, this Vol. p. 173.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know  
The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand: it values not your asking.  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and<sup>9</sup>  
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know,  
What kind of my obedience I should tender:  
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and wishes,  
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;  
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit<sup>1</sup>,  
The king hath of you.—[*Aside.*] I have perus'd her well:  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,  
But from this lady may proceed a gem

<sup>9</sup> Commends his good opinion to you, and] So the line ought certainly to stand, but in the folio, 1623, it is "Commends his good opinion of you to you, and," *of you* being merely, on all accounts, redundant. Nobody seems to have taken any notice of the words "of you," which, however, are found in all the folios.

<sup>1</sup> I shall not fail 't APPROVE the fair conceit,] The old corrector of the fo. 1632 does not seem to have understood the use of the verb "to approve" here; or else, in his day, *improve* had been substituted for it, for he erases "approve" in favour of *improve*, a course we cannot follow. To "approve" is applied in the ordinary sense of *support, fortify, or confirm*.

To lighten all this isle?—[*To her.*] I'll to the king,  
And say, I spoke with you.

*Anne.*

My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Old L.* Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!  
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,  
Before you open it.

*Anne.*

This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.  
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.*

With your theme I could

O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!  
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect;  
No other obligation. By my life,  
That promises more thousands: honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a duchess. Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.*

Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot<sup>2</sup>: it faints me,  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver  
What here you've heard to her.

*Old L.*

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> If this salute my blood a jot:] This expression is far from intelligible, and the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to read *elate* for "salute," which would make the meaning perfectly clear, if we could be sure that it was that of the poet. We know of no instance of the time of Shakespeare, or earlier, in which *elate* is used as a verb, though it is certainly an old adjective. On the whole it seems better to leave the text unchanged, though we may easily see how "salute" might have been misprinted for *elate*. If the blood of Anne Bullen had "saluted" or *welcomed* the news,—“if my blood salute this a jot”—there would have been no difficulty.



## SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-friars.

*Trumpets sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage<sup>3</sup>.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*K. Hen.* What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;  
You may, then, spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so.—Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry king of England, &c.

*K. Hen.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court<sup>4</sup>, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

<sup>3</sup> — in convenient order about the stage.] The whole of this minutely explanatory stage-direction is from the folio.

<sup>4</sup> — goes about the court,] "Because (says Cavendish in his "Life of Wolsey")

Q. *Kath.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,  
 And to bestow your pity on me; for  
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
 Born out of your dominions; having here  
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,  
 In what have I offended you? what cause  
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
 At all times to your will conformable:  
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
 Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,  
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour  
 I ever contradicted your desire,  
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,  
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
 He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
 With many children by you: if in the course  
 And process of this time, you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharp'st kind of justice<sup>1</sup>. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,

she could not come to the king directly, for the distance severed between them." What we have given in the text is precisely the old stage-direction.

<sup>1</sup> To the sharp'st kind of justice.] Here the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 is "To the sharp'st *knife* of justice," but we do not displace "kind," because the Queen may mean, that for "the foulest contempt" to shut the door upon her was to give her up "to the sharpest kind of justice,"—to the severest penalty it could inflict. At the same time, the substitution of *knife* for "kind" would increase the force of the passage, and the epithet "sharpest" leads us to the belief that *knife* might be Shakespeare's word.

My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before: it is not to be question'd  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly  
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel  
 I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
 (And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men  
 Of singular integrity and learning,  
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled  
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,  
 That longer you defer the court<sup>6</sup>, as well  
 For your own quiet, as to rectify  
 What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace  
 Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam,  
 It's fit this royal session do proceed,  
 And that, without delay, their arguments  
 Be now produc'd and heard.

*Q. Kath.* Lord cardinal,  
 To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?

*Q. Kath.* Sir,  
 I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
 We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain  
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:  
 You shall not be my judge; for it is you  
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,  
 Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again,

<sup>6</sup> That longer you DEFER the court,] It is "desire the court" in the folio, 1623, but altered, most naturally and properly, to "defer the court" in the corr. fo. 1632. "Defer" was anciently spelt *deferre*, and this word, mistaking the *f* for the long *s*, the compositor misread *desire*.

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,  
 Refuse you for my judge<sup>1</sup>; whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess,  
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:  
 I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
 For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,  
 Or how far farther shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.  
 The king is present: if it be known to him,  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. If he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows  
 I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him  
 It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to  
 Remove these thoughts from you: the which before  
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
 And to say so no more<sup>2</sup>.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, my lord,  
 I am a simple woman, much too weak  
 To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, and humble-mouth'd;  
 You sign your place and calling<sup>3</sup> in full seeming,

<sup>1</sup> I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,  
 Refuse you for my judge;] Blackstone observes upon this passage that the words Katharine uses are not those of mere passion, but technical terms in the canon law—*delector* and *recuso*: the former signifies no more than I *protest* against. However, Shakespeare took Holinshed for his authority, where it is said that the Queen "openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse, and forsake such a judge."

<sup>2</sup> And to say so no more.] This is the correct text of the folio, 1623, but the folio, 1632, drops "so," and the old annotator on that impression, instead of writing "so" in his margin, places *it* there, "And to say *it* no more." We, of course, do not hesitate which to prefer; but we mention the fact, as showing that the MS. corrections in the fo. 1632 may have been made from some independent authority—perhaps recitation, when the old actor was accustomed to deliver the words "And to say *it* no more."

<sup>3</sup> You sign your place and calling] "Sign" is here to be taken in the sense of *denote* or *mark*.

With meekness and humility; but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
 Where powers are your retainers; and your words,  
 Domestics to you<sup>1</sup>, serve your will, as't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour, than  
 Your high profession spiritual; that again  
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,  
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.—  
 She's going away.

*K. Hen.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

*Gent. Ush.* Madam, you are call'd back<sup>2</sup>.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you, keep your  
 way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help!  
 They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on:

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,

Upon this business, my appearance make

In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*

*K. Hen.*

Go thy ways, Kate:

<sup>1</sup> Where powers are your retainers; and your words,

Domestics to you,] A question has been raised by Tyrwhitt whether "words" here ought not to be *wards*, in reference to the high officers Wolsey kept about his person, and the *wards*, or young men, whose estates were in his charge, who were required to do him domestic service. The suggestion is plausible; but the Queen may, and probably does, mean that Wolsey's powers of mind and of language served him in any offices to which he chose to put them. This view of the passage is the more likely to be the true one, from the fact that the corr. fo. 1632 is silent as to the necessity of emendation.

<sup>2</sup> Madam, you are call'd back.] This speech is given to a "Gentleman Usher" in the folio. Most modern editors, without notice, have assigned it to Griffith, who, according to Cavendish, in his "Life of Wolsey," was one of the attendants of Queen Katharine, though not named either at the beginning or in the course of this scene. We may here add that Cavendish also tells us that the Queen left the court before Wolsey could make any answer to her speech, and that in departing she leaned on the arm of Griffith. Hall says that she spoke in French, and he gives a translation of notes taken at the time.

That man i' the world who shall report he has  
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
 For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,  
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out")  
 The queen of earthly queens.—She's noble born;  
 And, like her true nobility, she has  
 Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.*

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,  
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
 Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,  
 There must I be unloos'd, although not there  
 At once, and fully satisfied) whether ever I  
 Did broach this business to your highness, or  
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
 Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might  
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
 Or touch of her good person?

*K. Hen.*

My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these  
 The queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd;  
 But will you be more justified? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never

\* — could speak thee out] Steevens here quotes "Cymbeline," A. i. sc. 1, where the 2 Gent. says of Posthumus, "You speak him far." Mr. Singer, appropriating this note (of no great value certainly) gives the quotation thus:—

"You speak him far

. . . . . although not there."

The words "although not there" do not belong to the quotation in "Cymbeline," but to the next speech of Wolsey; and on referring to the "Variorum Shakespeare" of 1821, it appears that Mr. Singer availed himself of parts of distinct notes, one by Steevens, and the other by Johnson, and accidentally jumbled two separate quotations from two different plays, and made them appear as one, and as from one play. This is an inconvenience arising, possibly, from haste in taking possession of the property of previous editors; and by so doing, Mr. Singer does himself injustice.

Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
 The passages made toward it.—On my honour,  
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,  
 I will be bold with time, and your attention:—  
 Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't.  
 My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating,  
 A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bottom of my conscience<sup>1</sup>, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,  
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,  
 I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had  
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to't, than  
 The grave does to the dead; for her male issue  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not

<sup>1</sup> ——— on the debating,

A marriage] The folios read, "on the debating *and* marriage," but Mary was not married to the Duke of Orleans. Pope altered the passage, and such, since his time, has been the text.

<sup>2</sup> The bottom of my conscience,] It is "the *bosom* of my conscience" in the folio, 1623, but we are quite satisfied that Theobald was right in reading "the bottom of my conscience," for what are the terms Holinshed (Shakespeare's almost invariable authority) imputes to the King?—"Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom* of my conscience, ingendered such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombered, vexed, and disquieted." The old compositor saw the words "region of my breast" just below, and fancied that he ought to print "the *bosom* of my conscience." Here we see at once both the mistake and its cause.

Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
 The wild sea of my conscience<sup>6</sup>, I did steer  
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
 Now present here together; that's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private  
 With you, my lord of Lincoln: you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek<sup>7</sup>,  
 When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.*

Very well, my liege.

*K. Hen.* I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say  
 How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.*

So please your highness,

The question did at first so stagger me,—  
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
 And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,  
 And did entreat your highness to this course,  
 Which you are running here.

*K. Hen.*

I then mov'd you,

My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
 To make this present summons.—Unsolicited  
 I left no reverend person in this court;  
 But by particular consent proceeded,  
 Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;  
 For no dislike i' the world against the person  
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.

<sup>6</sup> ——— Thus HULLING in

The wild sea of my conscience,] To "hull" is to be driven to and fro by the waves. See "Twelfth Night," A. i. sc. 5, Vol. ii. p. 657. The verb to "hull" is also used in "Richard III.," A. iv. sc. 4, this Vol. p. 331.

<sup>7</sup> How under my oppression I did REEK,] i. e. *Smoke* or *evaporate*. Mr. Singer says, "waste or wear away," but that is not the meaning of "reek." What we usually call a rick, as of hay or corn, ought probably to be spelt *reek*, from the smoke or vapour it usually emits: Richardson derives it, however, from the A. S. *ricjan*, to rake; but this, we apprehend, is an error. Our peasants, as regards this word, are more accurate in pronunciation, for they invariably call a stack, a *reek*. Todd derives the word from the A. S. *recan*, to smoke.



Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
 That's paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
 That we adjourn this court till farther day :  
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends unto his holiness.

*K. Hen.* I may perceive, [*Aside.*  
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer !  
 Pr'ythee, return : with thy approach, I know,  
 My comfort comes along.—[*To them.*] Break up the court :  
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

### ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

*The Queen, and her Women, as at work*.\*

*Q. Kath.* Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with  
 troubles ;  
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,*

\* ————— Cranmer !

Pr'ythee, return :] Cranmer being at this time absent on an embassy, the king apostrophises him.

\* The Queen, and her Women, as at work.] The old stage-direction is "Enter the Queen," &c., and we are to suppose that in old times they came upon the stage, and then took their places at needle-work.

*Bow themselves, when he did sing :  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,  
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Q. Kath.* How now !

*Gent.* An't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
Wait in the presence.

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.  
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous ;  
But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS<sup>1</sup>.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness !

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a housewife ;  
I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here.  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner : would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy

<sup>1</sup> Enter Wolsey and Campeius.] According to Cavendish the Queen came out of her privy chamber to the Cardinals with a skein of thread or silk about her neck, as having just risen from her needle-work. Cavendish was attending upon Wolsey at the time.

Above a number) if my actions  
 Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,  
 Envy and base opinion set against them,  
 I know my life so even. If your business  
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
 Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

*Q. Kath.* Oh, good my lord, no Latin<sup>2</sup>:

I am not such a truant since my coming,  
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in:  
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;  
 Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,  
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:  
 Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,  
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
 May be absolv'd in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed,  
 (And service to his majesty and you<sup>3</sup>)  
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
 We come not by the way of accusation  
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;  
 You have too much, good lady; but to know  
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
 Between the king and you, and to deliver,  
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
 And comforts to your cause<sup>4</sup>.

*Cam.*

Most honour'd madam,

My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,  
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,  
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—  
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,

<sup>2</sup> Oh, good my lord, no Latin:] Holinshed, following his authority, Cavendish, says, "Then began the Cardinal to speak to her in Latin. Nay, good my lord, quoth she, speak to me in English:" Cavendish adds, from the Queen, "though I understand Latin."

<sup>3</sup> (And service to his majesty and you)] Edwards proposed to alter the places of this line and the next; but the parenthesis seems to have been meant by Wolsey to supply an omission, and, if removed, the line ought properly to come after "my integrity." We adhere to the folio, 1623.

<sup>4</sup> And comforts to your cause.] The first folio has "our cause:" the error was corrected in the second folio.

His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath.* To betray me.— [*Aside.*  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,  
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England,  
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out my afflictions\*,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would, your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Q. Kath.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection;  
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause;  
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin.  
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge  
That no king can corrupt.

\* They that must weigh out my afflictions,] To "weigh out" here means to counterbalance, out-weigh, or fill the opposite scale of my afflictions.

*Cam.*

Your rage mistakes us.

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.  
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction:  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors! Would ye have me  
(If ye have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;  
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.*

Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,  
Since virtue find no friends,)—a wife, a true one?  
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.*

Pray, hear me.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.  
 What will become of me now, wretched lady ?  
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—  
 Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes !

[*To her Women.*]

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
 No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,  
 Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,  
 That once was mistress of the field<sup>6</sup> and flourish'd,  
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.*

If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
 You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,  
 Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,  
 The way of our profession is against it :  
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.  
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;  
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
 Grow from the king's acquaintance by this carriage.  
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits,  
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms<sup>7</sup>.  
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us  
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues  
 With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,  
 As your's was put into you, ever casts  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;

<sup>6</sup> ————— Like the lily,

That once was mistress of the field] Holt White detected here Shakespeare's  
 (very likely, unconscious) obligation to Spenser :—

"The lilly, lady of the flowing field."

F. Q. Book II. C. vi. st. 16.

<sup>7</sup> They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.] Upon this line Malone has the following striking note :—"It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, in the year before this play was probably written, by his ungrateful kinsman, Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman, to the disgrace of humanity, was obliged by a junto of his enemies, to kneel at the end of the Council-table for several hours, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the Lord Keeper (Sir Thomas Egerton) he had said, 'There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince.'"

Beware, you lose it not : for us, if you please  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.  
 You know I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray do my service to his majesty :  
 He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers ;  
 Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them : if you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion, that may give me  
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
 To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
 Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least  
 Strangely neglected ? when did he regard  
 The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
 Out of himself ?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures.  
 What he deserves of you and me, I know ;  
 What we can do to him, (though now the time  
 Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot

Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in's tongue.

*Nor.* Oh ! fear him not ;  
His spell in that is out : the king hath found  
Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
In the divorce his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,  
As I could wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light ?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* Oh ! how ? how ?

*Suf.* The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o' the king ; wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if  
It did take place, " I do," quoth he, " perceive,  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."

*Sur.* Has the king this ?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,  
And hedges, his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death : the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had !

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;  
For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now may all joy  
Trace the conjunction \* !

\* ————— Now MAY ALL joy  
Trace the conjunction !] The usual text has been this,  
" Now all my joy  
Trace the conjunction !"



*Suf.* My amen to't.

*Nor.* All men's.

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation :

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.

*Sur.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?  
The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, amen !

*Suf.* No, no :  
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you  
The king cried, ha ! at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry ha ! louder.

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is return'd, in his opinions, which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,  
And widow to prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

*Suf.* He has ; and we shall see him  
For it an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

This is most likely wrong, for Surrey was not thinking of his own joy, but wishing joy to the King and Anne Bullen. The emendation is from the corr. fo. 1632, and can hardly be disputed. For "May you be happy," in the preceding speech, perhaps, we ought to read "You may be happy."

*Suf.* 'Tis so.  
The cardinal— [ *They stand back* \*.

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe; he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?

*Crom.* Presently

He did unseal them<sup>1</sup>, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance: you he bade

Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready

To come abroad?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile.— [ *Exit CROMWELL.*

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,

Lord! for thy justice.

*Wol.* The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,

And well deserving, yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

\* *They stand back.*] This, and various other useful, if not necessary, stage-directions in this part of the play are derived from the corr. fo. 1632, where they are carefully introduced for the regulation of the business of the scene.

<sup>1</sup> ————— PRESENTLY

He did unseal them,] *i. e.* He unsealed them *immediately*—at that present moment. Such was the almost universal mode of using the word in the time of Shakespeare: it is needless to quote instances, since they occur in almost every play by his contemporaries.

Our hard-rul'd king<sup>1</sup>. Again, there is sprung up  
 An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one  
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
 And is his oracle. [*He goes apart, musing.*]

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,  
 The master-cord on's heart<sup>2</sup>!

*Enter the King, reading a schedule; and Lovell.*

*Suf.* The king, the king!

*K. Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated,  
 To his own portion! and what expence by the hour  
 Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,  
 Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;  
 Saw you the cardinal?

*Nor.* My lord, we have [*Coming forward.*]  
 Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion  
 Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;  
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
 Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,  
 Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,  
 Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts  
 His eye against the moon. In most strange postures  
 We have seen him set himself.

*K. Hen.* It may well be,  
 There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
 As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found  
 There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?  
 Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—  
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which  
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
 Possession of a subject.

<sup>1</sup> Our hard-rul'd king.] Meaning, of course, our king whom it is so difficult to control.

<sup>2</sup> The master-cord on's heart!] So every old copy, and it was the phraseology of the period. Malone printed,

“The master-cord of his heart;”

but to convert “on's” into two syllables destroys the verse begun by Surrey, and concluded by Suffolk's exclamation, “The king, the king!” on the appearance of Henry. Nothing can have been more common than for authors of Shakespeare's day to use “on” for *of*, and the abbreviation “on's” for *of his*. Proofs are innumerable.

*Nor.* It's heaven's will :  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*K. Hen.* If we did think  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me !—  
Ever God bless your highness. [*Starting amazedly.*

*K. Hen.* Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind, the which  
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span<sup>4</sup>,  
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,  
For holy offices I have a time ; a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

*K. Hen.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying !

*K. Hen.* 'Tis well said again ;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;  
He said he did, and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you : since I had my office,

<sup>4</sup> To steal from spiritual LEISURE a brief span,] So all the old copies ; and as the text is not in any respect obscure we make no alteration, although the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to put *labour* for "leisure." The poet's word may well have been *labour* (used ironically, as is obvious from the King's last speech), but we forbear to disturb the received text, excepting upon stronger grounds than are here apparent. *Labour* may have been misheard "leisure."

I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* What should this mean ? [*Aside.*

*Sur.* The Lord increase this business ! [*Behind.*

*K. Hen.* Have I not made you

The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true ;  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite ; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet fill'd with my abilities<sup>5</sup>. Mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person, and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;  
My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

*K. Hen.* Fairly answer'd :

A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated. The honour of it  
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
On you than any ; so your hand, and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,

<sup>5</sup> Yet FILL'D with my abilities.] Every old copy has "fill'd," which modern editors have, as it were, conspired to consider a misprint. The Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Remarks," p. 139) blames us for having no note upon it in our first edition ; but the fact is, that we always avoid notes, when the sense is plain enough without them. What Wolsey means to say is, that his endeavours had always come too short of the measure of his desires, although that measure had been filled to the best of his abilities. Why are we to alter the reading of the folios and change "fill'd" to *filed*, when "fill'd" answers the purpose much better ? Sense can hardly be made out of *filed*, and the figure is lost.

As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I do profess,  
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own: that aim I have, and will<sup>6</sup>.  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and  
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken your's.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis nobly spoken.  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this:

[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon WOLSEY: the Nobles follow the King, smiling, and whispering.*]

*Wol.* What should this mean?  
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,  
Then, makes him nothing. I must read this paper;  
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so:

[*Opens the paper and reads, trembling*<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> — that AIM I have, and will.] i. e. And will have. The old text of the passage in the folio, 1623, is this, both spelling and punctuation:—

“*Car.* I do professe,

That for your Highnesse good, I ever labour'd

More then mine owne: that am, have, and will be”

without any stop after “be,” when begins a long parenthesis lasting from “Though all the world” down to “forms more horrid.” That something is wrong, or has been lost, is quite evident, and the corr. fo. 1632 affords us no assistance by any emendation. With as little violence as possible to the received text we have, we think, rendered the passage not only intelligible, but such as to express what Wolsey must have intended. We alter *am* to “aim,” and inserting “I” before “have,” which otherwise has nothing to govern it, we omit the trifling word *be*, which the compositor probably erroneously inserted. This course makes the awkward parenthesis needless, and perhaps restores what the poet's manuscript originally contained.

<sup>7</sup> Opens the paper and reads, trembling.] This stage-direction, on the appearance and deportment of Wolsey in this great scene, and other similar notes, are from the corr. fo. 1632. Modern editions are without them.

This paper has undone me!—'Tis th' account  
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
 And fee my friends in Rome\*. O negligence!  
 Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What's this?—"To the Pope?"  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,  
 And from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more. [Sinks in a chair.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of  
 SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands  
 you  
 To render up the great seal presently  
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself  
 To Asher-house\*, my lord of Winchester's,  
 Till you hear farther from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay! [Rising.  
 Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
 Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross them,  
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,

\* And fee my friends in Rome.] "That the Cardinal (says Steevens) gave the King an inventory of his own private wealth by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history." The commentator then proceeds to quote from Holinshed the case of Ruthall, Bishop of Durham, who by mistake had put into the hands of Wolsey (who communicated it to the King) a book containing a statement of his prosperous pecuniary affairs: it was the occasion of the disgrace and death of Bishop Ruthall in 1523. This incident Shakespeare applied to Wolsey himself for the purpose of this drama.

\* To ASHER-house,] "Asher" was the old and correct name of what we now call *Esher*. The bishops of Winchester had a palace there, and Wolsey at this time held the bishopric of Winchester *in commendam*.

(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now, I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king,  
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me;  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The king that gave it.

*Wol.*

It must be himself, then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.*

Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.*

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!  
You sent me deputy for Ireland,  
Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wol.*

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts: how innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honour,  
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That I, in the way of loyalty and truth] The pronoun was omitted in the folio, 1623, and consequently in all the other impressions in that form. Theobald inserted "I," but it is not found in the corr. fo. 1632.



Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you : thou shouldst feel  
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap, like larks<sup>1</sup>.

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
You writ to the pope, against the king ; your goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—  
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen)  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life.—I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell<sup>2</sup>, when the brown wench  
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,  
But that I am bound in charity against it.

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand ;  
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer,  
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,

<sup>1</sup> And DARE us with his cap, like LARKS.] "It is well known," says Steevens, "that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet ; and that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them." This practice of *daring* larks by mirrors is still pursued, in order to attract them to the gun.

<sup>2</sup> Worse than the SACRING bell.] The "sacring" bell, in the Roman Catholic Church, is the small bell sounded on the elevation, or at the approach, of the host, and during other ceremonies. If we may trust William Roy's contemporaneous satire on Wolsey (quoted by Steevens), he was guilty of most notorious profligacy : the particular anecdote of "the brown wench," we may reasonably suppose, was the invention of the poet.

When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.*

This cannot save you<sup>4</sup>.

I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.*

Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those, than my head. Have at  
you.

First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Suf.*

Then, that without the knowledge

Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis<sup>5</sup>, to conclude,  
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,  
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.*

Oh, my lord!

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue.  
His faults lie open to the laws: let them,

<sup>4</sup> This cannot save you.] Possibly a lapse for "This cannot serve you."

<sup>5</sup> To Gregory de CASSALIS,] "Cassalis" (spelt *Cassado* in the old copies) was the King's Orator, as he was called in Rome, and according to the household books of Henry VIII., was in the receipt of a large annual salary for his services in various parts of Italy.

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—  
Because all those things, you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever<sup>6</sup>, and to be  
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations,  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

*Wol.* So, farewell to the little good you bear me.—  
Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope<sup>7</sup>, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory,  
But far beyond my depth : my high blown pride  
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !

<sup>6</sup> CHATTELS, and whatsoever,] In the folio, the reading is *castles*, for “*chattels* :” there can be little doubt that it is an error of the press : the word was of old sometimes spelt *cattels*, and so we find it in Holinshed, in the passage from which Shakepeare seems to have taken this part of his play—“his landes, tenements, goods, and cattels.” Theobald made the alteration.

<sup>7</sup> The tender leaves of HOPE,] It is *hopes* in the folios ; probably a misprint, but by no means necessarily so. Mr. Singer prints “*hope*” without any indication of his deviation from the ancient text ; and we only mention it, because, in a note on the next line, he cites the 25th Sonnet of Shakespeare, as Malone had done before him, and, copying Malone's quotation, he falls into Malone's error. The passage is hardly apposite enough to be worth extraction here.

I feel my heart new open'd. Oh! how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours.  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL, standing amazed\*.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.*

What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,  
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fall'n indeed.

*Crom.*

How does your grace?

*Wol.*

Why, well:

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,  
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.  
Oh! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,

(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

*Crom.*

The heaviest, and the worst,

Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.*

God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.*

That's somewhat sudden;

\* Enter Cromwell, STANDING AMAZED.] Such is the old, significant, and picturesque stage-direction, showing that after Cromwell entered, he stood wildly gazing upon the Cardinal. This is much more expressive than the adverb *amazedly*, which it has been usual to substitute.

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
 For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,  
 When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!<sup>9</sup>  
 What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with welcome,  
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed!

*Crom.* Last, that the lady Anne,  
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
 This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down.—O

Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles<sup>10</sup>. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;  
 (That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him  
 What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee.  
 Some little memory of me will stir him  
 (I know his noble nature) not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not; make use now<sup>1</sup>, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* Oh, my lord!

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?—  
 Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,

<sup>9</sup> — tears wept on 'em!] i. e. On his bones. The folio, by a slight misprint, has *him*, for "em," a form of *them* often used.

<sup>10</sup> Or gild again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles.] The household kept by Wolsey has been variously stated, the highest number being 1800 (probably by the wrong insertion of a cypher), and the lowest 180. The latter seems nearest the truth, though Cavendish, in some copies of his *Life of the Cardinal*, is made to compute the number at 800, on what he calls "the cheque roll."

<sup>1</sup> — make use now.] i. e. Make interest now: "use" and *usance* were the old words for interest. See "*Twelfth-Night*," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 684, &c.

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—  
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers,  
For ever and for ever, shall be your's.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell :  
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee ;  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?  
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not.  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king,  
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in :—  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have.—Farewell  
The hopes of court : my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king,

And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in :] This is not precisely the regulation of the verse in the folios, where

“Serve the king ; and—Pr'ythee lead me in ”

is made a line by itself, and “Thou fall'st a blessed martyr,” a hemistich. We follow the course recommended by the Rev. Mr. Dyce in his “Remarks,” p. 140. He is emphatic upon the point, but it really seems a matter of indifference.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 *Gent.* You're well met once again.

2 *Gent.* So are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold  
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow,  
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward  
In celebration of this day with shows,  
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater;  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high steward: next, the duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,  
I should have been beholding<sup>\*</sup> to your paper.

<sup>\*</sup> I should have been BEHOLDING] Respecting this word, which so frequently occurs in this form in the folio, 1623, and indeed in all the 4to. editions of Shakespeare's plays, Boswell made the following very useful quotation from Butler's "English Grammar," 1634:—"Beholding to one, of to behold or regard: which by a synecdoche generis, signifyeth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received, &c. yet some now adays had rather write it—*beholden*, i. e. *obliged*, answering to that *teneri et firmiter obligari*: which concept would seem the more probable, if to *behold* did signify to *hold*; as to *bedeck*, to *deck*; to *besprinkle*, to *sprinkle*. But indeed neither is *beholden* English; neither are *behold* and *hold* any more all one, than *become* and *come*, or

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage made of none effect:  
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.*

Alas, good lady!—

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close; the queen is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

#### THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION<sup>4</sup>.

*A lively flourish of trumpets.*

1. *Then, two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Music.]
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then, Garter in his coat of arms; and on his head, he wore a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the*

*beseeem and seem.*" It is singular, therefore, that Boswell did not restore the ancient and grammatical form of the word. Mr. Singer, adverting to Boswell's note, speaks of Butler's Grammar as having been printed in 1623: Boswell's date is 1633; but neither is quite right, since it was published at Oxford in 1634.

<sup>4</sup> The order of the coronation.] Such is the heading of the original, although in fact Queen Anne was returning from her coronation.



*Queen in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*

8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know :  
Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset :  
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold, brave gentleman. That should be  
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same ; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel :

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
Of the cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all are near  
her.

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;  
And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets* <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.] The stage-direction, respecting the exit of the procession, in the old copy immediately follows the description of the procession itself ; but it is clear that it passes over the stage while the two Gentlemen are conversing about it : in the folio it runs thus :—“ Exeunt, first passing over the stage in order and state ; and then a great flourish of trumpets.”

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey ; where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it ?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down  
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man : which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest ;  
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,  
(Doublets, I think) flew up ; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make them reel before them. No man living  
Could say, "This is my wife," there ; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd ?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces  
Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and saint like  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :  
When by the archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again  
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,  
You must no more call it York-place, that's past  
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost :  
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it ;  
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one of Winchester,  
Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary ;  
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that :  
However, yet there's no great breach ; when it comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell ;  
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
A worthy friend.—The king has made him master<sup>a</sup>  
Of the jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> A worthy friend.—The king has made him master] We have regulated this passage differently from the arrangement of the verses in our former edition. It is impossible to avoid a hemistich, but hemistichs are so common in Shakespeare, that we may be sure they were sometimes intended. The Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Remarks," p. 140) does not seem to have been able to make up his mind which course is the proper one : perhaps he will now agree with us.

## SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

*Grif.* How does your grace ?

*Kath.* O, Griffith ! sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burden, Reach a chair :  
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down*].  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead ?

*Grif.* Yes, madam ; but, I think<sup>1</sup>, your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Kath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester ;  
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him :  
To whom he gave these words,—“ Oh, father abbot !  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity ! ”  
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still ; and three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, which he himself

<sup>1</sup> *Sitting down.*] A stage-direction from the corr. fo. 1632, by no means necessary, since the action is easily implied, but showing how attentive the old annotator was to these trifling matters of business.

<sup>2</sup> — I THINK.] Folio, 1623, I *thank*. Corrected in the second folio.

Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!<sup>9</sup>  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity.—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach<sup>10</sup>, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion  
Tied all the kingdom<sup>1</sup>: simony, was fair play;  
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence  
He would say untruths, and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> — his faults lie GENTLY on him!] So the folio, 1623; but in the folio, 1632, the word "gently" having accidentally dropped out, the old corrector of that impression did not insert "gently" in the margin, but *lightly*,—perhaps the word he had been accustomed to hear repeated.

<sup>10</sup> Of an unbounded STOMACH,] "Stomach" is used here for *pride* or *haughtiness*. We may quote the following character of Wolsey from Holinshed, to show how nearly Shakespeare followed the very words of his original:—"This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes, and by craftie suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simony, and was not pitiful, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and say untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his body, and gave the clergy evil example."

<sup>1</sup> — "one, that by suggestion

Tied all the kingdom;] *i. e.* Bound all the kingdom to him by the temptations (such is the frequent meaning of "suggestion" in Shakespeare) he held out to those who would be his friends and supporters.

<sup>2</sup> Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.] The old copies introduce a period after "honour," which cannot be right, according to the obvious meaning

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;  
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:  
 Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;  
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:  
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely. Ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
 Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it<sup>3</sup>;  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue<sup>4</sup>.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little:  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions,  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth and modesty,

of the passage: Wolsey could not have been a *ripe* scholar "from his cradle." Besides, as Malone remarks, though he does not follow up his own conviction, the words of Holinshed (or rather those of Edmund Campion, whom he cites) support the amended punctuation:—"This cardinal was a man undoubtedly *born* to honour." The blunder of representing Wolsey as a scholar from his cradle is set right in the corr. fo. 1632. Capell fell into the mistake, but Theobald had detected and corrected it in his edition.

<sup>3</sup> Unwilling to outlive the good THAT did it;] The corr. fo. 1632 makes it appear that for "good that" we ought to read "good man," and that the poet made Griffith speak elliptically,

"Unwilling to outlive the good *man* did it;"

i. e. the good man who did it. If, as Steevens suggested, we take "good" substantively for *goodness*, there is no absolute need of this change, which is nevertheless not to be lightly rejected.

<sup>4</sup> That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.] Throughout this character of Wolsey, Shakespeare did little more than put into verse what he found in Holinshed, who professes to quote Edmond Campion, the learned Jesuit, who was executed in London at the close of the year 1581. We extract the sentence relating to Wolsey's colleges: he was "insatiable to get, and more princely in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished; and yet, as it lyeth, for a house of students (considering all the appurtenances) incomparable throughout Christendom."

Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—  
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*  
*Grif.* She is asleep.—Good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
 For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision*<sup>5</sup>. *Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,  
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for.  
 Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
 Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces  
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
 They promis'd me eternal happiness,  
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
 I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,  
 Assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
 Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the music leave,  
 They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

<sup>5</sup> The Vision.] This vision is here described exactly in the terms of the original edition in 1623.

*Pat.* Do you note,  
 How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
 How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,  
 And of an earthy coldness? Mark her eyes!  
*Grif.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray.  
*Pat.* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* An't like your grace,—  
*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow:  
 Deserve we no more reverence?  
*Grif.* You are to blame,  
 Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
 To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel. [*Mess. kneels.*]  
*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;  
 My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
 A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.  
*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith; but this fellow  
 Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
 You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
 My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.  
*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.  
*Kath.* Oh, my lord!  
 The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely  
 With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
 What is your pleasure with me?  
*Cap.* Noble lady,  
 First, mine own service to your grace; the next,  
 The king's request that I would visit you;  
 Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
 Sends you his princely commendations,  
 And heartily entreats you take good comfort.  
*Kath.* Oh! my good lord, that comfort comes too late:  
 'Tis like a pardon after execution.

\* And of an earthy COLDNESS? Mark her eyes!] For "coldness" of the corr. fo. 1632, the folio, 1623, has *cold*—"And of an earthy *cold*;" which cannot be right, either as regards English or metre. The emendation is not only unobjectionable, but, for both reasons, highly acceptable: the line and sense are thus alike completed.



That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;  
 But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
 How does his highness ?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do ; and ever flourish,  
 When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
 Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,  
 I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

*Pat.* No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
 This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
 The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :—  
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !  
 Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.  
 She is young, and of a noble modest nature,  
 I hope, she will deserve well ; and a little  
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
 Upon my wretched women, that so long  
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
 (And now I should not lie) but will deserve,  
 For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
 For honesty, and decent carriage,  
 A right good husband, let him be a noble ;  
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.  
 The last is, for my men :—they are the poorest,  
 But poverty could never draw them from me ;—  
 That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
 And something over to remember me by :

<sup>1</sup> And something over to remember me by:] Polydore Virgil, whose name is affixed as a witness to the divorce between Henry and Katharine, has preserved this letter in Latin, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury has thus translated it into English : see the Life of Henry VIII. in Kennet ii. 188.

“My most dear lord, king and husband. The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot chuse but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer above all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever : for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
 To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will,  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
 In all humility unto his highness :  
 Say, his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;  
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour : strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch  
 before him ; met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL\*.*

*Gar.* It's one o'clock, boy, is't not ?

*Boy.*

It hath struck.

good father unto her, an I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, which is not much, they being but three, and to all my other servants a year's pay, besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

\* — met by Sir Thomas Lovell.] This is the introduction to the scene in the folios ; but it is to be observed that Sir Thomas Lovell does not in fact enter

*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas :  
Whither so late ?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord ?

*Gar.* I did, sir Thomas ; and left him at primero<sup>9</sup>  
With the duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

*Gar.* Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter ?  
It seems you are in haste : an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk  
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you,  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour ;  
They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live ; but for the stock, sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks, I could  
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,—  
Hear me, sir Thomas : y'are a gentleman  
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,

until before Gardiner says, " Good hour of night, Sir Thomas." As has been often observed, it frequently happens in old plays, that all the characters engaged in a scene are mentioned at the beginning of it, although they enter, in fact, at various times while it is proceeding. See especially the first scene of " The Merry Wives of Windsor," in the folio, 1623, and in our first Vol. ; and a farther illustration may be seen in this Vol. p. 212.

<sup>9</sup> — and left him at PRIMERO] " Primero " was a game at cards, frequently mentioned by old writers. The other name it bore, *Primavista*, speaks its general character.

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Loc.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master <sup>1</sup>  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; farther, sir,  
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,  
With which the time will load him <sup>2</sup>. Th' archbishop  
Is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare speak  
One syllable against him?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, sir Thomas,  
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,  
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have  
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land: with which they moved  
Have broken with the king; who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him) 'hath commanded <sup>3</sup>,  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convented <sup>4</sup>. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

*Loc.* Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

<sup>1</sup> — HE'S made master] In the folio, "is made master:" the correction was not introduced until the time of Theobald.

<sup>2</sup> With which the TIME will load him.] In the first folio, *lime* stands for "time:" and it is singular that so obvious an error was not corrected until the fourth folio in 1685.

<sup>3</sup> — 'hath commanded,] *i. e.* *He* hath commanded; the pronoun (which some modern editors have inserted without notice in the text) being understood and expressed in the same way as at the end of this play, where "*He* has business at his house" is printed, in the folio, 1623, and in the later folios, "'Has business at his house"—a form we have thought it right to observe.

<sup>4</sup> He be CONVENTED.] *i. e.* *Summoned*: it sometimes means *convened* or *collected*, as in "King John," A. iii. sc. 4, Vol. iii. p. 167:

"A whole armado of *convened* sail;"

which, until the publication of "Notes and Emendations," has been invariably misprinted "*convicted* sail." Boswell here judiciously quotes the following from "Coriolanus," A. ii. sc. 2:—

"We are *convened*  
Upon a pleasing treaty."

*As Lovell is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of  
SUFFOLK.*

*K. Hen.* Charles, I will play no more to-night:  
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*K. Hen.* But little, Charles;  
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—  
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

*K. Hen.* What say'st thou? ha!  
To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman; and that her sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.

*K. Hen.* Alas, good lady!

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

*K. Hen.* 'Tis midnight, Charles:  
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,  
For I must think of that, which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night; and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*K. Hen.* Charles, good night.—

[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

*Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*K. Hen.* Ha! Canterbury?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Bring him to us.  
[*Exit DENNY.*]

*Lov.* This is about that which the bishop spake : [*Aside.*  
I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.*

*K. Hen.*

Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL lingers.*

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*

*Cran.* I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus? [*Aside.*  
'Tis his aspect of terror : all's not well.

*K. Hen.* How now, my lord! You do desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* It is my duty  
T' attend your highness' pleasure.

[*Kneeling.*

*K. Hen.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury. [*CRANMER rises.*  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;  
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.  
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you ; which being consider'd  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us : where I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till farther trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower : you a brother of us<sup>5</sup>,  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* I humbly thank your highness,  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion [*Kneeling.*  
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder ; for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,  
Than I myself, poor man.

*K. Hen.*

Stand up, good Canterbury :

<sup>5</sup> — You a brother of us, &c.] You (says Johnson) being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. The corr. fo. 1632 with great plausibility reads, "to a brother of us;" but the change is not strictly necessary, and we leave the old text unaltered.

Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:

[CRANMER rises.]

Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame<sup>6</sup>,  
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,  
Without indurance<sup>7</sup>, farther.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
The ground I stand on is my truth, and honesty<sup>8</sup>:  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*K. Hen.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?  
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever<sup>9</sup>  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you: such things have been done.  
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,  
Whose minister you ate, whiles here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God, and your majesty,  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me!

<sup>6</sup> Now, by my holy dame,] See note to "Two Gent. of Verona," A. iv. sc. 2.

<sup>7</sup> Without INDURANCE,] i. e. *Durance* or *confinement*. Shakespeare found this word in the same sense in Fox's "Martyrs," from which (as Steevens remarked) he has copied the whole drift of the scene. We are not aware that the word "indurance" has been applied to imprisonment by any other author: *durance* is of course common in that sense.

<sup>8</sup> The GROUND I stand on is my truth, and honesty:] In the old copies it is "The *good* I stand on is my truth and honesty," that is to say—"the good I stand on is my goodness:" the old printer composed *good* for "ground," an emendation we derive from the corr. fo. 1632, and for which we ought to be thankful.

<sup>9</sup> — and NOT EVER] i. e. Not always—not at all times.

*K. Hen.* Be of good cheer ;  
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.  
 Keep comfort to you ; and this morning, see  
 You do appear before them. If they shall chance,  
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
 The best persuasions to the contrary  
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
 The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties  
 Will render you no remedy, this ring  
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
 There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps :  
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !  
 I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul  
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,  
 And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.*] He has  
                   strangled  
 His language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady in haste*<sup>10</sup>.

*Gent.* [*Within.*] Come back : what mean you ?

*Lady.* I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring  
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels  
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
 Under their blessed wings !

*K. Hen.* Now, by thy looks  
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?  
 Say, ay ; and of a boy.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, my liege ;  
 And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven  
 Both now and ever bless her !—'tis a girl,  
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
 Desires your visitation, and to be  
 Acquainted with this stranger : 'tis as like you,  
 As cherry is to cherry.

*K. Hen.* Lovell !

*Re-enter LOVELL*<sup>1</sup>.

*Lov.*

Sir.

<sup>10</sup> Enter an old Lady IN HASTE.] The words "in haste" are from the corr. fo. 1632, and show the eager manner of the performer in the part of the old Lady.

<sup>1</sup> Re-enter Lovell.] We must suppose, with Steevens, Lovell to return when he is called : he had been commanded to quit the gallery before the King's interview with Cranmer, and he had done so. His re-entrance, however, is not marked in the old copies.



*K. Hen.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

[*Exit King.*]

*Lady.* An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.  
An ordinary groom is for such payment:  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

The Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.*

*Cran.* I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!  
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

*D. Keep.* Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

*D. Keep.* Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

*Cran.* So.

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
I came this way so happily: the king  
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit BUTTS.*]

*Cran.* 'Tis Butts,  
The king's physician. As he past along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)  
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me  
Wait else at door, a fellow counsellor  
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter the King and BUTTS, at a window above\*.*

*Butts.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

*K. Hen.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think, your highness saw this many a day.

*K. Hen.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord :

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*K. Hen.* Ha ! 'Tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,  
(At least good manners) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close ;

We shall hear more anon.—

[*Exeunt.*]

#### THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER\*.

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL.*

*The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master secretary :

Why are we met in council ?

*Crom.*

Please your honours,

\* Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.] i. e. An interior window, looking into the lobby of the council-chamber. Probably the balcony at the back of the stage was here made to answer the purpose of a window : it was furnished with curtains, and these are afterwards drawn by Butts, at the command of the King. It would not be difficult to accumulate authorities, showing that old chambers often had windows looking into them from galleries, and from other rooms : proofs of the kind are not required.

\* The Council-chamber.] This is not to be considered a new scene, but the continuation of Scene 2 ; and in order that the place might represent the council-chamber, we are informed in the old stage-direction that "A Council-table is brought in, with chairs and stools."

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.*

Yes.

*Nor.*

Who waits there?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gar.*

Yes.

*D. Keep.*

My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.*

Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-table.]

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,  
In our own natures frail, and culpable  
Of our flesh<sup>4</sup>; few are angels: out of which frailty,  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,  
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,  
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,  
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

<sup>4</sup> In our own natures frail, and CULPABLE

Of our flesh;] Much dispute has arisen respecting the word "culpable" (*capable* in the folios), and Malone, absurdly we must say, altered it to *incapable*. Others have allowed the old word to remain; but the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to substitute "culpable" for *capable*, and the misprint was so easy and likely, that we have introduced "culpable" into the text. Still *capable* may admit of defence, and we refer the reader to the following passage in Middleton's "Anything for a quiet Life," A. v. sc. 2 (Dyce's Edit. iv. 494):—"Tis dangerous to a woman, when her mind raises her to such a height, it makes her only capable of her own merit." Here "capable of her own merit" is capable of estimating it; and "capable of our flesh" may mean capable of yielding to it.

The upper Germany<sup>5</sup>, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority,  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords,)  
A man, that more detests, more strives against<sup>6</sup>,  
Both in his private conscience and his place,  
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.  
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,  
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of more moment,  
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower:  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank you;  
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful. I see your end;  
'Tis my undoing. Love, and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition:

<sup>5</sup> The upper Germany,] Alluding (says Grey) to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, or Munster, which sprang up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

<sup>6</sup> A man, that more detests, more strives against,] It is "*stirres* against" in the old copies, and the corr. fo. 1632 informs us, as we may readily believe, that *stirres* is a lapse by the compositor for "*strives*," which we have placed in the text. In the next line but one the old annotator amends "defacers of a public peace" to "defacers of *the* public peace,"—the definite for the indefinite article; and here again we are confident that he was right.

Win straying souls with modesty again;  
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,  
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary<sup>1</sup>;  
 That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,  
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
 By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,  
 However faulty, yet should find respect  
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty  
 To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary,  
 I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst  
 Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
 Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* Would you were half so honest;  
 Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do.  
 Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much<sup>2</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> My lord, my lord, you are a SECTARY;] Gardiner afterwards calls Cromwell a "secretary," as indeed he was; but the printer of the folio did not here confound the two words, "sectary" and "secretary," as it would not have been unlikely for him to have done. Such was the case with the printer of the first edition of Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas," 4to, 1639, an error always repeated and never to this day detected. It occurs in A. i. sc. 2 (Dyce's Edit. vii. 321), where old Sebastian is grieved to see his son Thomas dressed like a Puritan, and resolves to disinherit him for not being, as he wishes him, riotous and dissolute: he says,

"I must go seek an heir; for my inheritance  
 Must not turn *secretary*."

He was not afraid lest his inheritance should turn "secretary" but *sectary*, a point no editor has ever perceived: they have all allowed "secretary" to stand instead of *sectary*. In the case before us the printer of the folio of Shakespeare in 1623 would have been more excusable if he had misprinted *secretary* for "sectary," because both words must have come under his eye at nearly the same moment. We have "sectary" here, and "secretary" a few lines below.

<sup>2</sup> This is too much;] This and some subsequent speeches have the prefix of *Chan.* to them, as if spoken by the Lord Chamberlain; but from the tenor of

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands agreed, I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ; There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure Be known unto us.—Are you all agreed, lords ?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

*Gar.* What other Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome.— Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cran.* For me ? Must I go like a traitor thither ?

*Gar.* Receive him, And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords ; I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords : By virtue of that ring I take my cause Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Cham.* This is the king's ring<sup>9</sup>.

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven ! I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling, 'Twould fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords, The king will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd ?

*Cham.* 'Tis now too certain, How much more is his life in value with him. Would I were fairly out on't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me, In seeking tales and informations

them, and the part the Lord Chancellor has already taken in the scene, they would seem to belong to him.

<sup>9</sup> This is the king's ring.] This speech, and another below it, are also given to the Lord Chamberlain in the old copies ; and as he may be supposed to be especially acquainted with the King's ring, there is some reason for adhering, in this place, to the old distribution of the dialogue.

Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

*Enter the King, frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

*Gar.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious:  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*K. Hen.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences<sup>1</sup>.  
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;  
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,  
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—  
Good man, sit down. Now, let me see the proudest,

[*CRANMER sits.*]

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May it please your grace,—

*K. Hen.* No, sir; it does not please me.  
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding  
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)  
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?  
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission  
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
Power, as he was a councillor to try him,

<sup>1</sup> They are too thin and BARE to hide offences.] Malone suggested "bare" for *base* of the folios, and we think, with the Rev. Mr. Dyce, that he was right, although we find no such alteration in the corr. fo. 1632. On the other hand, in the last line of the speech, we do find *his* altered to "this;" and it is but justice to Mr. Dyce to state that he proposed the change as long since as 1844 (see "Remarks," p. 141): Rowe, it is true, had preceded him.

Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;  
Which ye shall never have while I live.

*Chan.*

Thus far<sup>2</sup>,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,  
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather  
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,  
I'm sure, in me.

*K. Hen.*

Well, well, my lords, respect him :  
Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him : if a prince  
May be beholding to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :

[*They embrace him ; GARDINER last.*

Be friends, for shame, my lords !—My lord of Canterbury,  
I have a suit which you must not deny me ;  
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory

In such an honour : how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*K. Hen.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons<sup>3</sup>.

You shall have two noble partners with you ;  
The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess Dorset :

<sup>2</sup> Thus far,] Here, according to the folio, the Lord Chancellor speaks again, as the mouth-piece of the council.

<sup>3</sup> — you'd spare your spoons.] "It was the custom," says Steevens, "long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent, and generous, gave the whole twelve ; those who were either more moderately rich, or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name." See Mr. Thoms's "Anecdotes and Traditions," (published by the Camden Society,) p. 2, for a story respecting spoons promised by Shakespeare to a child of Ben Jonson's. Steevens, in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, xix. 481, is made to quote from the books of the Stationers' Company in 1500, respecting an "apostle spoon." It is doubtless a misprint for 1560, as the Stationers' Company was not chartered until about half a century after 1500. "Apostle spoons," as gifts at christenings, are mentioned by many writers of the time of Shakespeare, as well as before and afterwards.



Will these please you ?

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace, and love this man. [They embrace again<sup>4</sup>.

*Gar.*

With a true heart,

And brother-love, I do it.

*Cran.*

And let heaven

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*K. Hen.* Good man ! those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long

To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

#### The Palace Yard.

*Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : do you take the court for Paris-garden<sup>5</sup> ? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows<sup>6</sup>, and be hanged, you rogue ! Is this a place to roar in ?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones : these are but switches to them ; I'll scratch your heads. You must be seeing christenings : do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient : 'tis as much impossible, Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons, To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep

<sup>4</sup> They embrace again.] This and the previous stage-direction, "They embrace him ; Gardiner last," are from the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>5</sup> — do you take the court for PARIS-GARDEN ?] "Paris-garden," on the Bank-side, was the place where bears, bulls, and horses were baited. See an account of its origin, and employment, sometimes as a theatre, in *Hist. of English Dram. Poetry and the Stage*, Vol. iii. p. 278.

<sup>6</sup> Belong to the gallows.] The joke is between "larder" (pronounced *ladder*) and "gallows"—not hitherto understood by commentators.

On May-day morning; which will never be.  
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?  
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot  
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,  
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any,  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a queen again;  
And that I would not for a crown, God save her'.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—  
Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the  
dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some  
strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women  
so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door!  
On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a  
thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow  
somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face,  
for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's  
nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need

' Let me ne'er hope to see a QUEEN again;

And that I would not for a CROWN, God save her.] In the old editions these  
two lines appear thus:—

" Let me ne'er hope to see a *chine* again;

And that I would not for a *cow*, God save her."

We can surely have no hesitation in substituting the first for the last, and we have  
amended our text accordingly, being authorised by the corr. fo. 1632. How the  
two corruptions arose it is impossible to conjecture: one of them may have origi-  
nated with the short-hand writer, in whose system the letter *k* standing for *ch* or  
*q*, he misread "queen" *chine*. The other blunder of *cow* for "crown" may have  
been simply a mishearing. It may be worth noting that the words *cow* and  
"crown" come nearly in juxta-position in a similar manner in Lodge and Greene's  
"Looking Glass for London and England," 4to, 1694 (Dyce's Greene's Works,  
Vol. i. p. 72), but the old printer did not there confuse them: it is the scene in  
which the old Usurer refuses to relinquish the poor man's cow, pawned to him:  
"Nay, sir, (says Alcon, the owner of the cow,) before I pocket up this word no  
*cow*, my wife's gown goes to the lawyer: why, alas! sir, 'tis as ill a word to me,  
as no *crown* to a king." Was there any such proverbial saying?

no other penance. That fire-drake<sup>8</sup> did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me, till her pink'd porringer<sup>9</sup> fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, clubs!<sup>10</sup> when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me<sup>11</sup>: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse<sup>12</sup>, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*<sup>13</sup>, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!  
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,  
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

<sup>8</sup> That FIRE DRAKE] A "fire-drake" was a species of serpent, and also an artificial fire-work, which we still call a serpent. The term, as applied to a reptile, is not yet entirely out of use in some parts of the country.

<sup>9</sup> — her pink'd PORRINGER] *i. e.* Her pink'd cap. As Malone observes, in "The Taming of the Shrew," A. iv. sc. 3, (Vol. ii. p. 506.) Petruchio complains of a cap brought for Katharine, that it looked as if it had been "moulded on a porringer."

<sup>10</sup> — who cried out, CLUBS!] The cry when the apprentices of London were called upon for assistance. See Vol. ii. p. 422, and Vol. iii. p. 663.

<sup>11</sup> — at length they came to the broomstaff WITH me:] So the corr. fo. 1632, and fitly: the old reading is "to me."

<sup>12</sup> — the TRIBULATION of Tower-hill, or the LIMBS of Limehouse.] Johnson supposed that "the Tribulation" of Tower-hill was some fanatical meeting-house. The Rev. Mr. Dyce in his "Remarks," p. 142, supposes that "the limbs of Limehouse" meant persons of the same character, who were so puritanically patient that they would endure any thing. Perhaps on this very account the poet intended to call them *lambs* and not "limbs;" but we are not at all authorised in making the substitution, and we give the text as we find it.

<sup>13</sup> — Limbo Patrum,] "Limbo Patrum" is the place where the Patriarchs, &c. await the resurrection: but "limbo" was then, and is still, the cant name for any place of confinement. The old printer, perhaps, confounded "limbs" and *limbo*, just below it, and ought to have printed *lambs*.

These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows :  
 There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these  
 Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have  
 Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
 When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An't please your honour  
 We are but men; and what so many may do,  
 Not being torn a pieces, we have done :  
 An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
 If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
 By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
 Clap round fines for neglect. Y'are lazy knaves;  
 And here ye lie baiting of bombards<sup>4</sup>, when  
 Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;  
 They 're come already from the christening.  
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
 To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find  
 A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow,  
 Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;  
 I'll peck you o'er the pales else<sup>5</sup>. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

The Palace at Greenwich.

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts: then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother,*

<sup>4</sup> — baiting of BOMBARDS.] "Bombards" were large leathern vessels, for holding liquor (see Vol. iii. p. 366): "baiting of bombards" is a figurative expression requiring no explanation. A bombard sometimes meant a barrel.

<sup>5</sup> I'll PECK you o'er the pales else.] So the old copies. Malone understands "peck" as *pick* or *pitch*: but the old annotator on the fo. 1632 puts it as if the Porter meant to say, "I'll peck you o'er the poll." In the folios, after the entrance of the Lord Chamberlain, all is printed as verse, and we have not felt warranted in making any change in the regulation. We have observed the divisions of the lines (if such they may be called) as they have come down to us.

*bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady : then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven,  
From thy endless goodness, send prosperous life,  
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty  
Princess of England, Elizabeth !

*Flourish. Enter King, and Train.*

*Cran.* And to your royal grace, and the good queen,  
[*Kneeling.*

My noble partners and myself thus pray :—  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye !

*K. Hen.* Thank you, good lord archbishop ;  
What is her name ?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, lord.—

[*CRANMER rises.*

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee,  
[*The King kisses the Child.*

Into whose hand I give thy life !

*Cran.* Amen.

*K. Hen.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.  
I thank ye heartily : so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.  
This royal infant,—heaven still move about her !—  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her ;  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
 She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : her own shall bless her :  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn <sup>6</sup>,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with her.  
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety  
 Under his own vine what he plants ; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour <sup>7</sup>,  
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself ;  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him. Our children's children  
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*K. Hen.*

Thou speakest wonders <sup>8</sup>.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
 An aged princess ; many days shall see her,  
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
 Would I had known no more ! but she must die :

<sup>6</sup> — like a field of beaten corn,] It may be just worth noting that, whereas in the folio, 1632, "corn" (formerly spelt *corne*) is misprinted *come*, the old annotator corrected a lapse which was also set right in the folio, 1664.

<sup>7</sup> — the perfect ways of honour,] The old copies have, "*way* of honour;" but the next line shows, as Monck Mason observed, that we ought to read "*ways*." Possibly, for "read" we might substitute *tread*.

<sup>8</sup> Thou speakest wonders.] Here Malone and others would terminate what they looked upon as an insertion in the play, subsequent to its first production : they "suspected" that the lines were added, by a different hand, shortly before 1613. The commencement of this imagined interpolation they fixed at the line,

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her," &c.

She must; the saints must have her: yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*K. Hen.* Oh, lord archbishop!

Thou hast made me now a man: never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing. .  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That when I am in heaven I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—  
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,  
And your good brethren<sup>9</sup>, I am much beholding:  
I have received much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:—  
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
'Has business at his house'<sup>1</sup>, for all shall stay:  
This little one shall make it holiday. .

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> And your good brethren,] *i. e.* The Aldermen: the old copies have, "And you, good brethren," as if the King addressed them as his brethren. Thirlby suggested the alteration of *you* to "your," and Theobald adopted it.

<sup>1</sup> 'Has business at his house,] For the sake of the verse, the folio, 1623, here presents us with a contraction: "He has" is expressed by '*Has*'; in the same way that, on p. 445, we have had "'hath commanded" for "*he* hath commanded." Sometimes in the folio, 1623, *he has* is abbreviated thus—*A's*; and in the Epilogue we meet with *W' have* for "We have." There is, perhaps, no play in the volume in which arbitrary contractions are more frequent, and we have usually preserved them, because it is fair to presume that most of them came from the poet's pen. Wherever there is a chance that such has been the case, we should, we think, be inexcusable if we varied from the old text: we would rather preserve a printer's peculiarity, than run the risk of obliterating a form which the author may have thought fit to adopt.

## EPILOGUE.

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'Tis ten to one, this play can never please  
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear;  
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,  
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—“that's witty,”  
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play, at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women<sup>2</sup>;  
For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile,  
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are our's; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

<sup>2</sup> The merciful construction of good women;] The faultiness of this line and its predecessor, in point of rhyme, has been remarked upon by various commentators, but they have failed to point out any instance where “women” is made to rhyme with “only in.” We more than suspect some corruption, but the corr. fo. 1632 gives us no aid: it would have required very little ingenuity to amend the defect, and possibly something of this sort was originally written,

“All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play, at this time, we shall not owe men,  
But merciful construction of good women.”

The word “women” was not unfrequently accented on the first syllable for rhyme sake. Without the slightest partiality for our own experiment, all we contend for is, that the defective rhyme betokens corruption.





**TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.**

The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609. 4to. 46 leaves.

The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609. 4to. 45 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida" occupies twenty-nine pages, the Prologue filling the first page and the last being left blank. It retains its place in the later folios; but in that of 1685 the Prologue is placed at the head of the page on which the play commences.

## INTRODUCTION.

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WE will first state the facts respecting the early impressions of "Troilus and Cressida," and then make such observations upon them as seem necessary.

The play was originally printed in 1609. It was formerly supposed that there were two editions in that year, but they were merely different issues of the same impression: the body of the work (with two exceptions, pointed out hereafter) is alike in each; they were from the types of the same printer, and were published by the same stationers. The title-pages, as may be seen on the opposite leaf, vary materially; but there is another more remarkable diversity. On the title-page of the copies first circulated, it is not stated that the drama had been represented by any company; and in a sort of preface headed, "A never Writer to an ever Reader. News," it is asserted that it had never been "staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;" in other words, that the play had not been acted. This was probably then true; but as "Troilus and Cressida" was very soon afterwards brought upon the stage, it became necessary for the publishers to substitute a new title-page, and to suppress their preface: accordingly a re-issue of the same edition took place, by the title-page of which it appeared, that the play was printed "as it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe."

In the Stationers' Registers are two entries, of distinct dates, relating to a play, or plays, called "Troilus and Cressida:" they are in the following terms:—

"7 Feb. 1602-3

"Mr. Roberts] The booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men."

"28 Jan. 1608-9

"Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalleys] Entered for their copie, under t'hands of Mr. Segar Deputy to Sir Geo. Bucke, and Mr. Warden Lownes: A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressida."

The edition of 1609 was, doubtless, published in consequence of the entry of "28 Jan. 1608-9;" but if Roberts printed a "Troilus and Cressida," whether by Shakespeare or by any other dramatist, in consequence of the earlier entry of "7 Feb. 1602-3," none such has come down to our time. Shakespeare's tragedy was not again

printed, as far as can now be ascertained, until it appeared, under rather peculiar circumstances, in the folio of 1623.

In that volume the dramatic works of Shakespeare, as is well known, are printed in three divisions—"Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies;" and a list of them, under those heads, is inserted at the commencement. In that list "Troilus and Cressida" is not found; and it is farther remarkable, that it is inserted near the middle of the folio of 1623, without any paging, excepting that the second leaf is numbered 79 and 80: the signatures also do not correspond with any others in the series. Hence it was inferred by Farmer, that the insertion of "Troilus and Cressida" was an after-thought by the player-editors, and that, when the rest of the folio was printed, they had not intended to include it. It seems to us, that there is no adequate ground for this notion, and that the peculiar circumstances to which we have alluded may be sufficiently accounted for by the supposition, that "Troilus and Cressida" was given to, and executed by, a different printer. The paging of the folio of 1623 is in several places irregular, and in the division of "Tragedies" (at the head of which "Troilus and Cressida" is placed) there is a mistake of 100 pages. The list of "Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies," at the beginning of the volume was most likely printed last, and the person who formed it accidentally omitted "Troilus and Cressida," because it had been as accidentally omitted in the pagination. No copy of the folio of 1623 is, we believe, known, which does not contain "Troilus and Cressida:" it is not there divided into acts and scenes, although at the commencement of the piece we have *Actus Primus, Scena Prima*.

Such are the facts connected with the appearance of the tragedy in 4to. and folio. It is very evident that "Troilus and Cressida" was originally acted in the interval between the first and the second issue of the 4to, as printed by G. Eld for Bonian and Walley in the early part of 1609. It is probable that our great dramatist prepared it for the stage in the winter of 1608-9, with a view to its production at the Globe as soon as the season commenced at that theatre: before it was so produced, and after it had been licensed<sup>1</sup>, Bonian and Walley seem to have possessed themselves of a copy of it; and having procured it to be printed, issued it to the world as "a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar." That they had obtained it without the consent of the company, "the grand

<sup>1</sup> We infer this from the terms of the entry in the Stationers' Registers, in which Sir George Buck, and his deputy, Segar, are mentioned. It is upon this evidence only that we know that Segar acted for the Master of the Revels: Sir George Buck was not formally appointed until 1610.

possessors," as they are called, may be gathered from the conclusion of the preface. The second issue of Bonian and Walley's edition of 1609 was not made until after the tragedy had been acted at the Globe, as is stated on the title-page. This is an easy and intelligible mode of accounting for the main differences in the 4to. copies; and it enables us with some plausibility to conjecture, that the date when Shakespeare wrote "*Troilus and Cressida*" was not long before it was first represented, and a still shorter time before it was first printed.

Some difficulty has arisen out of the entry, already quoted, of a "*Troilus and Cressida*" in the Stationers' books, with the date of 7th Feb. 1602-3, in which entry it is stated that the play was "acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants;" the company to which Shakespeare belonged having been so denominated anterior to the license of James I. in May, 1603. This circumstance formed Malone's chief ground for contending that Shakespeare wrote his "*Troilus and Cressida*" in 1602. It may, however, be reasonably inferred that this was a different play on the same subject. Every body must be struck with the remarkable inequality of some parts of Shakespeare's "*Troilus and Cressida*," especially towards the conclusion: they could hardly have been written by the pen which produced the magnificent speeches of Ulysses and other earlier portions, and were probably relics of a drama acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants about 1602, and in the spring of 1603 intended to be printed by Roberts. In April and May, 1599, it appears by Henslowe's Diary (pp. 147, 148. 153, &c.) that he paid various sums to Dekker and Chettle for a play they were then writing under the title of "*Troilus and Cressida*:" it may be concluded that it was soon afterwards acted by the Earl of Nottingham's players, for whom it was composed; and the "*Troilus and Cressida*," entered by Roberts on 7th Feb. 1602-3, may have been a drama, not by Shakespeare, brought out by the Lord Chamberlain's servants at the Globe, in competition with their rivals at the Rose or Fortune. Of this piece it is not impossible that Shakespeare in some degree availed himself; and he might be too much in haste to have time to alter and improve all that his own taste and genius would otherwise have modified.

This brings us to the question of the source from which Shakespeare derived his plot: how far he did, or did not, follow the older play we suppose him to have employed, it is not possible to determine. In 1565 Thomas Purfoote obtained a license from Stationers' Hall for the "printing of a ballad entitled the History of Troilus, whose troth hath been well tried." There is a manuscript copy of what we may suppose to have been this ballad in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, No. 48, and it has been printed by Mr. Hal-

liwell at the end of "The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom," published by the Shakespeare Society in 1846, p. 102. It is unquestionably the oldest production, of a merely popular kind, yet discovered in which the names of Shakespeare's hero and heroine are introduced; and, although it contains various evident corruptions, (some of them, if it were necessary, easily remedied,) we do not hesitate to insert it in connexion with the ensuing drama. It has no title, but it was to be sung "to the tune of Fain would I find some pretty thing to give unto my lady." The reader must, of course, allow liberally for its antiquity, for the quaintness of its phraseology, and for the uncouthness of its orthography.

When Troylus dwelt in Troy towne,  
 A man of noble fame-a,  
 He schorned all that loved the lyne  
 That long'd to merry game-a:  
 He thought his hart so overthwart,  
 His wysdom was so suer-a,  
 That nature could not frame by art  
 A bewty him to lure-a.

Tyll at the last he cam to churche,  
 Where Cressyd sat and pray'd-a;  
 Whose lookes gave Troylus suche a lurch  
 His hart was all dismayde-a;  
 And being wrapt in bewtyse bands,  
 In thorny thawghts did wander,  
 Desyrynge help of hys extreemes  
 Of her dere unkell Pandare.

When Pandar dyd perceve the payne  
 That Troylus did endure-a,  
 He fownde the mene to lurch agayne  
 The hart which Troylus lured.  
 And to his neece he dyd commend  
 The state of Troylus than-a:  
 Wyll you kyll Troylus? God defend:  
 He ys a nobell man-a.

With that went Troylus to the fyld  
 With many a lusty thwake-a,  
 With bloody steele and battred sheeld  
 To put the Grecians back-a:  
 And whyle that Cressyd dyd remayne,  
 And sat in Pandare's place-a,  
 Poore Troylus spared for no payne  
 To wyn hys ladyse grace-a.

Yet boldly thowgh he cowlde the waye  
 The spere and sheeld to breke-a,  
 When he came where hys lady lay,  
 He had no power to speke-a.

But humbly kneelynge on his knee,  
 With syghes dyd love unfolde-a:  
 Her nyght-gowne then delyvered she,  
 To keepe hym from the colde-a.

For shame, quoth Pandar to hys neece,  
 I speke it for no harme-a,  
 Of yower good bed spare hym a peece,  
 To keepe hys body warme-a.  
 With that went Troylus to her bed,  
 With tremblyng foote, God wot-a;  
 I not remembrynge what he dyd  
 To fynysh love, or not-a.

Then Pandare, lyke a wyly pye,  
 That cowlde the matter handell,  
 Stept to the tabell by and by,  
 And forthe he blewe the candell:  
 Then Cressyd she began to scryke,  
 And Pandare gan to brawle-a:  
 Why neece, I never sawe yower lyke,  
 Wyll you now shame us all-a?

Away went Pandar by and by,  
 Tyll mornynge came agayne-a:  
 Good day, my neece, quoth Pandare [aly],  
 But Cressyd smyled then-a.  
 In faythe, old unkell, then quoth she,  
 You are a frend to trust-a.  
 Then Troylus lawghed, and wat you why?  
 For he had what he lust-a.

Allthowghe their love began so coye,  
 As lovers can yt make-a;  
 The harder won, the greter joy,  
 And so I dyd awake-a.

In reading this production, we are to bear in mind how early a place it unquestionably occupies in our ballad literature, and that it forms the only existing link between Chaucer and Lydgate and the dramatists who, so long afterwards, took up the incidents as a subject for theatrical performance.

In 1581 "a proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between Troilus and Cressida" was entered on the Stationers' Registers by Edward White: it was certainly not a reprint of what we have given above, and in the lax form of expression of that day it may have been a dramatic piece. More than a century earlier, viz. in 1471, Caxton had printed his "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," which at various dates, and in a cheap form, was reprinted: Lydgate's "History, Sege, and Destrucceyon of Troye" came from Pynson's press in 1513; but Shakespeare seems to have been so attentive a reader of Chaucer's five books of "Troilus and Cre-



seyda" (of which the last edition, anterior to the production of Shakespeare's play, appeared in 1602) as to have been considerably indebted to them. It is not easy to trace any direct or indirect obligations on the part of Shakespeare to Chapman's translation of Homer, of which the earliest portion came out in 1598; and it is well known that the adventures of Troilus and Cressida are not any where mentioned in the Iliad.

After adverting to the real or supposed origin of the story of "Troilus and Cressida," Coleridge remarks, in his "Literary Remains," Vol. ii. p. 130, that it "can scarcely be classed with his dramas of Greek and Roman History; but it forms an intermediate link between the fictitious Greek and Roman Histories, which we may call legendary dramas, and the proper ancient histories; that is, between the Pericles or Titus Andronicus, and the Coriolanus or Julius Cæsar." He then adverts to the characters of the hero and heroine, and to the purpose Shakespeare had in view in portraying them, and goes on to observe:—"I am half inclined to believe that Shakespeare's main object, or shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry,—and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles, or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer." Consistently in some degree with this opinion, Schlegel remarks, that "the whole play is one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales—the tale of Troy," and after dwelling briefly upon this point, he adds:—"in all this let no man conceive that any indignity was intended to Homer: Shakespeare had not the Iliad before him, but the chivalrous romances of the Trojan war derived from Dares Phrygius." Shakespeare, in fact, found the story popular, and he applied it to a popular purpose in a popular manner.

One reason for thinking that "Troilus and Cressida," in the folio, 1623, came from the hands of a different printer, though little or no distinction can be traced in the type, is that there is perhaps no play in that folio ("Coriolanus" excepted) which contains so many errors of the press. The 4to. of 1609 was unquestionably the foundation of the text of the folio, for in various instances the latter adopts the literal blunders of the former: it besides introduces not a few important corruptions, for which it is not easy to account, so that the language of Shakespeare, on the whole, is perhaps best represented in the 4to. There are, however, some valuable additions in the folio, not found in the 4to, while on the other hand the 4to. contains passages omitted in the folio, though sometimes absolutely necessary to the sense. The variations,

whether important or insignificant, are pointed out at the foot of our page; but there are two instances deserving notice in which our text differs from that of all preceding editions. It has been thought that the 4to. impressions of 1609, as far as regards the body of the play, are identical. Such is not precisely the case, and a copy of the drama issued after it had been "acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe," belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, contains two valuable improvements of the text, as it had been given in the earlier copies published before it had been performed. The first of these occurs in Act iii. sc. 2, where Troilus, anticipating the entrance of Cressida, exclaims, as we find the passage in all modern editions,

"I am giddy : expectation whirls me round.  
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense : what will it be  
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-reputed nectar?"

For "thrice-reputed nectar," the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the 4to, 1609, has "thrice-*reputed* nectar," or thrice purified and refined nectar. The other instance of the same kind occurs near the end of the play (Act v. sc. 7.) where Achilles is exciting his armed Myrmidons to the slaughter of Hector, and tells them,

"Empale him with your weapons round about :  
In fellest manner execute your arms."

Thus it stands in all editions, from the folio of 1623 downwards, and the commentators have been at some pains to explain the phrase "execute your *arms*," when in truth, as Steevens suspected, it is nothing but a misprint for "execute your *aims*," as appears upon the authority of the 4to, 1609, in the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire: for Achilles to charge his followers to encircle Hector with their weapons, and then to execute their *aims* against him in the fellest manner, requires no explanation, and is a decided improvement of the received text. This copy of the second issue of the 4to, 1609, seems originally to have belonged to Humphrey Dyson, a curious collector, who considerably outlived Shakespeare, and who registers on the title-page, with the attestation of his signature, that "Troilus and Cressida" was "printed amongst the *workes*" of Shakespeare, referring of course to the folio, 1623.

Dryden produced an alteration of "Troilus and Cressida" at the Dorset Garden Theatre in 1679, and it was printed in the same year: in the preface he states that he had "refined Shakespeare's language, which before was obsolete."

## ADDRESS

PREFIXED TO SOME COPIES OF THE EDITION  
OF 1609, 4to.

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*A never Writer to an ever Reader. News<sup>2</sup>.*

Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed) but for

<sup>2</sup> A never Writer to an ever Reader. News.] This address, or epistle, is only found in such copies of "Troilus and Cressida" as do not state on the title-page that it "was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe." See Introduction.

so much worth, as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus: and believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition<sup>3</sup>. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgment's, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills, I believe, you should have prayed for them, rather than been prayed<sup>4</sup>. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not praise it.—*Vale*.

<sup>3</sup> — and set up a new English inquisition.] This prophecy has been well verified of late years, when (to say nothing of the prices of first editions of Shakespeare's undoubted works) 100*l*. have been given for a copy of the old "Taming of a Shrew," 1594, and 130*l*. for "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595, merely because they were plays which relate to the same subjects as Shakespeare's compositions.

<sup>4</sup> — rather than been prayed.] This passage refers, probably, to the unwillingness of the company to which Shakespeare belonged to allow any of their plays to be printed. Such seems to have been the case with all the associations of actors, and hence the imperfect manner in which most of the dramas of the time have come down to us, and the few that issued from the press, compared with the number that were written. The word "them," in "prayed for them," refers not to the "grand possessors," but to "his comedies," mentioned above.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>.

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PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,	}	his Sons.
TROILUS,		
PARIS,		
DEIPHOBUS,		
HELENUS,		

ÆNEAS,	}	Trojan Commanders.
ANTENOR,		

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

MARGARELON, a Bastard Son of Priam.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.

MENELAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES,	}	Grecian Commanders.
AJAX,		
ULYSSES,		
NESTOR,		
DIOMEDES,		
PATROCLUS,		

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Greek.

ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.

CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Grecian Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

<sup>1</sup> First supplied and prefixed by Rowe.

## THE PROLOGUE<sup>1</sup> (*in armour*).

---

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece  
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore  
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made,  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come,  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Sperr up the sons of Troy<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The Prologue.] It was first inserted in the folio, 1623: no copy of the 4to, 1609, contains it. The speaker himself informs us that he was armed, and a MS. note to this effect was prefixed in the corr. fo. 1632, in order that no mistake might be made, when the drama was acted.

<sup>2</sup> SPERR up the sons of Troy.] The four folios read, "*Stir* up the sons of Troy;" spelt *stirre* in the folio, 1623. *Stirre* was clearly a misprint for *sperre*, as Theobald pointed out; and many authorities may be quoted for the use of *sperre* in the sense of *spar*, or *bar* up. The most significant of these is from Spenser's "*Faery Queene*," b. v. c. 10. st. 37.

"The other which was entred laboured fast  
To *sperre* the gate."

And Steevens cited the following line from Warner's "*Albion's England*," edit. 1602, b. ii. ch. 12:

"When, chased home into his holdes, theare *sparred* up in gates."  
Mr. Singer, quoting perhaps second-hand, misprints the passage.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits  
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
 Sets all on hazard.—And hither am I come  
 A prologue arm'd<sup>3</sup>,—but not in confidence  
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited  
 In like conditions as our argument,—  
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
 Leaps o'er the vaunt<sup>4</sup> and firstlings of those broils,  
 Beginning in the middle; starting thence away  
 To what may be digested in a play.  
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

<sup>3</sup> A prologue ARM'D,] It was usual for the prologue-speaker in our old theatres to be dressed in black: see "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," Vol. iii. p. 442. There were, however, many exceptions to this rule, and the instance before us is one of them.

<sup>4</sup> Leaps o'er the VAUNT] *i. e.* The commencement, or what went before: from the Fr. *avant*. Such is Percy's explanation; but possibly "*vaunt*" may be taken in the sense of *boast*, at the outset of the siege.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. Before PRIAM's Palace.

*Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

*Tro.* Call here my varlet<sup>1</sup>; I'll unarm again:  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within?  
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

*Pan.* Will this gear ne'er be mended<sup>2</sup>?

*Tro.* The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part,  
I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He, that will have a  
cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding<sup>3</sup>.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

<sup>1</sup> — my VARLET;] This word (as Steevens remarks) anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt: "— diverse were releev'd by their *varlets*, and conveyed out of the field." Yet see A. v. sc. 1, respecting the expression "male varlet."

<sup>2</sup> Will this GEAR ne'er be mended?] "Gear," as we have already seen, ("Merchant of Venice," A. i. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 270, &c.) is often used for *matter* or *affair*.

<sup>3</sup> — must tarry the grinding.] So the 4tos; for, as they sometimes vary, we shall usually speak of them in the plural. The folio, 1623, inserts *needs*—"must needs tarry the grinding." On the next page (line 7) the folio reads "heating of the oven," while the 4to. omits the preposition.



*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking: nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance burn your lips.

*Tro.* Patience, herself, what goddess e'er she be,  
Doth lesser blench ' at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit,

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

*Pan.* Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have, (as when the sun doth light a storm ')

Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

*Pan.* An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison between the women;—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman: I would not, as they term it, praise her', but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

*Tro.* O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

' Doth lesser BLEND] *i. e.* Less *start off or fly from*. We have had the word already in the same sense in "The Winter's Tale," A. i. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 27. It also occurs later in this play, (A. ii. sc. 2) in "Hamlet," A. ii. sc. 2, and in "Measure for Measure," A. iv. sc. 5.

' So, traitor!—WHEN she comes!—When is SHE thence?] This is Rowe's amendment of the line: the old copies, 4to. and folio, read, "So, traitor, *then* she comes, when *she* is thence." The corr. fo. 1632 only cures half the defect, by converting *then* into "when," and adding a note of interrogation.

' — the sun doth light a STORM)] A self-evident correction by Rowe, as the old copies all read *scorn* for "storm:" the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 is also "storm" for *scorn*. We meet with the opposite blunder in a quotation from Spenser, "Fairy Queen," b. ii. c. 8, where *storme* is misprinted for "scorne:"—

"And as in *storme* of his spent stormy spight."

See "England's Parnassus," 1600, p. 456. The cause of the error is obvious.

' — praise HER,] The folio has "praise *it*;" the 4tos, "praise her."

Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
 They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
 In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;  
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart  
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;  
 Handlest in thy discourse, Oh! that her hand,  
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure  
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
 Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,  
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;  
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
 The knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speak no more than truth.

*Tro.* Thou dost not speak so much.

*Pan.* 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the 'mends in her own hands.

*Tro.* Good Pandarus. How now, Pandarus!

*Pan.* I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

*Tro.* What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

*Pan.* Because she's kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me\*, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

*Tro.* Say I, she is not fair?

*Pan.* I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

*Tro.* Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Not I.

*Tro.* Sweet Pandarus,—

*Pan.* Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit* PANDARUS. *An Alarum.*

*Tro.* Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds! Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,

\* — an she were NOT kin to me,] The 4to. omits the negative. Two lines lower the 4to. has "but what care I?" for "but what care I?" of the folio.

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.  
 I cannot fight upon this argument;  
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.  
 But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!  
 I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;  
 And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,  
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.  
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?  
 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:  
 Between our Ilium, and where she resides,  
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;  
 Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar,  
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

*Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* How now, prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

*Tro.* Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,  
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

*Æne.* That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

*Tro.* By whom, Æneas?

*Æne.* Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro.* Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

*Æne.* Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

*Tro.* Better at home, if "would I might," were "may."—  
 But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

*Æne.* In all swift haste.

*Tro.* Come; go we, then, together.

[*Excunt.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. A Street.

*Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.*

*Cres.* Who were those went by?

*Alex.* Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

\* — this woman's answer sorts,] i. e. *Befits, agrees, or happens well*—one of the then usual senses of the word. See Vol. ii. pp. 82, 229. Vol. iii. p. 599, &c.

*Cres.* And whither go they?

*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,  
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:  
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light<sup>1</sup>,  
And to the field goes he; where every flower  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

*Cres.* What was his cause of anger?

*Alex.* The noise goes, thus<sup>2</sup>: there is among the Greeks  
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;  
They call him, Ajax.

*Cres.* Good; and what of him?

*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*<sup>3</sup>,  
And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have  
no legs.

*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their  
particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as  
the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath  
so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his  
folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue  
that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attainment but he  
carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and  
merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but  
every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many  
hands and no use; or purblind Argus<sup>4</sup>, all eyes and no sight.

<sup>1</sup> — he was harness'd LIGHT.] Some corruption may be suspected here; for first the connexion and meaning are not very intelligible, and next the word "light" in the folio and 4tos. is spelt *lyte*; an unusual orthography, "light" being then generally printed as at present. *Lite* or *lyte* formerly meant *little*, and it is so used by Chaucer and our elder poets. The common explanation of the passage has been, that Hector was lightly armed; and the Rev. Mr. Dyce sees no necessity for quarrelling with the reading "light," and yet he himself goes on to express a doubt whether *lyte* ought not to be *tyte* or *tight*. "Remarks," p. 146.

<sup>2</sup> The noise goes, THUS:] There can surely be no objection to change *this* of the old copies, for "thus" of the corr. fo. 1632. The expression, "the noise goes, *this*" is either unprecedented. or very unusual, and "thus" and *this* were frequently confounded with each other.

<sup>3</sup> — a very man *per se*,] We do not see the fitness of repeating quotations, made by Malone and Steevens, to show that "a man *per se*" is a man with whom no other can be placed in comparison.

<sup>4</sup> — or PURBLIND Argus,] The folio has "*purblind* Argus."

*Cres.* But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

*Alex.* They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* Who comes here?

*Alex.* Madam, your uncle, Pandarus.

*Cres.* Hector's a gallant man.

*Alex.* As may be in the world, lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cres.* Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan.* Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of? —Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium<sup>s</sup>?

*Cres.* This morning, uncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

*Cres.* Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

*Pan.* E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

*Cres.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cres.* So he says, here.

*Pan.* True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him. Let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

*Cres.* What, is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

*Cres.* O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

*Cres.* Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

*Pan.* Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

*Cres.* Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

*Pan.* No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

<sup>s</sup> — at ILIUM?] Ilium, the citadel of Troy, was, according to Lydgate, the name of Priam's palace, which is said, by those who founded their histories upon Dares Phrygius, to have been built upon a high rock.

*Cres.* 'Tis just to each of them : he is himself.

*Pan.* Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

*Cres.* So he is.

*Pan.* —Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

*Cres.* He is not Hector.

*Pan.* Himself? no, he's not himself.—Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well.—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

*Cres.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cres.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit<sup>\*</sup> this year.

*Cres.* He shall not need it, if he have his own.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities.

*Cres.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beauty.

*Cres.* 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—not brown neither—

*Cres.* No, but brown.

*Pan.* 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

*Cres.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

*Cres.* Why, Paris hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cres.* Then, Troilus should have too much. If she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

*Cres.* Then she's a merry Greek, indeed<sup>†</sup>.

<sup>\*</sup> — his wit] The old copies, 4to. and folio, have *will* for "wit." Corrected by Rowe, as well as in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>†</sup> Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.] The expression "merry Greek" is very common in old writers. One of the characters in the oldest comedy, properly so called, in our language, "Ralph Roister Doister," is called *Mathew Merrygreek*: he is the Jester of the play. See also A. iv. sc. 4, of this play.

*Pan.* Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window<sup>\*</sup>;—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

*Cres.* Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

*Pan.* Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

*Cres.* Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter<sup>†</sup>?

*Pan.* But, to prove to you that Helen loves him:—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

*Cres.* Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

*Pan.* Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

*Cres.* Oh! he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does he not?

*Cres.* Oh! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

*Pan.* Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

*Cres.* Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

*Pan.* Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

*Pan.* I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin.—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

*Cres.* Without the rack.

*Pan.* And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

*Cres.* Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

*Pan.* But there was such laughing: queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

*Cres.* With mill-stones.

*Pan.* And Cassandra laughed.

*Cres.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

*Pan.* And Hector laughed.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

\* — into the COMPASSED window;] *i. e.* A bay or bow-window.

† — and so old a LIFTER?] *i. e.* So old a *thief*: it is a cant word frequently met with in this sense, and has been derived from the A. S. *Hliffan*: in German it is *liften*, but nevertheless we find the word translated, in Prof. Mommsen's edition, *Stehlergaben*. We still use "lifter" in combination.

*Pan.* Marry at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth she, "Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pan.* That's true; make no question of that.—"Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons'." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

*Cres.* So let it now, for it has been a great while going by<sup>1</sup>.

*Pan.* Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

*Cres.* So I do.

*Pan.* I'll be sworn, 'tis true: he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

*Cres.* And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*]

*Pan.* Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Here, here! here's an excellent place: here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

*Cres.* Speak not so loud.

*ÆNEAS passes over the stage.*

*Pan.* That's Æneas. Is not that a brave man? he's one

<sup>1</sup> — and all the rest are his sons."'] Priam having fifty sons, the one white hair for Troilus' father would make fifty-one, and not "two and fifty," as it stands in the old copies, 4to. and folio. Theobald altered it to fifty-one, but with this note, pointing out the discrepancy, we leave the text as it stands twice repeated in the ancient authorities.

<sup>2</sup> So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.] When Pandarus said "that it passed," he meant, in the phraseology of the time, that it *surpassed*, or passed belief; but Cressida takes the word "passed" in its ordinary sense.



of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you<sup>3</sup>. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*ANTENOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person<sup>4</sup>.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

*Cres.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

*HECTOR passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks; there's a countenance. Is't not a brave man?

*Cres.* Oh! a brave man.

*Pan.* Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there. There's no jesting: there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*PARIS passes over<sup>5</sup>.*

*Pan.* Swords? any thing, he cares not; and the devil come to him, it's all one: by god's lid, it does one's heart good.—

<sup>3</sup> — I can tell you:] The folio, 1623, omits "tell." In a subsequent speech of Pandarus, the folio omits "there's" before "laying on;" and reads "who ill" for "who will."

<sup>4</sup> — and a proper man of person.] So the old copies; and although the colloquial expression may be "a proper man of *his* person," as we find it in the corr. fo. 1632, we do not alter the text, which may be right.

<sup>5</sup> Paris passes over.] Paris does not in fact enter until Pandarus has spoken two lines, but the eye of the latter catches sight of him before he comes in full view of the audience; and this fact is proved by the exclamation, "Yonder comes Paris." The Rev. Mr. Dyce expends more than two pages of his "Remarks" (pp. 146, 147, 148) on this point, and upon what nobody has ever denied (on the contrary, we have always maintained it), viz. that in the old copies of plays, the entrances are frequently marked earlier than the characters really come before the audience. We would willingly place the entrance of Paris two lines farther on, if any thing were to be gained by it: here something would be lost by it.

Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now.—Ha! would I could see Troilus now.—You shall see Troilus anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*HELENUS passes over.*

*Pan.* That's Helenus.—I marvel, where Troilus is. That's Helenus.—I think he went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus.

*Cres.* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan.* Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROIUS passes over.*

*Pan.* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

*Cres.* Peace! for shame; peace!

*Pan.* Mark him; note him.—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—Oh, admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. Oh, admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot<sup>6</sup>.

*Soldiers pass over the stage.*

*Cres.* Here come more.

*Pan.* Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat.—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

<sup>6</sup> — would give an eye to boot.] The folio reads poorly "would give money to boot:" it was, perhaps, a mishearing—money for "one eye."

*Pan.* Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like<sup>7</sup>, the spice and salt that season a man?

*Cres.* Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie<sup>8</sup>,—for then the man's date's out.

*Pan.* You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

*Cres.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; upon my mask, to defend my beauty; and upon you, to defend all these<sup>9</sup>: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches.

*Cres.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

*Pan.* You are such another!

*Enter TROILUS' Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your own house; there he unarms him<sup>1</sup>.

*Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come.—

[*Exit Boy.*]

I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

*Cres.* Adieu, uncle.

*Pan.* I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

*Cres.* To bring, uncle<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> — and such like,] The folio, 1623, reads, "and so forth." Lower down, for "such a woman," it reads, "such *another* woman." Afterwards we have, "You are such another" in the folio and 4tos.

<sup>8</sup> — no DATE in the pie,] *Dates* (says Steevens) were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. We have had the same play upon the word in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. i. sc. 1 (Vol. ii. p. 537), where Parolles tells Helena, "Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek."

<sup>9</sup> — UPON my mask, to defend my beauty; and UPON you, to defend all these:] "Upon" is wanting in the old copies in these two places, but from the preceding part of the sentence it is clear that they were accidentally omitted, and we insert them from the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>1</sup> — there he unarms him.] These words are omitted in the folio, 1623.

<sup>2</sup> To bring, uncle.] A colloquial expression, conveying a strong indication of

*Pan.* Ay, a token from Troilus. [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

*Cres.* By the same token, you are a bawd.—  
Words, vows, gifts, tears<sup>3</sup>, and love's full sacrifice,  
He offers in another's enterprize;  
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see,  
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.  
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:  
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:  
That she, belov'd, knows nought that knows not this,—  
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:  
That she was never yet, that ever knew  
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue.  
Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,—  
Achiev'd men us command, ungain'd, beseech<sup>4</sup>:  
Then, though<sup>5</sup> my heart's content firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

doubt. The Rev. Mr. Dyce laughs, somewhat indiscreetly, at the "modern editors" of Shakespeare for putting a line after "To bring, uncle," as if the sentence were incomplete. He must have forgotten that this was the very course he himself pursued in his edition of Middleton's "Family of Love" (Works, by Dyce, ii. p. 147), where the same words occur as in "Troilus and Cressida," "I shall be with you to bring——." Here Mr. Dyce's line is at least twice as long as that of any other editor who has printed the phrase. It is unquestionably wrong, for although the sense is made to run on in Middleton, just as in Shakespeare, the sentence is in fact terminated at "to bring." The same is the case in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady" (Edit. Dyce, iii. p. 107), but not so in their "Cupid's Revenge" (ii. p. 419). While exposing the error of modern editors of Shakespeare, it is singular that Mr. Dyce should omit to state that he had himself set them the bad example in his own edition of Middleton.

<sup>3</sup> Words, vows, gifts, tears,] Malone (Shakesp. by Boswell, viii. 250) reads *griefs* for "gifts," as it stands in all the old copies.

<sup>4</sup> ACHIEV'D MEN US command, ungain'd, beseech:] The words of the early editions are these:—

"Achievement is command: ungain'd, beseech;"

and if we could take "beseech" as a substantive, for *beseeching*, the sense would be sufficiently clear. Our reading was suggested by the Rev. W. Harness, and we prefer it to the line as amended in the corr. fo. 1632, where it runs,

"Achiev'd men *still* command, ungain'd, beseech."

The meaning is the same, viz. that when once a woman has been achieved, she is at the command of a man, but as long as she is ungained, she is still the object of his entreaties. It is extremely likely that "Achiev'd men" should have been misheard *Achievement*, and *us* misprinted "is." This "maxim" as Cressida calls it, is printed in Italic type, for the sake probably of emphasis and distinction, in the old 4tos. and folios. This was a very unusual course.

<sup>5</sup> THEN, though] "*That* though" in the folio editions: "Then though" in the 4tos. The last is certainly to be preferred.

## SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON'S Tent.

*Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS,  
and others.*

*Agam.* Princes,  
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition, that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: cheeks and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,  
That we come short of our suppose so far,  
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;  
Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wrecks<sup>6</sup>,  
And call them shames<sup>7</sup>, which are, indeed, nought else  
But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
To find persistive constancy in men?  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd<sup>8</sup> and kin:  
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,

<sup>6</sup> Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wrecks,] It is "behold our *works*" in the old copies, but certainly a misprint for "wrecks," in allusion to the misfortunes and defeats the Greeks had sustained. The word "wrecks" (*wracks*) is obtained from the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>7</sup> And call them shames,] So the 4tos; the folio, "And *think* them *shame*."

<sup>8</sup> — seem all AFFIN'D] *i. e.* Joined by affinity or relationship, the words "and kin" supplying the explanation. "Affin'd" occurs twice in "Othello," A. I. sc. 1, and A. II. sc. 3. We have not met with it elsewhere.

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan<sup>9</sup>,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself  
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

*Nest.* With due observance of thy godlike seat<sup>1</sup>,  
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast<sup>2</sup>, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk?  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold,  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide  
In storms of fortune; for, in her ray and brightness,  
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize<sup>3</sup>,  
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of courage,  
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,  
Replies to chiding fortune<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> — with a BROAD and powerful fan,] This is the better reading of the 4tos; but that of the folio, "loud and powerful fan," is not inconsistent with "tempest" in the preceding line. "Unmingled," just below, was a quadrisyllable.

<sup>1</sup> — thy godlike seat,] The 4tos. read, "the godlike seat," and the folio, 1623, "thy godly seat" (not "goodly seat," as Theobald asserted), and the true reading, "thy godlike seat," is contained in the corr. fo. 1632, where "godlike" is substituted for *godly*.

<sup>2</sup> Upon her PATIENT breast,] The 4tos. have *ancient* for "patient" of the folio: "patient" certainly is an improvement with reference to the rest of the passage; and "patient," was probably misheard *ancient*.

<sup>3</sup> — by the BRIZE,] The "brize" is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. See also "Antony and Cleopatra," A. iii. sc. 8.

<sup>4</sup> REPLIES to chiding fortune.] The 4tos. and folios have "*retires* to chiding fortune," and Pope altered *retires* to *returns*, which might on some accounts seem preferable to Sir T. Hanmer's "replies to chiding fortune," if the latter were not the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, which we feel bound to accept. The Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Few Notes," p. 107) suggests that Shakespeare may have written *retoris*—not a very happy conjecture.

*Ulyss.* Agamemnon,  
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,  
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
 Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.  
 Besides the applause and approbation  
 The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—  
[To AGAMEMNON.  
 And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—  
[To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches, which were such,  
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,  
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree  
 On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears  
 To his experienc'd tongue<sup>5</sup>,—yet let it please both,—  
 Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

*Agam.* Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect<sup>6</sup>,  
 That matter needless, of importless burden,  
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,  
 When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws<sup>7</sup>,  
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

*Ulyss.* Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,  
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,  
 But for these instances.  
 The specialty of rule hath been neglected:  
 And look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.  
 When that the general is not like the hive<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> To his experienc'd tongue,] This is the better reading of the 4tos: the folio gives the passage thus:—

“Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree  
 In which the heavens ride knit all *Greek's* ears  
 To his experienc'd tongue.”

<sup>6</sup> Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect,] “Expect” is here used for *expectation*. This and the four lines following are only in the folio.

<sup>7</sup> — his MASTIFF jaws,] In the folio it is printed “*masticke* jaws,” but it is probably an error of the press. Malone changes *masticke* to “mastiff,” without observation. *Mastic* may be an adjective, from *masticate*.

<sup>8</sup> When that the general is NOT LIKE the hive,] “The meaning,” says Johnson, “is,—When the general is not *to the army* like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage?”

To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
 Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,  
 Observe degree, priority, and place,  
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
 Office, and custom, in all line of order:  
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
 Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye  
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
 Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,  
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
 What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!  
 What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,  
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,  
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
 The unity and married calm of states  
 Quite from their fixure<sup>9</sup>! Oh! when degree is shak'd,  
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
 The enterprize is sick. How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
 The primogenitive<sup>1</sup> and due of birth,  
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
 Take but degree away, untune that string,  
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets  
 In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:  
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,  
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)  
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
 Then every thing includes itself in power,

<sup>9</sup> Quite from their *FIXURE*!] The modern reading is *fixture*: but Shakespeare's word is "fixure," and he uses it also in "The Winter's Tale," A. v. sc. 3, and in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iii. sc. 3, although, in both instances, it has been usual to print *fixture*.

<sup>1</sup> THE PRIMOGENITIVE] Might we not read *primogeniture*?



Power into will, will into appetite;  
 And appetite, an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choking:  
 And this neglect of degree it is,<sup>3</sup>  
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd  
 By him one step below; he, by the next;  
 That next, by him beneath: so, every step,  
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick  
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:  
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weakness stands,<sup>4</sup> not in her strength.

*Nest.* Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
 What is the remedy?

*Ulyss.* The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns  
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
 Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,  
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
 Breaks scurril jests;  
 And with ridiculous and awkward action<sup>5</sup>  
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)  
 He pageants us: sometime, great Agamemnon,  
 Thy topless deputation he puts on;  
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit  
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich

<sup>3</sup> And this NEGLECT of degree it is,] "Neglection" seems a word peculiar to Shakespeare. We have already had it in "Henry VI., Part I.," A. iv. sc. 3. Vol. iii. p. 710:

"Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss

The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror."

It is also in "Pericles," A. iii. sc. 3. We apprehend that it is to be met with in no other author of the time.

<sup>4</sup> Troy in our weakness STANDS,] The 4tos. have "stands," the folio *lives*.

<sup>5</sup> — and AWKWARD action] The 4tos. read "and silly action."

To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—  
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,  
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,  
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,  
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,  
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,  
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;  
 Cries—"Excellent!—'tis Agamemnon right".  
 Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard  
 As he, being 'drest to some oration".  
 That's done;—as near as the extremest ends  
 Of parallels—as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
 Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent"!   
 'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,  
 Arming to answer in a night alarm."  
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,  
 And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,  
 Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,  
 Sir Valour dies; cries, "Oh!—enough, Patroclus;—  
 Or give me ribs of steel: I shall split all  
 In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,  
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
 Severals and generals, all grace extract",  
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves  
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twain,  
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns

<sup>5</sup> — 'tis Agamemnon RIGHT.] The folio reads, "'tis Agamemnon *just*." "Tis Nestor *right*," which occurs a few lines afterwards both in the 4to. and folio, seems to warrant adherence to the text of the 4tos.

<sup>6</sup> — being 'DREST to some oration."] i. e. Being *addressed*, or prepared to deliver some oration: it has, of course, no reference to Nestor's dress.

<sup>7</sup> Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!"] In the same way as, in "Coriolanus," A. iv. sc. 6, the hero is called "god Marcius," always hitherto misprinted "*good* Marcius."

<sup>8</sup> — ALL GRACE EXTRACT,] Meaning all grace or beauty being taken away: Patroclus exhibited the characters, as we are before told, "with ridiculous and awkward action," deprived of all elegance. This is the amended reading of the corr. fo. 1632 for "of grace exact" (which must be the very contrary of what the poet intended) of the old copies.

With an imperial voice) many are infect.  
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head  
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him<sup>9</sup>;  
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,  
 Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites,  
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,  
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;  
 To weaken and discredit our exposure<sup>1</sup>,  
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*Ulyss.* They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;  
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;  
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act  
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—  
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,  
 When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure  
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—  
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.  
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:  
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,  
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,  
 They place before his hand that made the engine,  
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
 By reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse  
 Makes many Thetis' sons.

[*A tucket.*

*Agam.*

What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Men.* From Troy.

*Agam.*

What would you 'fore our tent?

*Æne.*

Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

*Agam.*

Even this.

*Æne.* May one, that is a herald and a prince,  
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

*Agam.* With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,

<sup>9</sup> As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;] This is the reading of the 4tos: the folio injures the measure of the line by the insertion of *and*, a needless expletive, before "keeps."

<sup>1</sup> To weaken AND discredit our exposure,] The 4tos. read "our discredit" for "and discredit" of the folio.

<sup>2</sup> — to his kingly EARS?] So the folio; the 4tos. read *eyes*.

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice  
Call Agamemnon head and general.

*Æne.* Fair leave, and large security. How may  
A stranger to those most imperial looks  
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

*Agam.* How?

*Æne.* Ay; I ask that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek<sup>3</sup> be ready with a blush,  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men?  
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

*Agam.* This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy  
Are ceremonious courtiers.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,  
As bending angels: that's their fame in peace;  
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,  
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord<sup>4</sup>,  
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*!  
Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips.  
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,  
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth;  
But what the repining enemy commends,  
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends<sup>5</sup>.

*Agam.* Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?

*Æne.* Ay, Greek, that is my name.

*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon: 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

*Agam.* He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;  
To set his sense on the attentive bent<sup>6</sup>,  
And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind.

<sup>3</sup> And *bid* the cheek] The folio, less intelligibly, "And *on* the cheek."

<sup>4</sup> — and, Jove's accord,] The 4tos. read, "and *great* Jove's accord."

<sup>5</sup> — that praise, *sole pure*, transcends.] We make no change in the text here, because the meaning of Shakespeare may have been that such praise alone, or only, pure, transcends: however, the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to alter "*sole pure*" to "*soul-pure*;" and although it may be right, and may read like an improvement, it is nevertheless very possible that the poet may not have meant, that such praise transcended because it was pure as the soul.

<sup>6</sup> To set his *sense* on *the* attentive bent,] So the folio: the 4tos, "To set his *seat* on *that* attentive bent."

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :  
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
He tells thee so himself.

*Æne.* Trumpet, blow loud,  
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;  
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,  
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is rusty grown : he bade me take a trumpet,  
And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords,  
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,  
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;  
That seeks his praise ' more than he fears his peril ;  
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;  
That loves his mistress more than in confession  
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,  
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,  
In other arms than her's,—to him this challenge.  
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.  
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Than ever Greek did couple in his arms<sup>1</sup> ;  
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,  
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,  
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :  
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;  
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,  
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth  
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas* ;  
If none of them have soul in such a kind,

<sup>1</sup> That seeks his praise] The 4tos, "*feeds his praise.*"

<sup>2</sup> — did couple in his arms ;] So the 4tos : the folio, "*did compass,*" &c. The Rev. Mr. Dyce does not understand ("Remarks," p. 151) the expression "*couple in his arms.*" We are sorry for it : to other people the words may be more intelligible ; and, with all respect, we cannot alter the language of Shakespeare in deference merely to Mr. Dyce's want of perception. It is only a figurative mode of saying, "*did embrace in his arms,*" but the folio sacrifices the figure : so when old Talbot, in "*Henry VI., Part I.,*" A. iv. sc. 7 (Vol. iii. p. 716), clasps his dead son, he says that they are "*coupled in bonds of perpetuity.*" The arms of the Greek are what are termed "*couples*" in the language of the chase.

We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;  
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he<sup>o</sup>.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;  
 But if there be not in our Grecian host<sup>1</sup>  
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,  
 To answer for his love, tell him from me,  
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
 And in my vantbrace<sup>2</sup> put this wither'd brawn;  
 And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady  
 Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste  
 As may be in the world. His youth in flood,  
 I'll prove this truth<sup>3</sup> with my three drops of blood.

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

*Ulyss.* Amen.

*Agam.* Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand<sup>4</sup>;  
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.  
 Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.  
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

*Ulyss.* Nestor,—

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulyss.* I have a young conception in my brain;  
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulyss.* This 'tis.

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,  
 That hath to this maturity blown up<sup>5</sup>

<sup>o</sup> — if none else, I am he.] The reading of the 4tos: the folio, "I'll be he."

<sup>1</sup> — in our Grecian host] Here again the reading of the 4tos. is to be preferred: the folio strangely substitutes *would* for "host."

<sup>2</sup> And in my VANTBRACE] Armour for the arm, *avantbras*.

<sup>3</sup> I'll prove this truth] The folio, "I'll ~~proove~~," but amended to "I'll prove" in the corr. fo. 1632, which has been the usual word. In the next line the folio has "forbid" and "youth," for *forfend* and *men* of the 4tos: there are some other minor variations in this part of the scene.

<sup>4</sup> Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;] This speech in the 4tos. is made a continuation of what is said by Ulysses.

<sup>5</sup> That hath to this maturity BLOWN up] So the old copies, and so we allow

In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

*Nest.* Well, and how?

*Ulyss.* This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,  
However it is spread in general name,  
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous, even as substance  
Whose grossness little characters sum up :  
And in the publication make no strain,  
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
As banks of Libya, (though, Apollo knows,  
'Tis dry enough) will, with great speed of judgment,  
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose  
Pointing on him.

*Ulyss.* And wake him to the answer, think you?

*Nest.* Why, 'tis most meet<sup>6</sup>: whom may you else oppose,  
That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;  
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,  
Our reputation shall be oddly pois'd<sup>7</sup>  
In this wild action; for the success,  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general:  
And in such indexes (although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes) there is seen  
The baby figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,  
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:  
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,  
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd

the text to remain, noting only that the corr. fo. 1632 has "*grown up*," which may unquestionably be right: plants *grow* up to maturity, rather than "*blow*" up to it; but "*blown up*" is nevertheless very admissible.

<sup>6</sup> WHY, 'tis most meet:] The folio, "*Yes, 'tis most meet.*" In the next line the 4to. has *those honours*, and the folio "*his honour.*"

<sup>7</sup> Our REPUTATION shall be oddly pois'd] It is "*Our imputation*" in the old editions, but evidently misheard for "*reputation.*" There is no meaning in "*Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd*," whereas "*Our reputation*" is clear and intelligible. Just above Nestor has spoken of the "*dear'st repute*" of the Greeks, and here he follows up the same thought. "*Reputation*" is from the corr. fo. 1632.

Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,  
 What heart receives from hence the conquering part,  
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments',  
 In no less working, than are swords and bows  
 Directive by the limbs.

*Ulyss.* Give pardon to my speech:—  
 Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
 And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,  
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
 By showing the worse first'. Do not consent,  
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet;  
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,  
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

*Ulyss.* What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,  
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him':  
 But he already is too insolent;  
 And we were better parch in Afric sun,  
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,  
 Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,  
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush  
 In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery,  
 And by device let blockish Ajax draw  
 The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves,  
 Give him allowance for the better man',  
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,  
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall  
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.  
 If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,  
 We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,  
 Yet go we under our opinion still,  
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

\* Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments.] The word *in*, after "are," crept into this line in the folio: this conclusion of the speech is not in the 4to. impressions.

' The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
 By showing the worse first.] So the 4tos; the folio thus:—  
 "The lustre of the better yet to show  
 Shall show the better."

<sup>1</sup> — we all should *SHARE* with him:] The folio substitutes *wear* for "share." The repetition of "share" is in the manner of Shakspeare.

<sup>2</sup> — for the *BETTER* man,] The folio, "*as the worthier* man."



Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—  
 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*Nest.* Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice<sup>3</sup>;  
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.  
 Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone  
 Must tarre the mastiffs on', as 'twere their bone. [Exeunt.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the Grecian Camp.

*Enter AJAX and THERSITES.*

*Ajax.* Thersites!

*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over,  
 generally?

*Ajax.* Thersites!

*Ther.* And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the  
 general run then? were not that a botchy core<sup>4</sup>?

*Ajax.* Dog!

*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him: I see none  
 now.

*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel  
 then. [Strikes him.

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-  
 witted lord!

*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vinewd'st leaven<sup>5</sup>, speak: I will  
 beat thee into handsomeness.

<sup>3</sup> Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice;] The corr. fo. 1632 has "Ulysses" struck out of this line, and it is redundant in every point of view, but Shakespeare may have intended thus to give variety to his versification.

<sup>4</sup> Must TARRE the mastiffs on,] See respecting the word "tarre," Vol. iii. p. 176. Ben Jonson, in his *Grammatica Anglicana*, tells us "R is the dog's letter, and hurreth in the sound; the tongue striking the inner palate with a trembling about the teeth." So Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet," A. ii. sc. 4, "Ah! mocker: that's the dog's name. R is for the dog."

<sup>5</sup> — a botchy CORE?] We are by no means sure that "core" here is wrong, but the corr. fo. 1632 has *sore* for "core," and the misprint was easy.

<sup>6</sup> Speak then, thou VINewd'st leaven,] i. e. Most mouldy leaven: vinewed is mouldy or decayed. In the folio it is misprinted *whinid'st*, but in the 4tos. *un-salted* is substituted.

*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks !

*Ajax.* Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus ?

*Ajax.* The proclamation,—

*Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

*Ajax.* Do not, porcupine, do not : my fingers itch.

*Ther.* I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee ; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another'.

*Ajax.* I say, the proclamation,—

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles ; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

*Ajax.* Mistress Thersites !

*Ther.* Thou shouldest strike him.

*Ajax.* Cobloaf' !

*Ther.* He would pun thee into shivers' with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

*Ajax.* You whoreson cur !

[*Beating him.*]

*Ther.* Do, do'.

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch !

*Ther.* Ay, do, do ; thou sodden-witted lord ! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows ; an assinego may tutor thee' : thou scurvy-valiant ass ! thou art here but to thrash Trojans ; and thou art bought and sold among those of

' When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.] These words are only in the 4to. impressions. If Shakespeare subsequently omitted them, we are to recollect that he also originally wrote them.

\* Cobloaf !] "A 'cobloaf,'" says Minsheu, in his Dictionary, 1616, "is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire."

° — PUN thee into shivers] "'Pun,'" says Johnson, "is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for pound ;" and Steevens adds, that "it is used by P. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's 'Natural History,' b. xxviii. ch. xii. : '—punned altogether and reduced into a liniment.' Again, b. xxix. ch. iv. : 'The gall of these lizards punned and dissolved in water.'"

<sup>1</sup> Do, do.] This and the two preceding speeches are run together into one in the 4tos, and given to Thersites.

' — an ASSINEGO may tutor thee:] "Assinego" is the Portuguese diminutive for an ass : it was often used in this sense by Ben Jonson and our best writers of the time.

any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

*Ajax.* You dog!

*Ther.* You scurvy lord!

*Ajax.* You cur! [Beating him.]

*Ther.* Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS<sup>3</sup>.*

*Achil.* Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you this?  
How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

*Ther.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* Ay; what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, look upon him.

*Achil.* So I do: what's the matter?

*Ther.* Nay, but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well; why I do so.

*Ther.* But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

*Achil.* I know that, fool.

*Ther.* Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beat thee.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his orations have ears thus long<sup>4</sup>. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* I say, this Ajax—

*Achil.* Nay, good Ajax. [AJAX offers to strike him.]

*Ther.* Has not so much wit—

*Achil.* Nay, I must hold you.

*Ther.* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

*Achil.* Peace, fool!

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he, look you there.

<sup>3</sup> Enter Achilles and Patroclus.] Their entrance is not marked in the 4tos.

<sup>4</sup> — his ORATIONS have ears thus long.] Thersites means that however brief was the wit of Ajax, still what he said had prodigiously long ears—"his orations have ears thus long." The old copies have *evasions* for "orations;" but *evasions* affords little or no meaning, and we obtain "orations" from the corr. fo. 1632.

*Ajax.* O, thou damned cur! I shall—

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

*Patr.* Good words, Thersites.

*Achil.* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax.* I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go to, go to.

*Ther.* I serve here voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

*Ther.* Even so?—a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

*Achil.* What, with me too, Thersites?

*Ther.* There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes<sup>5</sup>;—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

*Achil.* What? what?

*Ther.* Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to Ajax! to<sup>6</sup>!—

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

*Patr.* No more words, Thersites; peace<sup>7</sup>!

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach<sup>8</sup> bids me, shall I?

*Achil.* There's for you, Patroclus.

*Ther.* I will see you hanged like clotpoles, ere I come any

<sup>5</sup> — ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,] The 4tos. and folio read, "their grandsires," which, as Theobald pointed out, must be an error, and is shown to be so by the corr. fo. 1632: the words "on their toes" are only in the folio.

<sup>6</sup> Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to Ajax! to!] Such is Malone's punctuation: in our first edition we left out the marks of admiration. The Rev. Mr. Dyce omits in his "Remarks" (p. 152) to note that the course he recommends, as "extravagantly" right, is not his own, but is nearly a century old.

<sup>7</sup> No more words, Thersites; peace!] The 4tos. only have "peace!"

<sup>8</sup> — when Achilles' BRACH] Printed *brooch* in all the old copies till the time of Rowe. "Brach" is *dog*; strictly, perhaps, *bitch*. See Vol. ii. p. 444, and Vol. iii. p. 377. The original word "*brooch*" has, however, found defenders; and it has also been proposed to substitute *brock*, i. e. badger.

more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring,  
and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.

*Patr.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:—  
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,<sup>9</sup>  
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,  
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,  
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare  
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

*Ajax.* Farewell. Who shall answer him?

*Achil.* I know not: it is put to lottery; otherwise,  
He knew his man.

*Ajax.* Oh! meaning you.—I will go learn more of it.

[Exit.

## SCENE II.

Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

*Enter* PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

*Pri.* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—  
“Deliver Helen, and all damage else,  
As honour, loss of time, travail, expence,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear, that is consum'd  
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,  
Shall be struck off:”—Hector, what say you to't?

*Hect.* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,  
As far as toucheth my particular,  
Yet, dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out—“Who knows what follows?”  
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — by the FIFTH hour of the sun,] So the folio: the 4tos. have it “*first* hour.” It appears by what Thersites says, near the end of A. iii., that “*fifth* hour” is right.

<sup>1</sup> — the TENT that searches] “Tent” is a surgical term, used both as a verb and substantive: to *tent* a wound is to search or try it.

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.  
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes<sup>3</sup>,  
 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of our's:  
 If we have lost so many tenths of our's,  
 To guard a thing not our's, nor worth to us,  
 Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
 What merit's in that reason, which denies  
 The yielding of her up?

*Tro.* Fie, fie! my brother  
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,  
 So great as our dread father, in a scale  
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum  
 The past-proportion of his infinite?  
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless,  
 With spans and inches so diminutive  
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,  
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father  
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

*Tro.* You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest:  
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:  
 You know, an enemy intends you harm,  
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,  
 And reason flies the object of all harm.  
 Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds  
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
 The very wings of reason to his heels,  
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove<sup>4</sup>,  
 Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,  
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour  
 Should have hare hearts<sup>5</sup>, would they but fat their thoughts  
 With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect  
 Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

<sup>3</sup> — 'mongst many thousand DISMES,] i. e. *Tens*, a word which Shakespeare might have found in Holinshed, but which is not of very ordinary occurrence.

<sup>4</sup> And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,] In all the folio impressions this line is misplaced after the next: the 4to. editions print the passage as we have given it.

<sup>5</sup> Should have HARE hearts,] So the 4tos: the folio, "*hard hearts*," clearly an error, and it is altered to "*hare hearts*" in the corr. fo. 1632. Again, farther on, the folio misprints "*made idolatry*" for "*mad idolatry*" of the 4tos: the last is, of course, right.

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost  
The holding.

*Tro.* What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will;  
It holds his estimate and dignity,  
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,  
As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry,  
To make the service greater than the god;  
And the will dotes, that is inclinable<sup>1</sup>  
To what infectiously itself affects,  
Without some image of th' affected merit.

*Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election  
Is led on in the conduct of my will;  
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,  
Although my will distaste what it elected,  
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion  
To blench from this<sup>2</sup>, and to stand firm by honour.  
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,  
When we have soil'd them<sup>3</sup>; nor the remainder viands  
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,  
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,  
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:  
Your breath of full consent<sup>4</sup> bellied his sails;  
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,  
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;  
And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,  
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness  
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning<sup>5</sup>.  
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

<sup>1</sup> — that is INCLINABLE] So the folio, instead of the less intelligible word, *attributive*, of the 4tos. It could not have been a misprint, and "inclinable" may have been deliberately preferred. Pope was in favour of the folio reading, and Johnson of that of the 4tos.

<sup>2</sup> To BLENCH from this,] *i. e.* To start away from this. See this Vol. p. 482.

<sup>3</sup> When we have SOIL'D them;] The folio, "*spoil'd* them." In the next line the folio misprints *same* for "seive" of the 4tos. The editor of the folio, 1632, not understanding *same*, and not knowing that the word in the 4tos. was "seive" (into which broken victuals were thrown after a repast), substituted *place*—"in unrespective place."

<sup>4</sup> Your breath or full consent] The 4tos. read, "*with* full consent."

<sup>5</sup> — and makes PALE the morning.] The folio reads, "*makes stale* the morning," which can hardly be right: she "*makes pale* the morning" by the beauty and bloom of her cheek. The 4tos read "*pale*."

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl  
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,  
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.  
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,  
 As you must need, for you all cry'd—"Go, go;"  
 If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,  
 As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,  
 And cry'd—"Inestimable!" why do you now  
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,  
 And do a deed that fortune never did,  
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd  
 Richer than sea and land? Oh, theft most base,  
 That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!  
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,  
 That in their country did them that disgrace,  
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

*Cas.* [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

*Pri.* What noise? what shriek is this?

*Tro.* 'Tis our mad sister: I do know her voice.

*Cas.* [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

*Hect.* It is Cassandra.

*Enter CASSANDRA, raving*<sup>1</sup>.

*Cas.* Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,  
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

*Hect.* Peace, sister, peace!

*Cas.* Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld<sup>2</sup>,  
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,  
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears:

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe!

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Enter Cassandra, raving.] This is the stage-direction of the 4tos: the folio, in order to show how her "raving" was exhibited on the stage, has it, "Enter Cassandra, with her hair about her ears." Her entrance is marked a little too soon in the old copies.

<sup>2</sup> — wrinkled *ELD*.] The 4to. reads, "wrinkled *elders*:" the folio, "wrinkled *old*," which, as Ritson suggests, was probably itself a misprint for "eld." Shakespeare, in "Measure for Measure," A. iii. sc. 1, has "palsied *eld*," and in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iv. sc. 4, he has "idle-headed *eld*:" besides, *old* is altered to "eld" in the corr. fo. 1632.



*Hect.* Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains  
Of divination in our sister work  
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood  
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,  
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,  
Can qualify the same?

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,  
We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it;  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,  
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures  
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,  
Which hath our several honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;  
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for, and maintain.

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levity<sup>3</sup>,  
As well my undertakings, as your counsels;  
But, I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project:  
For what, alas! can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties<sup>4</sup>,  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak

<sup>3</sup> Else might the world CONVINCE of levity.] *i. e.* *Convict* of levity. The words "convince" and *convict*, according to Minsheu's Dict. 1617, meant the same, and many authorities to that effect might be quoted, as Nash in his "Strange News," 1592, Sign. m: "It is an honour to be accus'd, and not *convinc'd*." See also Webster's "Appius and Virginia" (Edit. Dyce, Vol. ii. p. 241): "Before the law *convince* him." In "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2 (Vol. ii. p. 174), "*convince*" is used for *overcome*, and such is often its signification in Shakespeare and in writers of his day. To *convict* a criminal is to overcome him by the law—to *convince* him; but we now only use *convict* in that way.

<sup>4</sup> Were I alone to PASS the difficulties.] In the corr. fo. 1632 "pass" is altered to *poise* in the sense of *weigh* the difficulties; and it may be right, but "pass" is not, by any means, so obviously wrong, in the sense of "pass" through the difficulties, as to authorize us in excluding it from the text.

Like one besotted on your sweet delights :  
You have the honey still, but these the gall.  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up,  
On terms of base compulsion ? Can it be,  
That so degenerate a strain as this,  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,  
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,  
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Hect.* Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well ;  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glaz'd,—but superficially ; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong ; for pleasure, and revenge,  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves,  
All dues be render'd to their owners : now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband ? if this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory.  
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud

To have her back return'd : thus to persist  
 In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
 Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,  
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you  
 In resolution to keep Helen still ;  
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

*Tro.* Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :  
 Were it not glory that we more affected,  
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
 She is a theme of honour and renown ;  
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;  
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us :  
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
 For the wide world's revenue.

*Hect.* I am your's,  
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—  
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,  
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.  
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,  
 Whilst emulation in the army crept :  
 This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* How now, Thersites ! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury ? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus ? he beats me, and I rail at him : Oh, worthy satisfaction ! would, it were otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then, there's Achilles,

—a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, thou great thunder-darter of Olympus! forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have; which short-armed ignorance itself knows<sup>5</sup> is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather the Neapolitan bone-ache<sup>6</sup>; for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil, envy, say Amen. [*Rising.*] What, ho! my lord Achilles!

*Enter PATROCLUS.*

*Patr.* Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

*Ther.* If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation<sup>7</sup>; but it is no matter: thyself upon thyself! The common curse of

<sup>5</sup> — which short-ARM'D ignorance itself knows] So all the old editions; but the Rev. Mr. Dyce would read "short-aim'd ignorance" ("Remarks," p. 152); but "short-arm'd" is a compound epithet so peculiarly adapted to ignorance, and to the narrow compass of its reach, that we cannot consent to displace it for a merely speculative and less appropriate emendation.

<sup>6</sup> — or, rather the Neapolitan bone-ache;] "Neapolitan" is omitted in the folio. It refers to the consequences of venereal infection.

<sup>7</sup> Rising.] This, and the previous direction, "Kneeling," are from the corr. fo. 1632, and probably relate to the old practice of the stage in this respect: they are otherwise of little importance. Patroclus afterwards refers to the posture in which he had found Thersites, when he entered.

<sup>8</sup> If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation;] The play upon the words "counterfeit" and "slipped" may be well illustrated by a passage from R. Greene's "Thieves Falling Out," &c. which must have been printed long before 1615, the date of the earliest known edition:—"And therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips." The above is quoted by Steevens in a note to "Romeo and Juliet," A. ii. sc. 4, where the word "slip" occurs in a similar sense: he adds that it appears from a passage in Gascoigne's "Ferdinando Jeronimi," that a "slip" was "a piece of money, which was then fallen to three-halfpence, and they called them slips." The same commentator also cites E. Guilpin's "Skialetheia," 1598, Sat. 2, which Mr. Singer, at second-hand, slightly misquotes:

"Is not he fond then which a slip receaves  
For currant money? she which thee deceaves  
With copper guilt is but a slip, and she  
Will one day show thee a touch as slippery."

mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death: then, if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

*Patr.* What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

*Ther.* Ay; the heavens hear me!

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* Thersites, my lord.

*Achil.* Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agememnon?

*Ther.* Thy commander, Achilles.—Then, tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

*Patr.* Thy lord, Thersites. Then, tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

*Ther.* Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou must tell<sup>1</sup>, that knowest.

*Achil.* Oh! tell, tell.

*Ther.* I'll decline the whole question<sup>1</sup>. Agememnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

*Patr.* You rascal<sup>2</sup>!

*Ther.* Peace, fool! I have not done.

*Achil.* He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

*Ther.* Agememnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this: come.

*Ther.* Agememnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agememnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand of the prover<sup>3</sup>.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

<sup>1</sup> Thou must tell,] So the 4tos: the folio, "Thou *mayst* tell."

<sup>2</sup> — DECLINE the whole question.] "Deduce the question," says Johnson, "from the first case to the last."

<sup>3</sup> *Patr.* You rascal!] This and the three next speeches are only in the folio.

<sup>4</sup> Make that demand of the PROVER.] It is not easy to account for the varia-

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.*

*Achil.* Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

*Ther.* Here is such patchery<sup>4</sup>, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all<sup>5</sup>! [*Exit.*

*Agam.* Where is Achilles?

*Patr.* Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

*Agam.* Let it be known to him that we are here.

We sent our messengers<sup>6</sup>; and we lay by

Our appertainments visiting of him:

Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place<sup>7</sup>,

Or know not what we are.

*Patr.* I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

*Ulyss.* We saw him at the opening of his tent:  
He is not sick.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why? why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord<sup>8</sup>. [*Taking AGAMEMNON aside.*

*Nest.* What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

tion between the 4to. and folio copies here: the former have it as in our text: the latter read, "Make that demand to the *Creator*."

<sup>4</sup> Here is such PATCHERY.] Meaning *folly*. Fools were often of old called *patches*, on account of their parti-coloured dress.

<sup>5</sup> Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all!] These words are only in the folio. The serpigo was a kind of *tetter*, and we have before had it mentioned in "Measure for Measure," A. iii. sc. 1. Just above, the folio, for "emulous factions" of the 4tos, has "emulations, factions." We adhere to the 4tos, as, indeed, modern editors have done, but without noticing the variation.

<sup>6</sup> WE SENT our messengers;] The 4tos. read, "He *sate*," and the folio, "He *sent*." The ordinary reading since the time of Theobald has been, "He *shent*," or rebuked our messengers; but Achilles had not rebuked any messengers, and the mistake is not in the word "sent," as it stands in the folio, but in the word *He*, a mere transcriber's error for "We," which we find in the corr. fo. 1632 as the true emendation.

<sup>7</sup> Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,] So the 4tos: the folio, "Let him be told of, so perchance he think."

<sup>8</sup> A word, my lord.] Not in the 4tos. Farther on, the folio has *strong counsel* *that* for "strong composure" of the 4tos, and *flight* for "flexure."

*Ulyss.* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

*Nest.* Who ? Thersites ?

*Ulyss.* He.

*Nest.* Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

*Ulyss.* No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, Achilles.

*Nest.* All the better ; their faction is more our wish, than their faction : but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

*Nest.* No Achilles with him.

*Re-enter PATROCLUS.*

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy : his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

*Patr.* Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,  
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure  
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,  
To call upon him : he hopes it is no other  
But, for your health and your digestion sake,  
An after-dinner's breath.

*Agam.* Hear you, Patroclus.  
We are too well acquainted with these answers ;  
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.  
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him ; yet all his virtues,  
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,  
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss ;  
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,  
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,  
We come to speak with him ; and you shall not sin,  
If you do say, we think him over-proud,  
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,  
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than himself  
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,  
Disguise the holy strength of their command,  
And underwrite, in an observing kind,  
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch  
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action  
 Rode on his tide<sup>o</sup>. Go, tell him this: and add,  
 That, if he overhold his price so much,  
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine  
 Not portable, lie under this report—  
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war.  
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
 Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

*Patr.* I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

*Agam.* In second voice we'll not be satisfied,  
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you<sup>1</sup>.  
 [*Exit* ULYSSES.

*Ajax.* What is he more than another?

*Agam.* No more than what he thinks he is.

*Ajax.* Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks him-  
 self a better man than I am?

*Agam.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

*Agam.* No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as  
 wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more  
 tractable.

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How doth pride  
 grow? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues  
 the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his  
 own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever  
 praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the  
 praise.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of  
 toads.

*Nest.* Yet he loves himself: is't not strange? [*Aside.*

<sup>o</sup> His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide.] So the folio, excepting that for "lunes" it misprints *lines*.  
 We have seen "lunes" used in the same way in "The Winter's Tale," A. ii.  
 sc. 2, Vol. iii. p. 40. In the 4tos. the passage is thus given:—

"His course and time, his ebbs and flows, and if

The passage and whole stream of his commencement  
 Rode on his tide."

There can be no doubt that the text of the folio is an improvement; and it is to  
 be observed that *lines* is altered to "lunes" (which was Sir T. Hanmer's emen-  
 dation) in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>1</sup> Ulysses, enter you.] Thus the folio: the 4to, corruptly, "Ulysses, enter-  
 tain." Lower down the folio reads, "I know not what *it* is" for "I know not  
 what *pride* is" of the 4tos.



*Re-enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

*Agam.* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss.* He doth rely on none;  
But carries on the stream of his dispose  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

*Agam.* Why will he not, upon our fair request,  
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,  
He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;  
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride  
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,  
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters down himself<sup>2</sup>: what should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it  
Cry—"No recovery."

*Agam.* Let Ajax go to him.—  
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:  
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,  
At your request, a little from himself.

*Ulyss.* O Agamemnon! let it not be so.  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam<sup>3</sup>,  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts,—save such as doth revolve  
And ruminates himself,—shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is<sup>4</sup>,  
By going to Achilles:  
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;

<sup>2</sup> And batters down himself:] The folio reads, probably corruptly, "And batters 'gainst itself." "Death tokens," in the next line, are the decisive indications of a person being infected with the plague.

<sup>3</sup> — with his own seam,] i. e. *Lard* or *grease*: from the Sax. *seme*.

<sup>4</sup> As amply TITLED as Achilles is,] The 4tos. have *liked* for "titled" of the folio. There can be no doubt as to the right word.

And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;

And say in thunder—"Achilles, go to him."

*Nest.* Oh! this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*To DIO.*]

*Dio.* And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*To NEST.*]

*Ajax.* If I go to him, with my armed fist

I'll pash him o'er the face.

*Agam.* Oh, no! you shall not go.

*Ajax.* An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride<sup>5</sup>.

Let me go to him.

*Ulyss.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

*Ajax.* A paltry, insolent fellow!

*Nest.*

How he describes

Himself?

[*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* Can he not be sociable?

*Ulyss.*

The raven

Chides blackness.

[*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* I'll let his humours blood<sup>6</sup>.

*Agam.* He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

[*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* An all men were o' my mind,—

*Ulyss.*

Wit would be out of fashion.

[*Aside.*]

*Ajax.* 'A should not bear it so,

'A should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* An 'twould, you'd carry half.

[*Aside.*]

*Ulyss.*

'A would have ten shares<sup>7</sup>.

[*Aside.*]

<sup>5</sup> — I'll PHEEZE his pride.] I'll *humble* his pride. See "Taming of the Shrew," Vol. ii. p. 443. To *pash*, in the preceding speech of Ajax, is to *strike*, and sometimes to *break* or *dash* to pieces by striking.

<sup>6</sup> I'll let his humours blood.] In the 4tos. this passage stands, "I'll *tell* his *humorous* blood." As Malone observes, in 1600 was published a collection of satires, &c. called, "The Letting of Humour's Blood in the head-vein." It gave offence under this title, and in the next edition it was called "Humours Ordinary;" but it was afterwards frequently reprinted under its first title. Malone does not seem to have known these particulars, nor that the name of the author was Samuel Rowlands.

<sup>7</sup> 'A would have ten shares.] In the 4tos. these words are assigned to Ajax: they clearly belong to Ulysses, and to him they are given in the folio. The next speech, by Nestor, "He's not yet thorough warm," erroneously has the prefix of Ajax in all the copies, folio and 4to. "Force him with praises" means, "stuff him with praises," but the 4tos. have *prayers* for "praises." The dialogue is confusedly given in this part of the scene in all the old copies.

*Ajax.* I will knead him ; I will make him supple.

*Nest.* He's not yet thorough warm : force him with praises.  
Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

*Ulyss.* My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

*Nest.* Our noble general, do not do so.

*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

*Ulyss.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.  
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face ;  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so ?  
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

*Ulyss.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Ajax.* A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us !  
Would he were a Trojan !

*Nest.* What a vice  
Were it in Ajax now—

*Ulyss.* If he were proud ?

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise ?

*Ulyss.* Ay, or surly borne ?

*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected ?

*Ulyss.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet com-  
posure ;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck :

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition<sup>\*</sup> ;

But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts : here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

*Ajax.* Shall I call you father ?

<sup>\*</sup> — beyond all erudition ;] The folio<sup>o</sup> inserts "beyond" twice. In the preceding line the folio, 1623, has "*Fame* be thy tutor," but it is "Fam'd be thy tutor" in the 4tos, and it is so amended in the corr. fo. 1632.

*Nest.* Ay, my good son<sup>o</sup>.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

*Ulyss.* There is no tarrying here: the hart Achilles  
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general  
To call together all his state of war:

Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,  
We must with all our main of power stand fast:  
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,  
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep<sup>1</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

*Pan.* Friend, you! pray you, a word. Do not you follow  
the young lord Paris?

*Serv.* Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean?

*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs  
praise him.

*Serv.* The lord be praised!

*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially.

*Pan.* Friend, know me better. I am the lord Pandarus.

*Serv.* I hope, I shall know your honour better.

*Pan.* I do desire it.

<sup>o</sup> Ay, my good son.] In the folio this reply is put into the mouth of Ulysses, but it more properly belongs to Nestor, and to him we find it assigned in the 4tos. Some have supposed that the words were transferred from Ulysses to Nestor merely by modern editors: it is not only the most ancient, but the most natural reading.

<sup>1</sup> Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.] So the 4tos: the folio spoils the line by reading *may* before "sail," and misprints *bulks* for "hulks." It injures a previous line by omitting "great" before "general."

*Serv.* You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*]

*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles.—What music is this?

*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

*Pan.* Know you the musicians?

*Serv.* Wholly, sir.

*Pan.* Who play they to?

*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.

*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?

*Serv.* At mine, sir; and their's that love music.

*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.

*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul—

*Pan.* Who, my cousin Cressida?

*Serv.* No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

*Pan.* It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths<sup>1</sup>.

*Serv.* Sodden business: there's a stewed phrase, indeed.

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.*

*Pan.* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them; especially to you, fair queen: fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

*Helen.* Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

*Pan.* You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

*Par.* You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truly, lady, no.

<sup>1</sup> — for my business SEETHS.] i. e. Boils. See "Midsummer-Night's Dream," A. v. sc. 1, Vol. ii. pp. 241. 243. In the latter place "seething" has always been misprinted *strange*, the original compositor, probably, not having understood the rather unusual word.

*Helen.* Oh, sir!—

*Pan.* Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

*Par.* Well said, my lord. Well, you say so, in fits<sup>1</sup>.

*Pan.* I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

*Pan.* Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord. My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

*Pan.* Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

*Helen.* You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head.

*Pan.* Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen,—i'faith—

*Helen.* And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

*Helen.* My lord Pandarus,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—

*Pan.* What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups<sup>2</sup>.

*Par.* I'll lay my life, with my dispraiser Cressida<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Well, you say so, in fits.] Pandarus tells Helen that his music is rude, upon which Paris observes that it is "in fits"—i. e. in the old divisions or "fits," as they were called, of early and rude ballads.

<sup>2</sup> You must not know where he sups.] These words are assigned to Helen in the 4tos. and folio, but evidently improperly, as what has passed between Pandarus and Paris has been apart from Helen: they are an answer by Pandarus to the inquiry of Paris, "Where sups he to-night?" The words, "I'll lay my life," in the beginning of the next speech of Paris, are only in the 4tos.

<sup>3</sup> I'll lay my life, with my DISPRAISER Cressida.] The old reading is *disposer* for "dispraiser," an easy and probable misprint, the emendation of which, in the corr. fo. 1632, renders it needless to enter into the contest, which has engaged the commentators during nearly a century, respecting the word *disposer*. Cressida was the "dispraiser of Paris," and did not allow his merits: consequently Pandarus tells Helen, just afterwards, "she'll none of him; they two are twain:" they had had a disagreement, and she was the "dispraiser" of Paris. Nobody doubts

*Pan.* No, no; no such matter, you are wide. Come, your dispraiser is sick.

*Par.* Well, I'll make excuse.

*Pan.* Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor dispraiser's sick.

*Par.* I spy.

*Pan.* You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Why, this is kindly done.

*Pan.* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

*Helen.* She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

*Pan.* He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

*Helen.* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

*Helen.* Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.

*Helen.* Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

*Pan.* Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

*Par.* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth, it begins so:

that *disposer* is nonsense. In the passage, cited by Steevens from the Epistle before Chapman's translation of Homer, there seems also to be a misprint: it may be doubted whether *disposer* ought not there to have been printed "*dispraiser*," in reference to the contempt felt by learning for "the birth of idle fancy"—poetry. We offer it only as a conjecture, but we might possibly read that quotation and its context thus:—

"Then, let not this Divinitie in earth  
(Deare Prince) be sleighted, as she were the birth  
Of idle Fancie; since she workes so hie:"

and Chapman from thence goes on to advert to the manner in which poetry had been slighted by learning,—

"Nor let her poore *dispraiser* (learning) lye  
Still bed-rid. Both which, being in men defac't,  
In men (with them) is God's bright image cast."

We quote from a copy of the earliest folio, containing only twelve books, which was presented by Chapman, in his own autograph, to Sir Henry Crofts: it has sixteen sonnets at the end, two of which were never reprinted. It may be well to add here that Professor Mommsen, in his new edition of Schlegel and Tieck's Shakespeare, renders "*my dispraiser Cressida*"—*meiner kleinen Feinden Cressida*: this is entirely consistent with our view.

*Love, love, nothing but love, still more<sup>6</sup> !*

*For, oh ! love's bow*

*Shoots buck and doe :*

*The shaft confounds,*

*Not that it wounds*

*But tickles still the sore.*

*These lovers cry—Oh ! oh ! they die !*

*Yet that which seems the wound to kill<sup>7</sup>,*

*Doth turn oh ! oh ! to ha ! ha ! he !*

*So dying love lives still :*

*Oh ! oh ! a while, but ha ! ha ! ha !*

*Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !—hey ho !*

*Helen.* In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eats nothing but doves, love ; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love ? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds ? Why, they are vipers : is love a generation of vipers ?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day ?

*Par.* Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy : I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not ?

*Helen.* He hangs the lip at something :—you know all, lord Pandarus.

*Pan.* Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse ?

*Par.* To a hair.

*Pan.* Farewell, sweet queen.

*Helen.* Commend me to your niece.

<sup>6</sup> Love, love, nothing but love, still more !] So the folio. The 4tos. give this line as follows :—

“ Love, love, nothing but love, *still love* still more.”

<sup>7</sup> Yet that which seems the wound to kill,] It is altered to “ a wound to kill ” in the corr. fo. 1632, but though the change may be worth notice, it is hardly worth placing in the text, even if it were right. We thank the Rev. Mr. Dyce for reminding us that “ hey ho,” at the end of the song, ought not to be printed in Italic type : it is a sigh by Pandarus, and no part of the song ; but, even if we had not here made the alteration, the matter speaks so plainly for itself, that we should hardly have thought it deserving a note, if Mr. Dyce had not occupied half a page of his “ Remarks ” (155) with the subject. He admits that we were correct in this respect in a passage of “ Hamlet,” but wonders how we could allow “ hey ho ! ” to pass in this play : he was, perhaps, not himself aware that it appears in Italic type both in the 4tos. and folios.



*Pan.* I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A Retreat sounded.*

*Par.* They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,  
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you  
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,  
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,  
Or force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more  
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

*Helen.* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:  
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;  
Yea, overshines ourself.

*Par.* Sweet, above thought I love thee<sup>\*</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. PANDARUS' Orchard.

*Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.*

*Pan.* How now! where's thy master? at my cousin  
Cressida's?

*Serv.* No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* Oh! here he comes.—How now, how now!

*Tro.* Sirrah, walk off.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Pan.* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. Oh! be thou my Charon,  
And give me swift transportance to those fields,  
Where I may wallow in the lily beds  
Propos'd for the deserver. Oh, gentle Pandarus!  
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,  
And fly with me to Cressid.

<sup>\*</sup> Sweet, above thought I love THEE.] This is the reading of the folio, (the 4tos. having *her* for "thee") which, however, incorrectly assigns the exclamation to Helen: the 4tos. properly give it to Paris.

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

*Tro.* I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.  
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,  
When that the watery palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice-repured nectar<sup>9</sup>? death, I fear me;  
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness<sup>1</sup>,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers.  
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* She's making her ready; she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

*Tro.* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:  
My heart beats thicker<sup>2</sup> than a feverous pulse,  
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage, at unawares, encountering  
The eye of majesty.

*Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.  
—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What! are you gone again? you must

<sup>9</sup> Love's thrice-~~REPURED~~ nectar?] So one copy of the 4tos. of 1609 (that belonging to the Duke of Devonshire), and so, no doubt, rightly, "repured" being taken in the sense of *refined* or *purified*. The folio, by a misprint, has *thrice-reputed*, which has been ever since repeated. Mr. Singer, of course, prints "repured," admitting that it is a "highly expressive word," but he does not mention that it was inserted in our edition of 1844, for the first time during about two hundred years. The word in ordinary use was "repurified," but Raleigh, in his "History of the World," 1614, p. 84, uses *depure* for "purify."

<sup>1</sup> — TUN'D too sharp in sweetness,] Here the 4to. affords the better reading: the folio tamely, and without regard to the figure derived from music, has merely "and too sharp in sweetness."

<sup>2</sup> My heart beats THICKER] *i. e.* Quicker, more rapidly. See, among other places, "Henry IV., Part II.," Vol. iii. p. 457.

be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills'.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress'. How now! a kiss in fee-farm'? build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river': go to, go to.

*Tro.* You have bereft me of all words, lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.]

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

*Tro.* O Cressida! how often have I wish'd me thus?

*Cres.* Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—Oh my lord!

*Tro.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes'.

*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins'; they never see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer

<sup>3</sup> — i' the *FILLS*.] i. e. In the shafts. *Fills*, or *phills*, is still used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. See "The Merchant of Venice," A. ii. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 286.

<sup>4</sup> So, so; rub on, and KISS the MISTRESS.] The allusion is to *bowling*. What is now called the *jack*, in Shakespeare's time was usually termed the "mistress."

<sup>5</sup> — a kiss in *FREE-FARM*?] Is a kiss of never-ending duration; a "fee-farm" being (as Malone remarks) a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent.

<sup>6</sup> The *FALCON* as the *TERCEL*, for all the ducks i' the river:] The meaning seems to be, that the "falcon," or female hawk, is as good as the "tercel," the male hawk. The saying was, doubtless, proverbial; and so we find it in Fletcher's "Love's Pilgrimage," cited by Mason, and re-cited by the Rev. Mr. Dyce in his "Few Notes," p. 107. He might perhaps have left it upon Mason's undisputed evidence.

<sup>7</sup> — if my *FEARS* have eyes.] The 4to. and folio editions have *fears* for "fears." The next line corrects the manifest error.

<sup>8</sup> Fears make devils of cherubins:] So all the old copies. Malone and some other modern editors read, "Fears make devils cherubins," which is directly opposite to the poet's meaning.

footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear : to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

*Tro.* Oh ! let my lady apprehend no fear : in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Nor nothing monstrous neither ?

*Tro.* Nothing, but our undertakings ; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers ; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined ; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.* They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform ; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters ?

*Tro.* Are there such ? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted ; allow us as we prove : our head shall go bare, till merit crown it<sup>9</sup>. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present : we will not name desert before his birth ; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith : Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth ; and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord ?

*Re-enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* What ! blushing still ? have you not done talking yet ?

*Cres.* Well uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thank you for that : if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord ; if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages ; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant,

<sup>9</sup> — till merit crown it.] The 4tos. here read, corruptly and unintelligibly, "till merit lover part."

being won : they are burs, I can tell you ; they'll stick where they are thrown.

*Cres.* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.—  
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day  
For many weary months.

*Tro.* Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win ?

*Cres.* Hard to seem won ; but I was won, my lord,  
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me,—  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
I love you now ; but not, till now, so much  
But I might master it.—In faith, I lie :  
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown  
Too headstrong for their mother : see, we fools !  
Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?—  
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;  
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,  
Or that we women had men's privilege  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue ;  
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak  
The thing I shall repent. See, see ! your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness<sup>1</sup>, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

*Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

[*Kissing her.*

*Pan.* Pretty, i'faith.

*Cres.* My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;  
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss.  
I am asham'd :—O heavens ! what have I done ?—  
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid ?

*Pan.* Leave ! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

*Cres.* Pray you, content you.

*Tro.*

What offends you, lady ?

*Cres.* Sir, mine own company.

*Tro.*

You cannot shun

Yourself.

*Cres.* Let me go and try.

<sup>1</sup> CUNNING in dumbness,] The old copies all read, "*Coming in dumbness*," a misprint corrected by Pope, and set right also in the corr. fo. 1632 : see precisely the same misprint, *coming* for "*cunning*," in "*All's Well that Ends Well*," A. v. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 623. In the next line we follow the 4to : the folio has "*My soul of counsel from me*."

I have a kind of self resides with you ;  
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,  
 To be another's fool<sup>2</sup>. I would be gone.—  
 Where is my wit? I know not what I speak<sup>3</sup>.

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,  
 And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
 To angle for your thoughts ; but you are wise,  
 Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love,  
 Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

*Tro.* Oh ! that I thought it could be in a woman,  
 (As, if it can, I will presume in you)  
 To feed for aye<sup>4</sup> her lamp and flames of love ;  
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
 Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays :  
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,  
 That my integrity and truth to you  
 Might be affronted with the match and weight  
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;  
 How were I then uplifted ! but, alas !  
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

*Cres.* In that I'll war with you.

*Tro.* Oh, virtuous fight !  
 When right with right wars who shall be most right.  
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,  
 Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,  
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

<sup>2</sup> I have a kind of self resides with you ;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool.] We make no change here in the language of Shakespeare as it appears in the old copies ; but the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to read the lines as follows, and the variation at least claims remark :—

“ I have a kind self that resides with you ;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave

To be another's fool.”

This opposition of “ kind self ” and “ unkind self ” may have been intended.

<sup>3</sup> ——— I would be gone.—

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.] So the 4tos: the folio, less connectedly,

——— “ Where is my wit ?

I would be gone. I speak I know not what.”

<sup>4</sup> To feed for AYE] The 4tos, “ To feed for age.” If the folio had not instructed us otherwise, how much might have been justifiably said in favour of “ To feed for age,” with reference to what follows in the same speech.

Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—  
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon<sup>5</sup>,  
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—  
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,  
 And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.*

Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
 And mighty states characterless are grated  
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,  
 From false to false, among false maids in love,  
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false  
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;  
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
 As false as Cressid.

*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness. [*TROILUS and CRESSIDA kiss.*—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars: let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

*Tro.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber; which bed<sup>6</sup>, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

<sup>5</sup> — as plantage to the moon,] "Alluding," observes Warburton, "to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or sown, which was therefore done in the increase." Farmer makes the following quotation from "Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft," 1584: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade."

<sup>6</sup> — I will show you a chamber; which bed, &c.] So all the old copies. Malone, and others before him, added, *and a bed*, after "chamber;" but the

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,  
 Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear ! [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

*Enter* AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX,  
 MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

*Cal.* Now, princes, for the service I have done you,  
 Th' advantage of the time prompts me, aloud  
 To call for recompense. Appeal it to your mind,  
 That, through the sight I bear in things above,  
 I have abandon'd Troy', left my possession,  
 Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,  
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all  
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
 And here, to do you service, am become  
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:  
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
 To give me now a little benefit,  
 Out of those many register'd in promise,  
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.  
*Agam.* What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

word "chamber" may be supposed to imply a bed. If addition were needed, for "chamber" we should only read "*bed-chamber*."

<sup>7</sup> ——— APPEAL it to your mind,

That, through the sight I bear in things ABOVE,

I have abandon'd Troy,] It is needless to enter into any discussion respecting the probability of such or such an emendation of this passage, as it stands in the old impressions; where "to Jove" or *to love* is misprinted for "above," the undoubted word of the poet, as we find it in the corr. fo. 1632: through the sight Calchas possessed in things *above* he had been induced to abandon his native city. The error was as easy as it is certain. In the preceding line we alter *Appear* to "Appeal" on the same authority, the meaning being that the Grecian commanders were to "appeal," or *call* it to their mind, that Calchas had so quitted Troy: if not, we must understand *appear* in the sense of "let it appear," but the emendation to "appeal" clears away this difficulty also. The translation of the whole passage in the last German edition is this:—

—————"Erinnert euch, wie ich,  
 Durch himmelstunde ahnend das Geschick,  
 Aus Troja floh," &c.



*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
 Yesterday took : Troy holds him very dear.  
 Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore)  
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,  
 Whom Troy hath still denied ; but this Antenor,  
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs<sup>8</sup>,  
 That their negociations all must slack,  
 Wanting his manage ; and they will almost  
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
 In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,  
 And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence  
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
 In most accepted pay<sup>9</sup>.

*Agam.* Let Diomedes bear him,  
 And bring us Cressid hither : Calchas shall have  
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,  
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange :  
 Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow  
 Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden  
 Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.*]

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent<sup>1</sup>.

*Ulyss.* Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :  
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
 As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,  
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.  
 I will come last : 'tis like, he'll question me,  
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him ?  
 If so, I have derision medicinable,  
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink.

<sup>8</sup> I know, is such a *wæst* in their affairs,] Johnson understands "*wrest*" to mean *distortion* ; while Steevens supposes "*wrest*" to be misprinted for *rest*, to be taken in the sense of *stay* or support. All the old copies agree in the mode of printing "*wrest*," and Douce rightly considers it the old name of the tuner of stringed instruments, used figuratively.

<sup>9</sup> In most accepted *PAY*.] *Pain* is the word in the 4tos. and folios for "*pay*," which was Warburton's emendation, and which we accept, although the old annotator on the fo. 1632 makes no change. We have little doubt that "*pay*" was misheard *pain*, and hence the error.

<sup>1</sup> — before their Tent.] The stage-direction in the 4tos. is, "Achilles and Patroclus stand in their Tent;" and in the folio, "Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent." The text tells us that they stood in the entrance of the tent.

It may do good : pride hath no other glass  
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees  
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*Agam.* We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along :—  
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

*Achil.* What ! comes the general to speak with me ?—  
You know my mind : I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Agam.* What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

*Nest.* Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing, my lord.

*Agam.* The better. [*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How do you ? how do you ? [*Exit MENELAUS.*]

*Achil.* What ! does the cuckold scorn me ?

*Ajax.* How now, Patroclus !

*Achil.* Good morrow, Ajax.

*Ajax.* Ha ?

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit AJAX.*]

*Achil.* What mean these fellows ? Know they not Achilles ?

*Patr.* They pass by strangely : they were us'd to bend,  
To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;  
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep  
To holy altars.

*Achil.* What ! am I poor of late ?  
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too : what the declin'd is,  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,  
And not a man, for being simply man,  
Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours<sup>1</sup>  
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,  
Prizes of accident as oft as merit :  
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,  
Doth one pluck down another, and together

<sup>1</sup> — but HONOUR for those honours] The folio reads *honour's*.

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :  
 Fortune and I are friends : I do enjoy  
 At ample point all that I did possess,  
 Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks, find out  
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses :  
 I'll interrupt his reading.—  
 How now, Ulysses !

*Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son !

[*Looking up from his book.*]

*Achil.* What are you reading ?

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted<sup>3</sup>,  
 How much in having, or without or in,  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;  
 As when his virtues shining upon others<sup>4</sup>  
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again  
 To the first giver.

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here, in the face,  
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
 To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself,  
 That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself<sup>5</sup>,  
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd  
 Salutes each other with each other's form :  
 For speculation turns not to itself,  
 Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — how dearly ever PARTED,] *i. e.* says Johnson, however *excellently endowed*. Monck Mason refers us to the following passage in Massinger's "Great Duke of Florence," A. iv. sc. 2 :—

———— "And I, my lord, chose rather  
 To deliver her better parted than she is,  
 Than to take from her."

"Gifford's Massinger," ii. 502.

<sup>4</sup> As when his virtues SHINING upon others] So the folio : the 4tos, less intelligibly, read *aiming* for "shining."

<sup>5</sup> That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,] This and the preceding line are omitted in the folio, but are obviously necessary.

<sup>6</sup> Till it hath travell'd, and is MIRROR'D there] From the earliest times, till the publication of our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations," "mirror'd" has been misprinted *married* in every edition. The fitness of the alteration to "mirror'd" is indisputable ; and Mr. Singer, compelled to introduce it into his text, says not one word of the source of an improvement so novel and important. He obtained "mirror'd" from the corr. fo. 1632 : he could obtain it no where else, but, as usual, forgot to state the fact. All that we shall say upon the subject is that, if

Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

*Ulyss.* I do not strain at the position,<sup>7</sup>  
It is familiar, but at the author's drift;  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves  
That no man is the lord of any thing,  
Though in and of him there be much consisting,  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates<sup>8</sup>  
The voice again; or like a gate of steel,  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;  
And apprehended here immediately  
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;  
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,  
Most object in regard, and dear in use:  
What things, again, most dear in the esteem,  
And poor in worth. Now, shall we see to-morrow,  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,  
Ajax renown'd. O heavens! what some men do,  
While some men leave to do.  
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!  
How one man eats into another's pride,  
While pride is fasting<sup>9</sup> in his wantonness!  
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrieking<sup>1</sup>.

he be content so to edit, he is heartily welcome to this and to every other emendation upon the same terms. We are not the sufferers: we are glad that Shakespeare's text should be thus "repured."

<sup>7</sup> — strain at the position.] The folio reads, "strain *it* at the position:" Ulysses means that the position above stated occasions him no difficulty.

<sup>8</sup> — WHICH, like an arch, REVERBERATES] The 4tos. and folio put *who* for "which," and *reverb'rate* for "reverberates:" the folio, 1664, only amends *reverb'rate* to "reverb'rates;" and "which" for *who* was Rowe's change.

<sup>9</sup> While pride is FASTING] The folio has *feasting*. It may be doubtful which ought to be preferred, the 4to. or the folio; and Johnson truly says that "either word may bear a good sense."

<sup>1</sup> And great Troy SHRIEKING.] So the 4tos: the folio *shrinking*, but amended to "shrieking" in the corr. fo. 1632; which, if there were any doubt upon the point, ought, perhaps, to be decisive.

*Achil.* I do believe it; for they pass'd by me,  
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me  
Good word, nor look. What! are my deeds forgot?

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion<sup>2</sup>;  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path,  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or edge aside<sup>3</sup> from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost;  
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'er-run and trampled on<sup>4</sup>. Then, what they do in present,  
Though less than your's in past, must o'ertop your's;  
For time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps-in the comer: welcome ever smiles<sup>5</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion;] Boaden here furnishes us with a reference to Spenser's "Fairy Queen," B. vi. c. viii. st. 23, which has since been taken as applicable, and so quoted and re-quoted; but the fact is, Spenser is not there speaking of Time, but of Mirabell and her companions, Disdain and Scorn: it is she who, in answer to Prince Arthur, tells him the reason why she carries a bottle and a bag,—

"Here in this bottle (sayd the sory Mayd)

I put the teares of my contrition,

Till to the brim I have it full defray'd;

And in this bag, which I behinde me don,

I put repentaunce for things past and gon."

Those who have cited and re-cited these lines, in reference to Shakespeare's text, had surely never read them, or the context.

<sup>3</sup> Or *edge* aside] The 4tos. have, "Or *turn* aside."

<sup>4</sup> O'er-run and trampled on.] This beautiful simile is only found in the folio, 1623, but with some corruption: for instance, "abject *rear*" is misprinted "abject *near*;" but the true word, regarding which nobody has hesitated, is found in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>5</sup> — welcome ever smiles,] The 4tos. have "*the* welcome," which is evidently

And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.  
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,  
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
 And give to dust<sup>6</sup>, that is a little gilt,  
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.  
 The present eye praises the present object :  
 Then, marvel not, thou great and complete man,  
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;  
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye<sup>7</sup>,  
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,  
 And still it might, and yet it may again,  
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,  
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;  
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,  
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
 And drave great Mars to faction.

*Achil.*

Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

*Ulyss.*

But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical.

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

*Achil.*

Ha ! known ?

*Ulyss.* Is that a wonder ?

The providence that's in a watchful state  
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold<sup>8</sup>,  
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps,  
 Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,

wrong by measure and meaning, but, nevertheless, the error was reprinted in the folio. In the next line the folio reads " O ! let not," &c.

<sup>6</sup> And give to dust.] " And goe to dust" in the old copies, 4to. and folio. It is amended to " give" in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>7</sup> — SOONER catch the eye,] So the 4tos : the folio *begin to* for " sooner," the compositor having caught the words from the preceding line. In the next line the folio reads *out* for " once." For " sooner" the corr. fo. 1632 has *quicker*, and it alters *out* to " once."

<sup>8</sup> — PLUTUS' gold,] The folio reads " *Pluto's* gold :'" the 4tos, instead of this line, have merely, " Knows almost every thing." In the next line they have *depth* for " deeps." Lower down, the folio has *her island* for " our islands."

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb crudities<sup>9</sup>.  
 There is a mystery (with whom relation  
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,  
 Which hath an operation more divine,  
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.  
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,  
 As perfectly is our's, as your's, my lord;  
 And better would it fit Achilles much  
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:  
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,  
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,  
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
 "Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,  
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."  
 Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;  
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break<sup>1</sup>. [Exit.

*Patr.* To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.  
 A woman impudent and mannish grown  
 Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man  
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:  
 They think, my little stomach to the war,  
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus.  
 Swift, rouse yourself<sup>2</sup>; and the weak wanton Cupid  
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,

<sup>9</sup> Keeps PACE with thought, and almost, like the gods,  
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb CRUDITIES.] Here we have two valuable  
 emendations in the corr. fo. 1632, one of which, viz. "pace" for *place*, was con-  
 jectured by Hanmer: the other has never been hinted at by any commentator,  
 viz. "crudities" for *cradles*. There can surely be no doubt about it, and the  
 halting measure, if nothing else, exposes the lapse. For "dumb crudities" we  
 might, on some accounts, be disposed to read "*dim* crudities," but we have no  
 authority for any such change; and though "dumb" has been always misprinted  
*dubb* in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Mad Lover," A. i. sc. 1 (Dyce's edit. vi. 132),  
 without detection, there is no reason to think that the old printer here made any  
 such mistake as to compose "dumb" for *dim*, which never was spelt with a final *b*.

<sup>1</sup> The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.] In Armin's "Nest of  
 Ninnies," 1608, is a story of a fool who passed over very weak ice, which the  
 writer states would have broken with the weight of any other person. See the  
 reprint by the Shakespeare Society in 1842, p. 38.

<sup>2</sup> SWIFT, rouse yourself;] It is "*Sweet*, rouse yourself" in the early copies,  
 and that reading has been universally followed. Patroclus would hardly address  
 Achilles as *Sweet*, especially at the moment when he was endeavouring to re-  
 animate his warlike spirit: he wishes Achilles to rouse himself without delay. In  
 "The Comedy of Errors," A. iv. sc. 2, there is an instance of the very same mis-  
 print, rectified on the same authority—the corr. fo. 1632.

Be shook to air<sup>3</sup>.

*Achil.* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

*Patr.* Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

*Achil.* I see, my reputation is at stake;  
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

*Patr.* Oh! then beware:

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints,

Even then, when we sit idly in the sun.

*Achil.* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.  
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him  
T' invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,  
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* A wonder!

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock; a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out: and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies,

<sup>3</sup> Be shook to air.] The folio reads, "Be shook to airy air:" it will be observed that the measure is complete in the 4to. without the tautological epithet. The corrector of the folio, 1632, does not strike out *airy*, but amends it to *very*, leaving the verse still encumbered. We have no hesitation in following the here uncorrupted text of the 4tos.



"Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured, captain-general of the Grecian army<sup>4</sup>, Agamemnon. Do this.

*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax.

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles,—

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.—

*Ther.* Humph!

*Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

*Ther.* Agamemnon?

*Patr.* Ay, my lord.

*Ther.* Ha!

*Patr.* What say you to't?

*Ther.* God be wi' you, with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer, sir.

*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart.

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther.* No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

<sup>4</sup> — of the GRECIAN army.] The word "Grecian" is not in the 4tos; and in the folio "Agamemnon" is followed by "&c." "Grecian" was inserted probably for greater explicitness.

*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse<sup>5</sup>, for that's the more capable creature.

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;  
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

*Ther.* Would the fountain of your mind were clear again,  
that I might water an ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. A Street.

*Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.*

*Par.* See, ho! who is that there?

*Dei.*

It is the lord Æneas.

*Æne.* Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,  
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Dio.* That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

*Par.* A valiant Greek, Æneas, take his hand,  
Witness the process of your speech, wherein<sup>6</sup>  
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,  
Did haunt you in the field.

*Æne.*

Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce;  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance  
As heart can think, or courage execute.

*Dio.* The one and other Diomed embraces.  
Our bloods are now in calm, and so long health;  
But when contention and occasion meet,

<sup>5</sup> Let me BEAR another to his horse,] The folio alters "bear" to *carry*, but the repetition of the word used by Achilles was probably intended.

<sup>6</sup> Witness the process of your speech, WHEREIN] So the 4to: the folio changes "wherein" to *within*; but "wherein" is carefully restored in the corr. fo. 1032.

By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,  
With all my force, pursuit, and policy<sup>1</sup>.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly  
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,  
Welcome to Troy: now, by Anchises' life,  
Welcome, indeed. By Venus' hand I swear,  
No man alive can love, in such a sort,  
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

*Dio.* We sympathize.—Jove, let Æneas live,  
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,  
A thousand complete courses of the sun!  
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,  
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

*Æne.* We know each other well.

*Dio.* We do; and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most despitiful<sup>2</sup> gentle greeting,  
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—  
What business, lord, so early?

*Æne.* I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you. 'Twas to bring this Greek  
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,  
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.  
Let's have your company; or, if you please,  
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,  
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:  
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,  
We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you:  
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no help;  
The bitter disposition of the time

<sup>1</sup> With all my force, pursuit, and policy.] The corr. fo. 1632 alters the line thus:—

“With all my *fierce* pursuit, and policy.”

We feel some assurance that such was the verse as it proceeded from the pen of Shakespeare; and “force” in short-hand would be spelt with the same letters as *fierce*. Nevertheless, we leave the text as it has been handed down to us, because the sense is distinct, and no emendation positively required. It seems not unlikely that the old annotator had heard the line recited on the stage as he has given it.

<sup>2</sup> This is the most *DESPITEFUL*] Thus the 4tos: the folio, “This is the most *despitefull'st*,” &c.

Will have it so.—On, lord; we'll follow you.

*Ene.* Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*

*Par.* And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,  
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,  
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,  
Myself, or Menelaus?

*Dio.*

Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her  
Not making any scruple of her soilure<sup>1</sup>,  
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her  
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:  
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins  
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:  
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;  
But he as he, the heavier<sup>2</sup> for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

*Dio.* She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:—  
For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath,  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.  
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> — of her SOILURE.] The 4tos. say, "of her *soil*."

<sup>2</sup> — THE heavier] "*Which* heavier" is the reading of the folio, and it does not seem to afford so distinct a meaning as the 4tos. In the corr. fo. 1632 *which* of the folio, 1623, is altered to *each*, and possibly *which* had been misheard for *each*: *each* may well be right, but "the" is not wrong.

<sup>3</sup> We'll not commend what we intend to sell.] This line has given much trouble, but very unnecessarily: every alteration and suggestion yet made has been erroneous. The old copies, 4to. and folio, read as follows:—

"We'll not commend what we intend to sell;"

but because they intended to sell was the very reason they should commend. Warburton altered the line, as, indeed, it stands in the corr. fo. 1632.

"We'll not commend what we intend *not* sell;"

but the real mistake has been in the negative "not"—"We'll *not* commend,"

## SCENE II.

The Same. A Court before the House of PANDARUS.

*Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

*Tro.* Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

*Cres.* Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;  
He shall unbolt the gates.

*Tro.* Trouble him not;  
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants' empty of all thought!

*Cres.* Good morrow, then.

*Tro.* Pr'ythee now, to bed.

*Cres.* Are you aweary of me?

*Tro.* O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer<sup>3</sup>,  
I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath been too brief.

*Tro.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,  
As tediously as hell<sup>4</sup>; but flies the grasps of love,  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

*Cres.* Pr'ythee, tarry.—

You men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,  
And, then, you would have tarried.—Hark! there's one up.

&c. We must certainly put it as in our text, "not" having been, here as in many other places, misprinted for *but*:—

"We'll *but* commend what we intend to sell:"

i. e. as we do not wish to sell, we will reserve our commendations until we do: we will *only* commend what we purpose to sell. It would be easy to point out numerous instances where *not* and "but" have been misprinted for each other, the most remarkable being the line in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2 (Vol. ii. p. 174),

"A heavy heart bears *but* a humble tongue,"

which, like the line in our text, has always been given erroneously.

<sup>3</sup> — will hide our joys no longer,] The 4tos. have "joys," rightly: the folio misprints it *eyes*, but it is altered to "joys" in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>4</sup> As tediously as hell;] Here again the 4to. text is to be adopted: the folio reads, "*hideously* as hell."

*Pan.* [*Within.*] What! are all the doors open here?

*Tro.* It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Cres.* A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:  
I shall have such a life.—

*Pan.* How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—Here,  
you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?

*Cres.* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!  
You bring me to do,—and then you flout me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what  
have I brought you to do?

*Cres.* Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be  
good,  
Nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchio!<sup>1</sup>—  
hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it  
sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*]

*Cres.* Did not I tell you? 'would he were knock'd o' the  
head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Tro.* Ha, ha!

*Cres.* Come, you are deceiv'd; I think of no such thing.—  
[*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock.—Pray you, come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

*Pan.* [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter?  
will you beat down the door?—How now! what's the matter?

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there? my lord Æneas! By my troth, I  
knew you not: what news with you so early?

<sup>1</sup> — AH POOR CAPOCCHIO!] "In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598," says Malone, "we find, '*Capocchio*, a dolt, a loggerhead, a foolish pate, a shallow skonce.'" In his second edition, 1611, Florio left out half these reduplications. *Capocchia*, if Pandarus had meant to use the word, is a very different matter. It is "a poor capocchio" (misspelt *chipochia*) in the old copies, but most probably the article *a* was put for the interjection "ah," and so we have treated it.

*Æne.* Is not prince Troilus here?

*Pan.* Here! what should he do here?

*Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:  
It doth import him much to speak with me.

*Pan.* Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

*Æne.* Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y'are 'ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither: go.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* How now! what's the matter?

*Æne.* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,  
My matter is so rash. There is at hand  
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
Deliver'd to us<sup>6</sup>; and for him, forthwith,  
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
The lady Cressida.

*Tro.* Is it so concluded?

*Æne.* By Priam, and the general state of Troy:  
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me!  
I will go meet them:—and, my lord Æneas,  
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

*Æne.* Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature<sup>7</sup>  
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

*Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke 's neck!

<sup>6</sup> Deliver'd to us;] So the folio: the 4to, erroneously, "Deliver'd to him."  
"Deliver'd by him," meaning Diomed, might be right.

<sup>7</sup> — the secrets of nature] The 4to. corruptly and strangely reads, "the secrets of neighbour Pandar." We make no change in the folio representation of the text (although the corr. fo. 1632 would have us read "the secret laws of nature"), because in the time of Shakespeare "secrets" might be pronounced as a trisyllable: it had possibly changed in this respect before the time of the old annotator, who thought laws necessary.

*Enter CRESSIDA.*

*Cres.* How now! What is the matter? Who was here?

*Pan.* Ah! ah!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord?  
gone!

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

*Cres.* O the gods!—what's the matter?

*Pan.* Pr'ythee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been  
born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death.—O poor gentle-  
man!—A plague upon Antenor!

*Cres.* Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech  
you, what's the matter? [*Kneeling.*

*Pan.* Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou  
art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be  
gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane;  
he cannot bear it.

*Cres.* Oh, you immortal gods!—I will not go.

[*Starting up.*

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;  
I know no touch of consanguinity;  
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,  
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!  
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,  
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,  
Do to this body what extremes you can\*,  
But the strong base and building of my love  
Is as the very centre of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep.—

*Pan.* Do, do.

*Cres.* Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks  
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart  
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*

\* Do to this body what **EXTREMES** you can,] Shakespeare not unfrequently  
uses "extremes" in this way; see "Romeo and Juliet," A. iv. sc. 1, &c.: the folio  
substitutes *extremity*, which injures the verse.



## SCENE III.

The Same. Before PANDARUS' House.

*Enter* PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and  
DIOMEDES.

*Par.* It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd  
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek  
Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus,  
Tell you the lady what she is to do,  
And haste her to the purpose.

*Tro.* Walk into her house;  
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:  
And to his hand when I deliver her,  
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus  
A priest, there offering to it his own heart<sup>9</sup>. [*Exit.*

*Par.* I know what 'tis to love;  
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—  
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in PANDARUS' House.

*Enter* PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
And violenteth<sup>1</sup> in a sense as strong  
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?

<sup>9</sup> A priest, there offering to it his own heart.] The folio omits "own," possibly considering "offering," as it is strictly, a trisyllable.

<sup>1</sup> And VIOLENTETH] So the 4tos: the folio omits the word altogether, and reads, "And no less in a sense as strong." Steevens showed *violenceth* to be a verb used by Ben Jonson; and to *violent* is a verb in Latimer's Sermons, and in Fuller's "Worthies." The sense is left imperfect in the folio, by the omission of "violenteth:" the later folios reprint the first, excepting that, to amend the measure, the third folio regulates the passage differently.

If I could temporize with my affection,  
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
 The like allayment could I give my grief:  
 My love admits no qualifying dross<sup>2</sup>,  
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Pan.* Here, here, here he comes.—A sweet duck!

*Cres.* O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

———— O heart, O heavy heart,  
 Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart  
 By silence, nor by speaking<sup>3</sup>.*

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs!

*Tro.* Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity<sup>4</sup>,  
 That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy,  
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
 Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envy?

*Pan.* Ay, ay, ay, ay: 'tis too plain a case.

*Cres.* And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

*Tro.* A hateful truth.

*Cres.* What! and from Troilus too?

*Tro.* From Troy, and Troilus.

*Cres.* Is it possible?

<sup>2</sup> — no qualifying dross,] The folio has *cross* for “dross,” probably an oversight by the compositor.

<sup>3</sup> By SILENCE, nor by speaking.] Evidently a scrap of some ballad, or other popular production, and in the old copies this line stands,

“By friendship nor by speaking;”

but *friendship* is probably wrong, and “silence” (the word substituted in the corr. fo. 1632) is the proper antithesis of “speaking.” In the first line the old annotator also inserts an interjection before “heavy heart,” wanting in the 4tos. and folios, but certainly necessary to the measure. He also amends *sittest* of the folio, 1632, to “sighest;” and we feel some confidence that we have now restored the original language of the production quoted. It is printed merely as prose in all the early impressions.

<sup>4</sup> — in so STRAIN'D a purity,] The folio poorly substitutes *strange* for “strain'd,” the reading of the 4tos.

*Tro.* And suddenly ; where injury of chance  
 Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
 Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
 Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows  
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.  
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
 Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves  
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one<sup>1</sup>.  
 Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,  
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :  
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,  
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;  
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
 Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

*Æne.* [*Within.*] My lord ! is the lady ready ?

*Tro.* Hark ! you are call'd : some say, the Genius so  
 Cries, "Come !" to him that instantly must die.—  
 Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind, or my  
 heart will be blown up by the root<sup>2</sup> ! [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians ?

*Tro.*

No remedy.

*Cres.* A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks !  
 When shall we see again ?

*Tro.* Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart—

*Cres.* I true ? how now ! what wicked deem is this ?

*Tro.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  
 For it is parting from us.  
 I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee ;  
 For I will throw my glove to death himself,  
 That there's no maculation in thy heart ;  
 But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in  
 My sequent protestation. Be thou true,  
 And I will see thee.

*Cres.* Oh ! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers

<sup>1</sup> With the rude brevity and discharge of ONE.] i. e. Of one sigh. This is the reading of the 4tos : the folio makes the whole passage unintelligible by misprinting "one," *our*.

<sup>2</sup> — by the root !] So the folio : the 4tos, "by my throat."

<sup>3</sup> When shall we see again ?] This question is erroneously given to Troilus in the folio, and rightly to Cressida in the 4tos.

As infinite as imminent : but I'll be true.

*Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this glove.—When shall I see you ?

*Tro.* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

*Cres.* O heavens !—be true, again ?

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love.

The Grecian youths are full of quality ;  
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,  
Flowing<sup>a</sup> and swelling o'er with arts and exercise :  
How novelties may move, and parts with person<sup>b</sup> ,  
Alas ! a kind of godly jealousy  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)  
Makes me afraid.

*Cres.* O heavens ! you love me not.

*Tro.* Die I a villain, then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,  
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,  
Nor heel the high lavolt<sup>c</sup> , nor sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :  
But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,  
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think, I will ?

*Tro.* No ;

But something may be done, that we will not :  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their chainful potency<sup>d</sup> .

<sup>a</sup> Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,

Flowing] This passage is only in the folio : the meaning of course is, that the loving of the Grecian youths is well composed with gift of nature, &c.

<sup>b</sup> — and parts with PERSON.] So the folio : the 4tos, "with portion." In the next line the corr. fo. 1632 has *goodly* for "godly," but we forbear to alter, thinking that Shakespeare by "godly jealousy" meant *religious* jealousy, a "virtuous sin."

<sup>c</sup> Nor heel the high LAVOLT.] The "lavolta" was an active species of dance : we have already had "high lavoltas" mentioned in "Henry V.," A. iii. sc. 5, Vol. iii. p. 586.

<sup>d</sup> Presuming on their CHAINFUL potency.] i. e. Their potency to hold as with a chain : the old copies have "*changeful* potency," which must be wrong, and "chainful" is the word substituted in the corr. fo. 1632. In Marlowe and Nash's

*Æne.* [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

*Tro.* Come, kiss; and let us part.

*Par.* [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

*Tro.* Good brother, come you hither;  
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

*Cres.* My lord, will you be true?

*Tro.* Who, I? alas! it is my vice, my fault:  
Whilst others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit  
Is plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed. Here is the lady,  
Which for Antenor we deliver you:  
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,  
And by the way possess thee what she is.  
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe,  
As Priam is in Ilium.

*Dio.* Fair lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage<sup>3</sup>; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,  
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee<sup>4</sup>,

"Dido," A. v. (Edit. Dyce, ii. 430), we find "chain'd" misprinted *chang'd*, just as here we have "chainful" misprinted *changeful*: the line

"When Dido's beauty *chang'd* thine eyes to her"  
has been properly reprinted,

"When Dido's beauty chain'd thine eyes to her."  
Nobody saw the necessity for an alteration in the text until "chainful" was found substituted for *changeful* in the corr. fo. 1632, but now it will surely be admitted on all hands. Mr. Singer amends the line *ad libitum*:

"Presuming their unchangeable potency,"  
for which he does not pretend to have any warrant. He would rather disfigure his text than acknowledge an obligation to the corr. fo. 1632, though, but for that authority, he might, like others, have seen no error in the line.

<sup>3</sup> Pleads your fair USAGE;] The folio misprints "usage" *visage*.

<sup>4</sup> To shame the ZEAL of my petition to thee,] It is *seal* for "zeal" in the

In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,  
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
 I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;  
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,  
 I'll cut thy throat.

*Dio.* Oh! be not mov'd, prince Troilus.  
 Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,  
 To be a speaker free: when I am hence,  
 I'll answer to my lust<sup>5</sup>; and know you, lord,  
 I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth  
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,  
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

*Tro.* Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,  
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—  
 Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,  
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.

[*Trumpet sounded.*

*Par.* Hark! Hector's trumpet.

*Æne.* How have we spent this morning!  
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,  
 That swore to ride before him to the field.

*Par.* 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with him.

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight<sup>6</sup>.

*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.  
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie  
 On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

4tos. and folios, but amended to "zeal" in the corr. fo. 1632: for "to thee" the folio, 1623, reads *towards*; and in the next line *n* had dropped out, which is inserted by the old annotator, viz. "In praising her" for "*I* praising her."

<sup>5</sup> I'll answer to my LUST;] i. e. To my *pleasure*. "Lust" is often used by old writers in this sense: Spenser, in his "*Fairy Queen*," B. v. c. 6, says,

"For little *lust* had she to talk of aught."

It should be noted that the corr. fo. 1632, instead of "to my lust" has "to thy last," that is, to thy last threat about cutting my throat. The alteration may be right, but we are not convinced that the old text is wrong.

<sup>6</sup> *Dei.* Let us make ready straight.] This and the four next lines are not in the 4to. impressions. In the folio, "Let us make ready straight" is improperly given to Diomed, who had gone out. Malone transferred the words to Deiphobus, to whom they fitly belong.

## SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.*

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,  
Anticipating time. With starting courage<sup>7</sup>  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:  
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek<sup>8</sup>  
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;  
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

*Ulyss.* No trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early days.

*Agam.* Is not yond' Diomed<sup>9</sup> with Calchas' daughter?

*Ulyss.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;  
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.*

*Agam.* Is this the lady Cressid?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Agam.* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.  
[*Kissing her.*]

*Nest.* Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

*Ulyss.* Yet is the kindness but particular;  
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

<sup>7</sup> With STARTING courage] It is "With *startling* courage" in the corr. fo. 1632, but we hesitate to alter what possibly Shakespeare wrote. We might perhaps read the last words of this speech "And *hail* him hither," instead of "And hale him hither," for how was sound, by piercing the head of the combatant, to "hale," or drag Hector to the field? It may mean to *hail*, or call him to it.

<sup>8</sup> — bias cheek] "Swelling out," says Johnson, "like the bias of a bowl."

<sup>9</sup> Is not yond' Diomed] The folio, "Is not *young* Diomed."

- Nest.* And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—  
 So much for Nestor. [*Kissing her.*]
- Achil.* I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:  
 Achilles bids you welcome. [*Kissing her.*]
- Men.* I had good argument for kissing once.
- Patr.* But that's no argument for kissing now:  
 For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment, [*Putting him back*<sup>1</sup>.]  
 And parted thus you and your argument. [*Kissing her.*]
- Ulyss.* Oh! deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,  
 For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
- Patr.* The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:  
 Patroclus kisses you. [*Kissing her again.*]
- Men.* Oh! this is trim.
- Patr.* Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
- Men.* I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.
- Cres.* In kissing do you render or receive?
- Patr.* Both take and give.
- Cres.* I'll make my match to live,  
 The kiss you take is better than you give;  
 Therefore no kiss.
- Men.* I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.
- Cres.* You're an odd man: give even, or give none.
- Men.* An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
- Cres.* No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,  
 That you are odd, and he is even with you.
- Men.* You fillip me o' the head.
- Cres.* No, I'll be sworn.
- Ulyss.* It were no match, your nail against his horn.—  
 May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
- Cres.* You may.
- Ulyss.* I do desire it.
- Cres.* Why, beg then.
- Ulyss.* Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,  
 When Helen is a maid again, and his<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Putting him back.] All these stage-directions are from the margin of the corr. fo. 1632: they are most of them to be collected from what is said, but here we find that when Menelaus advanced to kiss, Patroclus interposed, and putting him back, with a gird at his matrimonial misfortune, kissed Cressida twice, first for Menelaus, and afterwards for himself. The line

"And parted thus you and your argument"  
 is not in the folio, 1623, and consequently not in the folio, 1632, but the old annotator on that edition has written it in at the proper place.

<sup>2</sup> When Helen is a maid again, and his.] Johnson at one time was disposed to give this line to Cressida; but not only do all the old copies assign it to Ulysses,



*Cres.* I am your debtor ; claim it when 'tis due.

*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

*Dio.* Lady, a word :—I'll bring you to your father.

[*DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.*]

*Nest.* A woman of quick sense.

*Ulyss.* Fie, fie upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body.

Oh ! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give occasion welcome ere it comes<sup>3</sup>,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling reader, set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity<sup>4</sup>,

And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.*]

*All.* The Trojans' trumpet.

*Agam.*

Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter HECTOR, armed ; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.*

*Æne.* Hail, all you state of Greece ! what shall be done  
To him that victory commands ? Or do you purpose,  
A victor shall be known ? will you, the knights  
Shall to the edge of all extremity  
Pursue each other ; or shall be divided<sup>5</sup>

but it is very evident from what he says, before and afterwards, that he means to slight Cressida and to tell her, in other words, that he never means to kiss her ;

"Never's my day, and then a kiss of you."

<sup>3</sup> That give occasion welcome ere it comes,] *i. e.* That welcome the opportunity even before it arrives. This is the happy emendation of the corr. fo. 1632 for the old misprinted line, which has caused so much dispute among commentators,—

"That give a *coasting* welcome ere it comes."

We need not now enter into the various ways in which successive editors have endeavoured to extract the meaning they required, out of words which, taken literally, hardly seem to afford any meaning.

<sup>4</sup> To every tickling reader, set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,] It is "*ticklish* reader" in the 4tos ; and we may doubt whether, in the next line, we ought not to read *skittish* for "sluttish spoils of opportunity :—" the misprint was easy. In the Prologue to this play we have the two epithets "tickling" and *skittish* used in immediate contact, and "skittish" seems to express better what Shakespeare here must have intended. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Scornful Lady*," A. iii. sc. 1, we have *skittish* used precisely in this sense, "A skittish filly will be your fortune, Welford."

<sup>5</sup> — or shall be divided] The 4to. inserts *they* after "shall." Five lines lower the folio reads *disprising* for "misprising" of the 4tos.

By any voice or order of the field ?

Hector bade ask.

*Agam.* Which way would Hector have it ?

*Æne.* He cares not : he'll obey conditions.

*Achil.* 'Tis done like Hector<sup>6</sup> ; but securely done,  
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing  
The knight oppos'd.

*Æne.* If not Achilles, sir,  
What is your name ?

*Achil.* If not Achilles, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore Achilles ; but, whate'er, know this :—  
In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;  
The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood :  
In love whereof half Hector stays at home ;  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

*Achil.* A maiden battle, then ?—Oh ! I perceive you.

.      *Re-enter DIOMED.*

*Agam.* Here is sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax : as you and lord Æneas  
Consent upon the order of their fight,  
So be it ; either to the utterance  
Or else a breach<sup>7</sup> : the combatants being kin,

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis done like Hector ;] This speech in the old copies, 4to. and folio, is assigned to Agamemnon : what follows shows it to belong to Achilles.

<sup>7</sup> ——— either to the UTTERANCE

Or else a BREACH :] Meaning, whether they shall carry the conflict to what has before been called "the edge of all extremity," or shall they be broken in upon before that period arrives ? In "Macbeth," A. iii. sc. 1, and in "Cymbeline," A. iii. sc. 1, Shakespeare uses the word "utterance" precisely in the same way, which here the old printer mistook for *uttermost*, and so printed it. The word in the second line is "breach" in the folio, and *breath* in the 4tos. The whole passage may be singularly illustrated by the following line and a half from Arthur Golding's translation of "Ovid's Metamorphoses," lib. 14 :—

"To both the parties at the length from battell for to rest,

And not to fight to utterance."

A challenge to fight à l'*outrance* was well understood in the law of arms, and many authorities might be produced to show that it was always translated in English in the terms used by Shakespeare, "to the utterance." This emendation is derived from the corr. fo. 1632, but the sense is nearly the same, whether we take the original word, or that which by corruption has been substituted.

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

*Ulyss.* They are oppos'd already<sup>\*</sup>.

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:  
His heart and hand both open, and both free;  
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impair thought<sup>†</sup> with breath.  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender abjects<sup>‡</sup>; but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindicative than jealous love.  
They call him Troilus; and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth,  
Even to his inches, and with private soul  
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.

*Agam.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

*Tro.*

Hector, thou sleep'st:

Awake thee!

*Agam.* His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

*Dio.* You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

*Æne.* Princes, enough, so please you.

<sup>\*</sup> They are oppos'd already.] These words are only in the folio. After "a true knight," two lines lower, the folio adds, "They call him Troilus," but the same information is given farther on in the speech of Ulysses, and is not required here. We, therefore, adopt the reading of the 4tos.

<sup>†</sup> — an IMPAIR thought] A thought unworthy of him, *not equal* to him. It is printed *impare* in the 4to. impressions, and hence it has been suggested that the true reading may have been *impure*, but we adhere to the ancient authorities. Chapman uses "impair" in his "Shield of Achilles," 1598; and in the folio the word is spelt *impaired*. The Rev. Mr. Dyce is very positive in favour of *impure* ("Remarks," p. 155), but in what way here is purity or impurity brought in question? He cites the very passage that proves him to be wrong.

<sup>‡</sup> To tender ABJECTS;] Not *objects*, as in the early impressions, but "abjects," or persons not able to resist: Hector in the height of his rage spares abject enemies. We have already seen Shakespeare employing "abjects" as a substantive in "Richard III.," A. i. sc. 1, this Vol. p. 228. What Nestor says of Hector soon afterwards (p. 567) is in exact accordance. See also "Timon of Athens," A. iv. sc. 3, "Swear against abjects," &c.

*Ajax.* I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

*Dio.* As Hector pleases.

*Hect.*

Why then, will I no more.—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,  
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;  
The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan, so  
That thou could'st say—"This hand is Grecian all,  
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,  
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member  
Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,  
That any drop<sup>3</sup> thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, Ajax.—  
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms.  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:  
Cousin, all honour to thee!

*Ajax.*

I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition earned in thy death.

*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable<sup>3</sup>,

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st *Oyes*  
Cries, "This is he!" could promise to himself  
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

*Æne.* There is expectance here from both the sides,  
What farther you will do.

*Hect.*

We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement.—Ajax, farewell.

<sup>3</sup> That any drop] The 4to. misprints "drop" *day*, and "borrow'dst"  
*borrow'st*: the folio is right in both places.

<sup>3</sup> Not Neoptolemus so MIRABLE,] Meaning Achilles, whom Shakespeare here  
calls by the second name of his son, Pyrrhus Neoptolemus. This was Johnson's  
opinion, and Steevens extracted a passage from Wilfrid Holme's "Fall and evil  
Success of Rebellion," 1572, in which the same mistake occurs: the poet, no  
doubt, found Achilles called Neoptolemus in some book of his day. Shakespeare,  
according to our lexicographers, is the only author who employs the epithet  
"mirable;" but we suspect that it was *admirable*, when it came from his pen, and  
that the preposition in some way escaped.

*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties find success,  
As seld I have the chance, I would desire  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

*Dio.* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish ; and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

*Hect.* Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me ;  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expecters of our Trojan part :  
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;  
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

*Ajax.* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me, name by name ;  
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*Agam.* Worthy of arms<sup>4</sup> ! as welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy.  
But that's no welcome : understand more clear,  
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks  
And formless ruin of oblivion ;  
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,  
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

*Hect.* I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

*Agam.* My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To TROILUS.]

*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting :  
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

*Hect.* Whom must we answer ?

*Æne.* The noble Menelaus.

*Hect.* Oh ! you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks.  
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath :  
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove ;  
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly theme.

*Hect.* Oh ! pardon ; I offend.

*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,  
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I have seen thee,  
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

<sup>4</sup> Worthy of arms !] In the 4tos. this speech consists only of the first two lines and of the last line. It begins in the 4tos, " Worthy *all* arms ;" but our text is, of course, that of the folio.

Despising many forfeits and subduements<sup>5</sup>,  
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,  
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd;  
 That I have said unto my standers-by<sup>6</sup>,  
 "Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life."  
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,  
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in<sup>7</sup>,  
 Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;  
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,  
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,  
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
 But, by great Mars the captain of us all,  
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;  
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*Æne.* 'Tis the old Nestor.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.  
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

*Nest.* I would, my arms could match thee in contention,  
 As they contend with thee in courtesy<sup>8</sup>.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha! By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
 When we have here her base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.  
 Ah, sir! there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:  
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
 Yond' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,  
 Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.*

I must not believe you.

<sup>5</sup> Despising many forfeits and subduements,] This is the reading of the 4tos: the folio gives the line, "And *seen thee scorning* forfeits and subduements." The same has been said before, in other words, when Ulysses says that Hector, in his blaze of wrath, "subscribes to tender *objects*."

<sup>6</sup> — unto my standers-by,] The 4tos, "to *some* my standers by."

<sup>7</sup> — have HEMM'D thee in,] The 4tos. read, "have *shrupd* (possibly misheard for *shut*) thee in;" the folio as in our text.

<sup>8</sup> As they contend with thee in courtesy,] This line is only in the folio.

There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood : the end crowns all ;  
And that old common arbitrator, time,  
Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.—  
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome.  
After the general, I beseech you next  
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou.—  
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee :  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint<sup>1</sup>.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles ?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief : I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* Oh ! like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;  
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body  
Shall I destroy him, whether there, there, or there ?  
That I may give the local wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach, whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens !

*Hect.* It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,  
To answer such a question. Stand again :  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,  
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle<sup>1</sup> to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;  
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> And QUOTED joint by joint.] *i. e.* noted. The word is thus used by Ben Jonson, Webster, and other writers of the period.

<sup>2</sup> Wert thou AN oracle] "Wert thou *the* oracle" in the folio.

<sup>3</sup> — that STITHIED Mars his helm,] A *stith* is an anvil, and a stithy the place where an anvil is employed.

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—  
 You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag :  
 His insolence draws folly from my lips ;  
 But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
 Or may I never—

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee, cousin :—  
 And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,  
 Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't :  
 You may have every day enough of Hector,  
 If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,  
 Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him<sup>5</sup>.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field :  
 We have had pelting wars<sup>6</sup>, since you refus'd  
 The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?  
 To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death ;  
 To-night, all friends.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent ;  
 There in the full convive we<sup>7</sup> : afterwards,  
 As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
 Concur together, severally entreat him.—  
 Beat loud the tabourines<sup>8</sup>, let the trumpets blow,  
 That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Ereunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

*Tro.* My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
 In what place of the field doth Calchas keep ?

*Ulyss.* At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus :  
 There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;  
 Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth<sup>9</sup>,  
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
 On the fair Cressid.

<sup>5</sup> ——— The general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] *i. e.* To be *at odds* with him, or to contend with him. Ajax refers to the reluctance of Achilles to take the field.

<sup>6</sup> We have had PELTING wars,] *i. e.* Trifling, insignificant wars. In "Measure for Measure," A. ii. sc. 2, we have "pelting" explained by the use of a synonyme, "every pelting petty officer."

<sup>7</sup> There in the full convive we:] The folio, "convive you." Stevens says that he has several times met with "convive" as a verb in the romance of "Helyas." Joseph Beaumont, in a passage quoted by Richardson in his Dict., employs it as a substantive, an equivalent to guests at table.

<sup>8</sup> Beat loud the TABOURINES,] Instead of these words the 4to. carries on the sentence, after "entreat him," with the words "To taste your bounties."

<sup>9</sup> — upon the heaven, nor earth,] "On heaven nor on earth" in the folio.



*Tro.* Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,  
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir.  
As gentle tell me, of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That wails her absence?

*Tro.* Oh, sir! to such as boasting show their scars,  
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?  
She was belov'd, she lov'd<sup>a</sup>; she is, and doth:  
But still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [Exeunt.

# ACT V. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.

*Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,  
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—  
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

*Enter THERSITES.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy<sup>b</sup>!  
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of  
idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, fragment?

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now? [ACHILLES reads.

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

<sup>a</sup> She was belov'd, *she* lov'd;] The 4tos. poorly, "She was belov'd, *my lord*,  
she is, and doth."

<sup>b</sup> How now, thou *core* of envy!] The 4tos. read, "thou *cur* of envy," but if  
Shakespeare had intended to call Ther-sites an envious cur, he would probably  
have done so in those words, and not in the unusual expression "cur of envy:"  
the folio has "thou core of envy," meaning, perhaps, the heart's core of envy.  
We were formerly disposed to read "cur of envy," but we think we were wrong.  
*Cur* and "core" would be spelt in short-hand with the same letters.

*Patr.* Well said, adversity<sup>10</sup>! and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies<sup>1</sup>, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discolourers<sup>2</sup>!

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

*Ther.* No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk<sup>3</sup>, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!

<sup>10</sup> Well said, adversity!] We feel assured that Shakespeare wrote *perversity*, and that in some way, either by the copyist or printer, the preposition became changed: the poet no where else uses "adversity" in this sense; but as the meaning is quite intelligible without change, we make none, having no authority for our speculation. In the two preceding speeches there is a play upon the word "tent" as an instrument in surgery to try a wound, and as the habitation of a soldier. It is too obvious to require farther explanation.

<sup>1</sup> — cold palsies,] After these words the folio adds, "and the like," and then proceeds, "take and take again," &c., as in the 4tos.

<sup>2</sup> Such preposterous DISCOLOURERS!] So the corr. fo. 1632, most properly and probably, with reference to the discolouration of the face by paint, worn by such persons as Thersites has described Patroclus to be: it is *discoveries* in the old copies. It has been suggested, that for "male varlet," at the end of the preceding speech by Thersites, we ought to substitute "male *harlot*," but not only is the corr. fo. 1632 silent regarding any such emendation, but it is easy to understand "male varlet" in a similar sense, avoiding the extreme grossness of the expression. Had Thersites called Patroclus "male harlot," the latter need not have asked what it meant, nor the former found it necessary to add the explanation "masculine whore." Either way the sense of the poet is quite clear; but it is worth noting, that in Fletcher and Rowley's "Maid in the Mill," A. iii. sc. 3 (edit. Dyce, ix. 253), Gerasto calls Florimel "varlet," as if that term implied want of chastity, and might be taken as the equivalent of *harlot*.

<sup>3</sup> — skein of SLEEVE silk,] "*Sleeve silk*" was what we now call *floss silk*, *soye flosche*, Fr. it was the coarse unwrought material. In his Italian Dictionary, 1598, Florio translates *capitone*, "a kind of coarse silk, called *sleeve silk*." In the passage before us for "*sleeve silk*" of the 4tos, the folio prints "*sley'd silk*."

*Patr.* Out, gall!

*Ther.* Finch egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.  
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;  
A token from her daughter, my fair love;  
Both taxing me, and 'gaging me to keep  
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:  
Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay,  
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.—  
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—  
Away, Patroclus! [*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

*Ther.* With too much blood, and too little brain, these two  
may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little  
blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamem-  
non,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails;  
but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly  
transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the  
primitive statue, and oblique memorial 'of cuckolds; a thrifty  
shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg',—to  
what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and  
malice forced with wit', turn him to? To an ass, were  
nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he  
is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a  
toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe,  
I would not care; but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire  
against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not  
Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazear, so I were  
not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

*Enter* HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES,  
NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

*Agam.* We go wrong; we go wrong.

*Ajax.*

No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

<sup>4</sup> — and OBLIQUE memorial] Some difficulty has arisen respecting the epithet "oblique:" is it not possible that the printer mistook "oblique" for *antique*, and that we ought to read "the primitive statue, and *antique* memorial of cuckolds?"

<sup>5</sup> — hanging at his brother's leg.] So the folio: the 4tos, "his *bare* leg."

<sup>6</sup> — and malice FORCED with wit,] *i. e.* "*stuffed* with wit;" but the 4tos. read "*faced* with wit," and it may be right, though we prefer "*forced* with wit" of the folio.

*Hect.*

I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

*Ulyss.*

Here comes himself to guide you.

*Enter* ACHILLES.

*Achil.* Welcome, brave Hector: welcome, princes all.

*Agam.* So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

*Men.* Good night, my lord.

*Hect.* Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

*Achil.* Good night, and welcome, both at once to those  
That go, or tarry.

*Agam.* Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.

*Achil.* Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,  
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

*Dio.* I cannot, lord; I have important business,  
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulyss.* Follow his torch, he goes  
To Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company. [*Aside to* TROILUS.

*Tro.* Sweet sir, you honour me.

*Hect.*

And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.

*Achil.* Come, come; enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it: it is prodigious; there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.

*Enter* DIOMEDES.

*Dio.* What, are you up here? ho! speak.

*Cal.* [*Within.*] Who calls?

*Dio.* Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

*Cal.* [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter* TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them  
THERSITES.

*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.

*Enter* CRESSIDA.

*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now, my charge!

*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark! a word with you.  
[*Whispers.*]

*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!

*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff';  
she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember?

*Cres.* Remember? yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with  
your words.

*Tro.* What should she remember?

*Ulyss.* List.

*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery!

*Dio.* Nay, then,—

*Cres.* I'll tell you what—

<sup>1</sup> And any man may SING her, if he can take her CLIFF;] The allusion in these two speeches is, of course, to singing at sight. The folio introduces a strange corruption, and those editors who profess to adopt the text of the folio, 1623, necessarily desert it here for that of the 4tos, but without notice. The folio, 1623, reads, "And any man may find her, if he can take her life," which is thus amended in the corr. fo. 1632, "And any man may find her key, if he can take her cleft." We leave the text upon the representation of the 4tos.

*Dio.* Pho! pho! come tell, a pin: you are forsworn.—

*Cres.* In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

*Ther.* A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you swear you would bestow on me?

*Cres.* I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

*Dio.* Good night.

*Tro.* Hold, patience!

*Ulyss.* How now, Trojan?

*Cres.* Diomed!

*Dio.* No, no; good night: I'll be your fool no more.

*Tro.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Hark: one word in your ear.

*Tro.* Oh, plague and madness! [*They talk apart.*]

*Ulyss.* You are mov'd, prince: let us depart, I pray you,  
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself  
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;  
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

*Tro.* Behold, I pray you.

*Ulyss.* Nay, good my lord, go off:  
You flow to great distraction<sup>\*</sup>; come, my lord.

*Tro.* I pr'ythee, stay.

*Ulyss.* You have not patience; come.

*Tro.* I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's torments,  
I will not speak a word.

*Dio.* And so, good night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Tro.* Doth that grieve thee?

Oh, wither'd truth!

*Ulyss.* Why, how now, lord!

*Tro.* By Jove,

I will be patient.

*Cres.* Guardian!—why, Greek!

*Dio.* Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

*Cres.* In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

*Ulyss.* You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?  
You will break out.

*Tro.* She strokes his cheek!

<sup>\*</sup> You flow to great DISTRACTION;] So the folio: the 4tos, *distraction*. Some misprint may be suspected in the word "flow," but no change appears in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. Taking "you flow" in the sense of "you run," it should rather be followed by *destruction* than "*distraction*,"—"You run to great destruction."

*Ulyss.*

Come, come.

*Tro.* Nay, stay : by Jove, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together ! Fry, lechery, fry !

*Dio.* But will you then ?

*Cres.* In faith, I will, la<sup>9</sup> : never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it.

*Cres.* I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*

*Ulyss.* You have sworn patience.

*Tro.*

Fear me not, sweet lord ;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel : I am all patience.

*Re-enter CRESSIDA.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge ! now, now, now !

*Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

[*Giving it.*

*Tro.* O beauty ! where is thy faith ?

*Ulyss.*

My lord !—

*Tro.* I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

*Cres.* You look upon that sleeve ; behold it well.—

He loved me—O false wench !—Give't me again<sup>10</sup>.

*Dio.* Whose was't ?

*Cres.*

It is no matter, now I have't again : !

I will not meet with you to-morrow night.

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

*Ther.* Now she sharpens.—Well said, whetstone.

*Dio.* I shall have it.

*Cres.*

What, this ?

*Dio.*

Ay, that.

*Cres.* O, all you gods !—O pretty, pretty pledge !

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;

<sup>9</sup> In faith, I will, la:] This feminine expletive "la" in the 4tos. has been strangely used in the folios: in that of 1623 it is altered to *lo*; and in that of 1632 to *goe*: the old corrector puts it "In faith I will, *lord*," but it was merely an interjection, and so it must be considered and treated. In "Henry IV., Part I.," A. i. sc. 3 (Vol. iii. p. 341), the abbreviation "lo," for *lord*, underwent very similar transmutations.

<sup>10</sup> Give't me again.] In the 4tos. this speech is assigned to Troilus.

He that takes that doth take my heart withal<sup>1</sup>.

*Dio.* I had your heart before; this follows it. [*Taking it.*]

*Tro.* I did swear patience.

*Cres.* You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not: I'll give you something else.

*Dio.* I will have this. Whose was it? [*They strive*<sup>2</sup>.

*Cres.*

'Tis no matter.

*Dio.* Come, tell me whose it was.

*Cres.* 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

*Dio.* Whose was it?

*Cres.* By all Diana's waiting-women yond',  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

*Dio.* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

*Tro.* Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,  
It should be challeng'd.

*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and yet it is not:  
I will not keep my word.

*Dio.* Why then, farewell:

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

*Cres.* You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,  
But it straight starts you.

*Dio.* I do not like this fooling.

*Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you<sup>3</sup>, pleases  
me best.

*Dio.* What! shall I come? the hour?

*Cres.* Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

*Dio.* Farewell till then.

*Cres.* Good night: I pr'ythee, come.— [*Exit DIOMEDES.*]  
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,  
But with my heart the other eye doth see.

<sup>1</sup> ——— Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that ~~doth~~ take my heart withal.] In the old copies, 4to. and folio, the first line is given to Diomed, and the last only to Cressida; whereas, as Thirlby suggested, both belong to Cressida. The folio omits "doth," necessary to the measure, and found in the 4tos: Malone read *must* for "doth," but why, or on what authority, no where appears.

<sup>2</sup> They strive.] This and other stage-directions are from the MS. notes in the corr. fo. 1632. They distinctly show the manner of the old actors in the parts of Diomed and Cressida, and perhaps only on this account are valuable.

<sup>3</sup> — but that that likes not you,] The folio, "but that that likes not me:" the corr. fo. 1632 amends *me* to "you."



Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,  
 The error of our eye directs our mind.  
 What error leads must err: Oh! then conclude,  
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit CRESSIDA.*]

*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not publish more,  
 Unless she said, "my mind is now turn'd whore."

*Ulyss.* All's done, my lord.

*Tro.*

It is.

*Ulyss.*

Why stay we then?

*Tro.* To make a recordation to my soul  
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.  
 But if I tell how these two did co-act<sup>4</sup>,  
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?  
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,  
 An esperance so obstinately strong,  
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears<sup>5</sup>;  
 As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
 Created only to calumniate.  
 Was Cressid here?

*Ulyss.* I cannot conjure, Trojan.

*Tro.* She was not, sure.

*Ulyss.*

Most sure she was.

*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

*Ulyss.* Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

*Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!  
 Think we had mothers: do not give advantage  
 To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme  
 For depravation,—to square the general sex  
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

*Ulyss.* What hath she done, prince, that can soil our  
 mothers?

*Tro.* Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

*Ther.* Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

*Tro.* This she? no; this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:  
 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,  
 If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
 If there be rule in unity itself,

<sup>4</sup> — how these two did co-act,] So the folio: the 4tos, *court*.

<sup>5</sup> That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;] So the 4tos, and so the corr. fo. 1632 as amended: the folio, 1623, "That doth invert *that test*," &c., the compositor having printed from his ear. In the next line the folio is right in reading "had" for *were* of the 4tos.

This is not she. Oh madness of discourse,  
 That cause sets up with and against itself<sup>6</sup> !  
 Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt  
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
 Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressid.  
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight<sup>7</sup>  
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate  
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;  
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle  
 As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter<sup>8</sup>.  
 Instance, Oh instance ! strong as Pluto's gates ;  
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven :  
 Instance, Oh instance ! strong as heaven itself ;  
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd ;  
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied<sup>9</sup>,  
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques  
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are given to Diomed<sup>1</sup>.

*Ulyss.* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
 With that which here his passion doth express ?

*Tro.* Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well  
 In characters as red as Mars his heart,  
 Inflam'd with Venus : never did young man fancy  
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.  
 Hark, Greek :—as much as I do Cressid love,  
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed.

<sup>6</sup> — and against ITSELF.] So the 4tos: the folio *thyself*. In the next line the 4to. is also, probably, right in reading "Bi-fold authority" instead of "*By foul* authority," as it stands in the folio.

<sup>7</sup> Within my soul there doth COMMENCE a fight] It is "*conduce* a fight" in the 4tos. and folios, which cannot be what the poet wrote. Malone read "*commence*" for *conduce*; and although we are not satisfied with the word, we have no better to offer, and the corr. fo. 1632 gives us no assistance.

<sup>8</sup> As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.] Unless some small word has been lost in this line, it is defective. None is supplied by the corr. fo. 1632; but we do not suppose that Shakespeare meant "Arachne" to be pronounced *Ariachne*, although so printed in the folios: nor did he confound "Arachne" with Ariadne, according to the notion of some commentators. The printer was probably in fault in the folio, 1623, as well as in the 4tos, in one of which the name is spelt *Ariachna*, and in the other *Ariahna*. It is the only place in which "Arachne" is mentioned in Shakespeare. Steevens placed "is" before "Arachne's;" and since his guess seems a good one, and forms but a very trifling addition, we have given it a place in the text, rather than leave the line so objectionably imperfect.

<sup>9</sup> — FIVE-finger-tied.] The 4to. misreads "*find* finger-tied."

<sup>1</sup> — are GIVEN to Diomed.] The folio, "are bound to Diomed."

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm :  
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,  
 My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout,  
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun<sup>1</sup>,  
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword  
 Falling on Diomed.

*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.

*Tro.* O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false, false !  
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
 And they'll seem glorious.

*Ulyss.* Oh ! contain yourself ;  
 Your passion draws ears hither.

*Enter ÆNEAS.*

*Æne.* I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.  
 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy :  
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

*Tro.* Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—  
 Farewell, revolted fair !—and, Diomed,  
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head<sup>2</sup> !

*Ulyss.* I'll bring you to the gates.

*Tro.* Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

*Ther.* [*Coming forward.*] Would, I could meet that rogue  
 Diomed. I would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I would  
 bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence  
 of this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond,  
 than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still, wars  
 and lechery : nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil  
 take them ! [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> — by the almighty sun,] The folio has here a misprint : it reads *fenne* for "sunne" of the 4tos, and it unquestionably arose out of the ordinary mistake between the *f* and long *s*.

<sup>2</sup> — and wear a castle on thy head !] *i. e.* A helmet as strong as a castle, to defend thy head from my sword. This passage has occasioned a good deal of discussion, which, as usual, has ended in nothing : some have contended that a close helmet was called a "castle," and others have confounded a castle figurative with a castle positive. Here it is evident that the former was intended ; but the quotation by Steevens from the "Morte Arthur" does not at all prove what he supposed it established.

## SCENE III.

Troy. Before PRIAM's Palace.

*Enter* HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

*And.* When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get you in:  
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go<sup>4</sup>.

*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

*Hect.* No more, I say.

*Enter* CASSANDRA.

*Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?

*And.* Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
Consort with me in loud and dear petition:  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

*Cas.* Oh! 'tis true.

*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

*Hect.* Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows<sup>5</sup>:  
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* Oh! be persuaded: do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,  
For we would count give much to as violent thefts<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> By ALL the everlasting gods, I'll go.] The folio, to the injury of the metre, omits "all." In the preceding line the folio has "get you gone" for "get you in" of the 4to.

<sup>5</sup> — hot and PEEVISH vows:] i. e. Foolish, inconsiderate vows.

<sup>6</sup> For we would count give much to as violent thefts,] We have no means of comparing this passage with the 4tos, because they do not contain from "it is as lawful" down to "the behalf of charity." It is also struck through with a pen in the corr. fo. 1632. Perhaps the printer of the 4tos. could make nothing out of the words before him, and probably the old annotator was equally at fault. In this difficulty we reprint the words exactly as they stand in the folio, 1623. In spite of the obvious confusion of the wording, the meaning is evident; viz. "do

And rob in the behalf of charity.

*Cas.* It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;  
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Unarm, sweet Hector.

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say ;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate<sup>1</sup> :  
Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

*Enter* TROILUS.

How now, young man ! mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

*And.* Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.]

*Hect.* No, 'faith, young Troilus ; doff thy harness, youth ;  
I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry.

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the bruises of the war<sup>2</sup>.

Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus ? chide me for it.

*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* Oh ! 'tis fair play. .

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now ! how now !

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,

not deem it holy to hurt by being just, any more than you will give countenance to violent thefts, for the purpose of disposing of the fruits of robbery in charity." How it stood in the author's MS. it is vain even to guess ; and as all the speculations, from the time of Rowe to our own day, have only been failures, more or less absurd, we shall not attempt to set the passage right : all we would say is, that possibly for the words commencing the line "For we would count give," we might read, "For we would *countenance* give to violent thefts," &c., still, however, the rhythm is wanting.

<sup>1</sup> Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :] i. e. "My honour maintains its advantage over my fate." "To keep the weather" is a sea phrase, and means to keep to windward, in a commanding position.

<sup>2</sup> And tempt not yet the bruises of the war.] It is "*brushes* of the war" in the old copies ; but in "Henry VI., Part II.," A. v. sc. 3 (this Vol. p. 107), we have already seen "*bruise*" misprinted *brush*, and the same lapse has occurred here. In both instances the long *s* was mainly in fault, and we owe the emendations to the corr. fo. 1632.

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords ;  
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie, savage, fie!

*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.

*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

*Tro.* Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars  
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;  
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,  
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears ;  
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,  
But by my ruin '.

*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.*

*Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :  
He is thy crutch ; now, if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come; go back.  
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions,  
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore, come back.

*Hect.* Æneas is a-field ;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

*Pri.* Ay, but thou shalt not go.

*Hect.* I must not break my faith.  
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

*Cas.* O Priam! yield not to him.

*And.* Do not, dear father.

*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you :

<sup>9</sup> But by my ruin.] These words are only in the folio.

Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit ANDROMACHE.*

*Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cas.* Oh farewell, dear Hector !  
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !  
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !  
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth !  
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement <sup>1</sup>,  
Like witless antics, one another meet,  
And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

*Tro.* Away !—Away !—

*Cas.* Farewell.—Yet, soft !—Hector, I take my leave :  
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.  
Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

*Pri.* Farewell : the gods with safety stand about thee !

[*Excunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums.*

*Tro.* They are at it ; hark !—Proud Diomed, believe,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. [*Going.*

*Enter PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

*Tro.* What now ?

*Pan.* Here's a letter come from yond' poor girl.

*Tro.* Let me read. [*Taking it.*

*Pan.* A whoreson phthisick, a whoreson rascally phthisick  
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl ; and what  
one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these  
days : and I have a rheum in mine eyes too ; and such an ache  
in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell  
what to think on't.—What says she there ?

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart ;  
[*Tearing the letter.*

Th' effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—

<sup>1</sup> Behold, DISTRACTION, frenzy, and amazement,] The 4tos. have *destruction* for "distraction," of the folio : the poet probably meant to unite "distraction" with "frenzy and amazement," and we have before (p. 575) had "distraction" and *destruction* confounded by the old printer. Lower down the folio poorly reads, "Do deeds of praise," for "*worth* praise" of the 4tos.

My love with words and errors still she feeds<sup>2</sup>,  
 But edifies another with her deeds<sup>3</sup>. [*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter THERSITES.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another: I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve, of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals<sup>4</sup>,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a black-berry:—they set me up in policy that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and sleeveless<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> My love with words and ~~errors~~ still she feeds.] The corr. fo. 1632 tells us to substitute *air* for "errors;" but although *air* (often spelt *ayer*) was sometimes used as a dissyllable, we are by no means prepared to accept the emendation.

<sup>3</sup> But edifies another with her deeds.] After this line the folio adds as follows:—

"*Pan.* Why, but hear you!

"*Troy.* Hence, brother lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name."

The two last lines (with a similar introduction by Pandarus) are also found just before the close of the play: they cannot be rightly inserted in both places, and as they seem to come in with at least equal propriety, and with the correction of a misprint, subsequently, we have given them in that place, and omitted them here. The 4tos. have not the same repetition, and we are thus fortified in the change we have made.

<sup>4</sup> — those crafty ~~swearing~~ rascals,] Nestor and Ulysses not being "swearing rascals," Theobald proposed *sneering*, a word apparently new in our language in the reign of Charles II. We might substitute *fleering*, frequent in Shakespeare, if we had authority for the change.

<sup>5</sup> Soft! here comes sleeve, and ~~sleeveless~~.] So the corr. fo. 1632, and not, as poorly given in the old copies, "here comes sleeve and *tother*." Diomed had the sleeve, and Troilus, on a sleeveless errand, was in pursuit of it. The insertion of "sleeveless" gives point to the taunting of Thersites: we are convinced that "sleeveless" was the word of the poet, both here and just afterwards.



*Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.*

*Tro.* Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,  
I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire :  
I do not fly, but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.  
Have at thee !

*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian !—now for thy whore,  
Trojan !—now the sleeve ! now the sleeveless !

*[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.]*

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* What art thou, Greek ? art thou for Hector's match ?  
Art thou of blood, and honour ?

*[Dragging THERSITES forward.]*

*Ther.* No, no ;—I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing knave, a  
very filthy rogue.

*Hect.* I do believe thee :—live. *[Exit.]*

*Ther.* God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me ; but a  
plague break thy neck, for frightening me ! What's become of  
the wenching rogues ? I think, they have swallowed one  
another : I would laugh at that miracle ; yet, in a sort,  
lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE V.

The Same.

*Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.*

*Dio.* Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse ;  
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid.  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;  
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

*Serv.*

I go, my lord.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Enter AGAMEMNON.*

*Agam.* Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamus  
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon

Hath Doreus prisoner,  
 And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
 Upon the pashed corsages of the kings  
 Epistrophus and Cediüs : Polixenes is slain ;  
 Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;  
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes  
 Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary<sup>6</sup>  
 Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed,  
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter NESTOR.*

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,  
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—  
 There is a thousand Hector's in the field :  
 Now, here he fights on Galathea his horse<sup>7</sup>,  
 And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,  
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled skulls<sup>8</sup>  
 Before the belching whale : then, is he yonder,  
 And there the strawy Greeks<sup>9</sup>, ripe for his edge,  
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath.  
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ;  
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,  
 That what he will, he does ; and does so much,  
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

<sup>6</sup> — the dreadful Sagittary] Theobald here made the following useful quotation from Caxton's "History of Troy :"—"Beyond the royaume of Amasoune came an auncient kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called *sagittayre*, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore a man : this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe : this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe." Mr. Singer in his haste in copying the note of his predecessor (which as usual he makes his own), omits that part of the description which relates to the "eyen rede as a cole." It is of little consequence, excepting on the score of accuracy.

<sup>7</sup> — on GALATHE his horse,] "Galathea" was the name given to Hector's horse by Caxton, Lydgate, and other later authorities in romance.

<sup>8</sup> — like SCALED SKULLS] Steevens proves very distinctly that a *skull* (which previous editors had displaced for *shoal*) means a shoal of fish, and that it was so used by some of our best writers. As to the epithet *scaled*, it is printed in the 4tos. *scaling*, which may have been a misprint for *scaly*. Malone contended that *scaled* was *dispersed* (see also p. 603), but no such sense of the word is required here, and Steevens cited the following line from Drayton's "Polyolbion," Song 26 :—

"My silver-scaled skulls about my streams do sweep."

<sup>9</sup> And there the STRAWY Greeks,] So the 4tos, with obvious propriety : the folio alters the word to *straying*.

*Enter ULYSSES.*

*Ulyss.* Oh, courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.  
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,  
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,  
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,  
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,  
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,  
Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day  
Mad and fantastic execution,  
Engaging and redeeming of himself,  
With such a careless force, and forceless care,  
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus ! thou coward Troilus !

[*Exit.*

*Dio.*

Ay, there, there !

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.*

Where is this Hector ?

Come, come, thou boy-queller ! show thy face ;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

Another part of the Field.

*Enter AJAX.*

*Ajax.* Troilus ! thou coward Troilus, show thy head !

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Troilus, I say ! where's Troilus ?

*Ajax.*

What would'st thou ?

*Dio.* I would correct him.

*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,  
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say ! what, Troilus !

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Oh, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,  
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

*Dio.* Ha! art thou there?

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

*Dio.* He is my prize: I will not look upon<sup>10</sup>.

*Tro.* Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both.  
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Yea, Troilus! Oh! well fought, my youngest brother.

*Enter ACHILLES.*

*Achil.* Now do I see thee. Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.  
Be happy that my arms are out of use:  
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,  
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;  
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.

*Hect.* Fare thee well.  
I would have been much more a fresher man,  
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother!

*Re-enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?  
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,  
Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!  
I reckon not though I end<sup>1</sup> my life to-day. [Exit.

*Enter one in sumptuous Armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art a goodly mark.—

<sup>10</sup> — I will not look upon.] i. e. I will not stand and look on: so in "Henry VI., Part III." this Vol., p. 148,—“whiles the foe doth rage and look upon,” &c. In the next line, “you cogging Greeks” means “you cheating Greeks:” see “Love’s Labour’s Lost,” A. v. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 159.

<sup>1</sup> I reckon not though I end] The 4tos. have “I end,” the folio, “thou end:” either may be right. “Reck not” is, of course, “care not.”

No! wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;  
 I'll frush it<sup>2</sup>, and unlock the rivets all,  
 But I'll be master of it.—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?  
 Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exeunt.

## SCENE VII.

The Same.

*Enter* ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

*Achil.* Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;  
 Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:  
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;  
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
 Empale him with your weapons round about;  
 In fellest manner execute your aims<sup>3</sup>.  
 Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye.—  
 It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

## SCENE VIII.

The Same.

*Enter* MENELAUS and PARIS, *fighting*: then, THERSITES.

*Ther.* The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now,  
 bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my double-henned  
 sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware  
 horns, ho! [Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.

<sup>2</sup> I'll FRUSH it.] To "frush" is to *break* or *bruise*, and is not unfrequently met with in this sense. "The meaning of it (says Malone) is ascertained by the following passage in 'The Destruction of Troy,' a book which Shakespeare had before him when he wrote this play: 'Saying these wordes, Hercules caught by the head poor Lychas,—and threw him against a rocke so fiercely, that hee *to-frushed* and all to-burst his bones, and so slew him.'"

<sup>3</sup> In fellest manner execute your AIMS.] So the 4to. belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and not *arms*, as it stands in the other 4to, nor *arm*, as it is given in the folio, 1623. This slight variation in the copies makes clear a passage which gave the commentators some trouble. The letter *i* in the Duke of Devonshire's 4to. is a little indistinct. Steevens at one time conjectured that the true reading was *aims*; and we have already had "aims" misprinted *arms* in "Henry VI., Part II." A. iv. sc. 9, this Vol. pp. 93. 98.

*Enter MARGARELON.*

*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.

*Ther.* I am a bastard too. I love bastards; I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.

*Mar.* The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.

Another part of the Field.

*Enter HECTOR.*

*Hect.* Most putrified core, so fair without,  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:  
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!  
[*Puts off his Helmet, and lays his Sword aside.*]

*Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,<sup>4</sup>  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*Hect.* I am unarm'd: forego this vantage, Greek.

*Achil.* Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek.  
[*HECTOR falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou next!<sup>5</sup> now, Troy; sink down;  
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

<sup>4</sup> Even with the VAIL and DARK'NING of the sun,] Johnson justly remarks that "vail" here means *descent*, or *sinking*. It is a substantive formed of the verb to *vail*, which is to *lower*, or *submit*, in its ordinary sense. For "dark'ning" of the 4tos, the folio reads *darking*.

<sup>5</sup> So, Ilion, fall thou NEXT!] "Next" is from the 4tos: it is necessary to the metre. Two lines farther on, "and" is derived from the 4tos. for the same sufficient reason.

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,  
 "Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain!"

[*A Retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retire<sup>6</sup> upon our Grecian part.

*Myr.* The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

*Achil.* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,  
 And, stickler like<sup>7</sup>, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit<sup>8</sup>, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his Sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE X.

The Same.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,  
 and others, marching. Shouts within.*

*Agam.* Hark! hark! what shout is that?

*Nest.*

Peace, drums!

[*Within.*]

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

*Dio.* The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

*Ajax.* If it be so, yet bragless let it be:

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along.—Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is our's, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

<sup>6</sup> Hark! a RETIRE] The folio has *retreat*: the 4tos. "retire," which in this play we have already seen used synonymously with "retreat."

<sup>7</sup> And, STICKLER like,] "A *stickler*," says Malone, "was one who stood by to part the combatants, when victory could be determined without bloodshed." The words "that frankly would have fed" may mean, that would have fed abundantly and greedily, like a hog in a *frank* or sty. See "Richard III.," A. i. sc. 3, this Vol. p. 249.

<sup>8</sup> Pleas'd with this dainty BIT,] The folio prints *bed* for "bit" of the 4tos; *bed* is obviously wrong, and was caught from the end of the line.

## SCENE XI.

Another part of the Field.

*Enter ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.*

*Æne.* Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.  
Never go home<sup>9</sup>: here starve we out the night.

*Enter TROILUS.*

*Tro.* Hector is slain.

*All.*

Hector?—The gods forbid!

*Tro.* He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,  
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.—  
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!  
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smite at Troy<sup>1</sup>!  
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on!

*Æne.* My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

*Tro.* You understand me not, that tell me so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear of death,  
But dare all imminence that gods and men  
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!  
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,  
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:  
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
Cold statues of the youth<sup>2</sup>; and, in a word,  
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:  
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.  
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,

<sup>9</sup> Never go home: &c.] This line in the 4tos. is given to Troilus.

<sup>1</sup> — SMITE at Troy!] It is "smile at Troy" in all the old copies, and the word is not altered in the corr. fo. 1632: still we are of opinion, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that it was an oversight, and the concluding lines of Troilus appear to warrant this conviction. In our first edition we printed *smile*.

<sup>2</sup> COLD statues of the youth;] The folio, 1623, has "Cool statues of the youth." It is "could statues" in the 4tos, and *cool* is properly amended to "cold" in the corr. fo. 1632.



Thus proudly pight<sup>3</sup> upon our Phrygian plains,  
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
 I'll through and through you!—And, thou great siz'd coward,  
 No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:  
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—  
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:  
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojan Forces.*]

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.*

*Pan.* But hear you, hear you!

*Tro.* Hence, broker, lackey! ignomy and shame<sup>4</sup>  
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit TROILUS.*]

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for mine aching bones!—Oh world!  
 world! world! thus is the poor agent despised. Oh, traitors  
 and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill  
 requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the  
 performance so loathed<sup>5</sup>? what verse for it? what instance  
 for it?—Let me see.—

“Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,  
 Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting;  
 And being once subdued in armed tail,  
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail<sup>6</sup>.”—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Thus proudly *PIGHT*] *i. e.* *Pitch'd*, which, in fact, is the word in the 4tos. We meet with it again in “King Lear,” A. ii. sc. 1.

<sup>4</sup> — ignomy and shame] The 4tos. have “ignominy, shame,” for “ignomy and shame” of the folio. Respecting “ignomy” see “Measure for Measure,” A. ii. sc. 4, “Henry VI., Part I.,” A. v. sc. 4, Vol. iii. p. 416, and “Titus Andronicus,” A. iv. sc. 2. It is to be observed, that in the previous insertion of this passage in the folio “broker” is misprinted *brother*., and the editor of the second folio repeated *brother* here: the third folio gives it “brothel lackey,” and “brother” is changed to *brothel* in the corr. fo. 1632. The term “*brothel-lackey*” was a well understood compound, but we follow the folio, 1623.

<sup>5</sup> — why should our endeavour be so *LOVED*, and the performance so loathed?] The folio substitutes *desired* for “loved,” and thereby injures the antithesis.

<sup>6</sup> Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.] In the corr. fo. 1632 these four lines are marked as a quotation, that is to say, they are underscored, the old annotator's usual mode of pointing out that a passage was extant elsewhere. Opposite to the lines we read in MS. in the margin as follows:—“Left alone, let him saye this by way of Epilogue;” which probably was meant to apply to the address beginning “Good traders in the flesh,” &c. to the end, where the exit of Pandarus is noted.

<sup>7</sup> — in your painted cloths.] Painted cloth was coloured canvass with which

As many as be here of Pander's Hall,  
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;  
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,  
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made:  
 It should be now, but that my fear is this,—  
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss\*.  
 Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;  
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.

rooms were formerly hung, and on which were often written various moral texts and maxims. The allusions to "painted cloths" in our old writers are innumerable: the following is from Shakespeare's "Lucrece"—

"Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
 Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe."

\* Some galled goose of WINCHESTER would hiss.] For some explanation regarding "Winchester goose," see Vol. iii. p. 662. It is very evident why Winchester was so often made to precede "goose," inasmuch as the Southwark houses of ill-fame were under the care of the Bishop of Winchester; but none of the many quotations from our old plays, poems, and tracts, show why the disorder contracted in the Stews was connected with "goose:" at a somewhat later date it had its name from the Latin for another bird, the owl; but why was "the malady of France" called after any bird? This is a point not at all settled, or even touched upon by commentators. To this day the persons who hiss at theatres are known as *geese*, and in Shakespeare's time additional opprobrium was cast upon them by preceding the word by "Winchester." Perhaps the word "goose" had reference to the silliness of those who caught the infection in the Stews; the ordinary term for a victim to sharpers, and persons of that class, in the time of Shakespeare and afterwards, was, as every body knows, *gull*. See a passage in Middleton's "Michaelmas Term," A. iii. sc. 4 (Works by Dyce, i. 477), in which, by an odd blunder, a usurer is called a "*gall*:" the person so designated was the *gall* and annoyance, not "the gull of the city." "Some *galled* goose of Winchester," in our text, can only mean some afflicted person who would be made sorer by the representation.



# **CORIO LANUS.**

"The Tragedy of Coriolanus" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies thirty pages, viz. from p. 1 to p. 30 inclusive, a new pagination commencing with that drama. In the folio of 1632 the new pagination begins with "Troilus and Cressida," and in the folios of 1664 and 1685 "Coriolanus" is inserted in the same order.

## INTRODUCTION.

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NOTHING has yet been discovered to lead to the belief that there was a play on the story of Coriolanus anterior to Shakespeare's tragedy. Henslowe's Diary contains no hint of the kind.

The materials for this drama appear to have been derived exclusively from "the Life of Caius Martius Coriolanus," in the early translation of Plutarch by Sir Thomas North. That translation came from the press in folio in 1579, with the following title: "The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romanes, compared together by that grave learned Philosopher and Historiographer Plutarke of Chæroneæ." It was avowedly made from the French of Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre, and appears to have been very popular: though published at a high price<sup>1</sup> (equal to more than 5*l.* of our present money), it was several times reprinted: and we may, perhaps, presume that our great dramatist made use of an impression nearer his own time, possibly that of 1595. In many of the principal speeches he has followed this authority with verbal exactness; and he was indebted to it for the whole conduct of his plot. The action occupies less than four years, for it commences subsequent to the retirement of the people to Mons Sacer in 262, after the foundation of Rome, and terminates with the death of Coriolanus in A. U. C. 266.

"The Tragedy of Coriolanus" originally appeared in the folio of 1623, where it is divided into acts, but not into scenes; and it was registered at Stationers' Hall by Blount and Jaggard on the 8th of November of that year, as one of the "copies" which had not been "entered to other men." Hence we infer that there had been no previous edition of it in 4to. Malone supposed that "Coriolanus" was written in 1610; but we are destitute of all evidence on the point, beyond what may be derived from the style of composition: this would certainly induce us to fix it late in the career of our great dramatist.

It is printed in the folio of 1623 with a number of evident blunders, as pointed out in our notes: in Act ii. sc. 3, either the transcriber of the manuscript or the compositor must have omitted a line, which Pope supplied from conjecture (with the aid of North's Plutarch), and which has ever since been received into the text, because it is absolutely necessary to the intelligibility of the passage. For the sake of greater distinction, we have placed the line between brackets.

<sup>1</sup> We have used the copy which formerly belonged to Isaac Walton's friend, John Offley (as his signature witnesses), on the title-page of which it is recorded that the original price of the folio, 1579, had been 2*6s.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>.

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CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.

TITUS LARTIUS, }  
COMINIUS, } Generals against the Volsces.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }  
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.

YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volsces.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,  
Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the  
Volsces and Antiates.

<sup>1</sup> First inserted by Rowe in his edition.

# CORIO LAN US.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

*Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

*All.* Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish ?

*All.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

*All.* We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict ?

*All.* No more talking on't ; let it be done. Away, away !

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens ; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us : if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely ; but they think, we are too dear : the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery <sup>1</sup>, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance ; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes ; for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius ?

<sup>1</sup> — the object of our misery,] This reading may be right, and we therefore do not alter it, though the corr. fo. 1632 has "the *abjectness* of our misery," with considerable plausibility, *abjectness* properly following "leanness."



*All.* Against him first : he's a very dog to the commonalty.

*2 Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country ?

*1 Cit.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

*2 Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously<sup>1</sup>.

*1 Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end : though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

*2 Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

*1 Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations : he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o' the city is risen : why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol !

*All.* Come, come.

*1 Cit.* Soft ! who comes here ?

*Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.*

*2 Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always loved the people.

*1 Cit.* He's one honest enough : would, all the rest were so !

*Men.* What work's, my countrymen, in hand ? Where go you

With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

*2 Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate : they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths : they shall know, we have strong arms too<sup>2</sup>.

*Men.* Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

<sup>1</sup> Nay, but speak not maliciously.] This speech has the prefix of *All* to it, but that can hardly be right ; and it is in the same spirit as the applause the *2d Cit.* has previously given, and afterwards gives, to Coriolanus.

<sup>2</sup> — we have strong arms too.] This and various subsequent speeches are assigned in the folios to the *second* Citizen. Malone thought they should rather belong to the *first* Citizen, and he altered the prefix accordingly. We adhere to the reading of the old copies, not thinking the reason assigned by Malone, of discordance with what the *second* Citizen had previously said, at all sufficient to warrant so repeated a deviation. The *second* Citizen might not concur in the particular blame imputed to the hero, although he might join in the general abuse of the Senate.

Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable care  
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,  
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well  
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them  
Against the Roman state; whose course will on  
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs  
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever  
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,  
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and  
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!  
You are transported by calamity  
Thither where more attends you; and you slander  
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,  
When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us?—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

*Men.* Either you must  
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,  
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you  
A pretty tale: it may be, you have heard it;  
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To stale 't a little more<sup>4</sup>.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an't please you, deliver.

*Men.* There was a time, when all the body's members  
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—  
That only like a gulf it did remain

<sup>4</sup> To STALE 't a little more.] We yield here to the weight of authority that *scale* of the old copies ought to be "stale," although the corr. fo. 1632 has no such emendation. Still, much may be said in favour of *scale*, in the known sense of disperse, or spread, and in our former edition we were so anxious not to desert the old authorities, that we reprinted *scale*. The Rev. Mr. Dyce takes abundant pains to prove that to "stale" means to make stale, a point nobody disputed, the only question being whether *scale* was a misprint in the folio, 1623: we think it was, and so treat it. In his enumeration of places, where to *stale* means to make stale or familiar, the Rev. Mr. Dyce strangely forgot the most apposite instance, viz. in the address of the stationer to the reader, before "Troilus and Cressida," 4to,

I' the midst o' the body<sup>1</sup>, idle and unactive,  
 Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
 Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments  
 Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,  
 And, mutually participate, did minister  
 Unto the appetite, and affection common  
 Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

*Men.* Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,  
 Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,  
 (For, look you, I may make the belly smile,  
 As well as speak) it tauntingly replied  
 To the discontented members, the mutinous parts  
 That envied his receipt; even so most fitly  
 As you malign our senators, for that  
 They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!  
 The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,  
 The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,  
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,  
 With other muniments and petty helps  
 In this our fabric, if that they—

*Men.* What then?—  
 'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,  
 Who is the sink o' the body,—

*Men.* Well, what then?  
 2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,  
 What could the belly answer?

*Men.* I will tell you,  
 If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)  
 Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this, good friend;  
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,  
 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:—

1609, where he says that it had never been "*staled* with the stage." The recollection of this fact would have spared Mr. Dyce a great deal of useless labour in making and repeating *stale* quotations. See "*Remarks*," p. 158.

<sup>1</sup> I' the midst o' the body,] This tale is taken very literally from North's Plutarch—"That on a time all the members of man's bodie dyd rebell against the bellie, complaining of it that it only remained in the midst of the bodie," &c., p. 240, edit. 1579, folio.

"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,  
 "That I receive the general food at first,  
 Which you do live upon; and fit it is,  
 Because I am the store-house, and the shop  
 Of the whole body: but if you do remember,  
 I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
 Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain<sup>6</sup>;  
 And through the cranks and offices of man,  
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,  
 From me receive that natural competency  
 Whereby they live. And though that all at once,  
 You, my good friends," this says the belly, mark me,—

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

*Men.*

"Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each,  
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all  
 From me do back receive the flower of all,  
 And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?

*Men.* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
 And you the mutinous members: for examine  
 Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,  
 Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find,  
 No public benefit which you receive,  
 But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,  
 And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?  
 You, the great toe of this assembly?—

2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

*Men.* For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,  
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:  
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,

<sup>6</sup> Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;] We do not here disturb the old text, to which a meaning may be assigned without much difficulty, but we subjoin in a note the way in which this part of the apologue is made to run in the corr. fo. 1632:—

"Even to the court, the heart, the *senate* brain,  
 And through the *ranks* and offices of man."

Commentators have never liked the expression "to the seat o' the brain," but Malone understood "seat" in the sense of royal seat or throne, and so it certainly may be taken: in the same way "cranks and offices of man" has been construed windings and turnings of the human frame, and not very objectionably: the old annotator obviously thought the poet meant to run through the different grades of society—the court, the senate, persons of various ranks, and the holders of offices in the state. Perhaps he was right, but Menenius afterwards goes on to say that the senate was represented by the belly, not the brain.

Lead'st first to win some vantage'.—  
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,  
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;  
 The one side must have bale'.—Hail, noble Marcius!

*Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.*

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,  
 That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
 Make yourselves scabs?

*2 Cil.*

We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to thee, will flatter  
 Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,  
 That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you;  
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
 Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,  
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is  
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
 And curse that justice did it: who deserves greatness,  
 Deserves your hate; and your affections are  
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?  
 With every minute you do change a mind',  
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,  
 That in these several places of the city  
 You cry against the noble senate, who,  
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
 Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

' Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,

Lead'st first to win some vantage.] This passage seems not to have been well comprehended in the time of the old annotator on the folio, 1632, or not to have been recited, and he erases it. "Rascal" has reference to lean, poor deer, so called; and "in blood" is another term of the chase, for which see "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iv. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 129: in "Henry VI., Part I.," A. iv. sc. 2, Vol. iii. p. 708, is a passage in which both "rascal" and "in blood" occur.

\* The one side must have BALE.] i. e. Sorrow, calamity, misspelt *bale* in the folio, 1623.

' With every minute you do change a mind.] It is "change your mind" in the corr. fo. 1632, and perhaps rightly, but the alteration is not necessary.

*Men.* For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they say,  
The city is well stor'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em ! They say ?  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol ; who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines ; side factions, and give out  
Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,  
And feeling such as stand not in their liking  
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough ?  
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry<sup>1</sup>  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high  
As I could pick my lance<sup>2</sup>.

*Men.* Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded<sup>3</sup> ;  
For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,  
What says the other troop ?

*Mar.* They are dissolved. Hang 'em !  
They said, they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth proverbs,—  
That hunger broke stone walls ; that dogs must eat ;  
That meat was made for mouths : that the gods sent not  
Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds  
They vented their complainings ; which being answer'd,  
And a petition granted them, a strange one,  
(To break the heart of generosity<sup>4</sup>,  
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,

<sup>1</sup> — I'd make a QUARRY] "Quarry" generally means a heap of dead game, originally laid in a square ; and Bullokar, in his "English Expositor" (as quoted by Malone), 8vo. 1616, says, also, that "a quarry among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting."

<sup>2</sup> As I could PICK my lance.] *i. e.* Pitch my lance : a pitch-fork is still called a pick-fork in some parts of the country. So in "Henry VIII.," A. v. sc. 3, this Vol. p. 461, "I'll pick (or peck) you o'er the pales," and Coles in his Dict. 1679, translates *jaculator*, "to pick a dart."

<sup>3</sup> Nay, these are ALL MOST thoroughly persuaded ;] The universal reading has hitherto been,

"Nay, these are *almost* thoroughly persuaded ;"  
but the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to read "all most" for *almost* ; and the emendation is so inevitable, that Mr. Singer avails himself of it, but is entirely silent upon the subject. He was quite right in adopting the change, but hardly right in not avowing from whence he procured it, viz. from our "Notes and Emendations," p. 351. As we have said before, he is heartily welcome.

<sup>4</sup> — the heart of GENEROSITY.] To give the final blow (says Johnson) to the nobles. "Generosity" is *high birth*.

Shouting their emulation<sup>1</sup>.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,  
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not.—'Sdeath!  
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time  
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes  
For insurrection's arguing.

*Men.* This is strange.

*Mar.* Go; get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar.* Here. What's the matter?

*Mess.* The news is, sir, the Volscres are in arms.

*Mar.* I am glad on't: then, we shall have means to vent  
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS  
BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;  
The Volscres are in arms.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.  
I sin in envying his nobility;  
And were I any thing but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*Com.* You have fought together.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

<sup>1</sup> SHOUTING their EMULATION.] The old text in the folio, 1623, is *shooting* for "shouting," and the old annotator of the corr. fo. 1632, while amending *shooting* to "shouting," tells us also that "emulation" ought to be *exultation*; but this alteration we do not make, because "emulation," in the sense of contention among each other, may be said to fill the place well enough, although the probability seems to be, that Shakespeare's word was *exultation*. We only mention the fact in a note for the information of the reader.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is ;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.

What ! art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius ;  
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,  
Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* Oh, true bred !

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol ; where, I know,  
Our greatest friends attend us.

*Tit.* Lead you on.

Follow, Cominius : we must follow you ;

Right worthy you priority<sup>6</sup>.

*Com.* Noble Marcius !

1 *Sen.* Hence ! To your homes ! be gone. [*To the Citizens.*]

*Mar.* Nay, let them follow.

The Volsces have much corn : take these rats thither,

To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,

Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and MENEN.*  
*Citizens steal away.*]

*Sic.* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

*Bru.* He has no equal.

*Sic.* When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

*Bru.* Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

*Sic.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Bru.* Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods<sup>7</sup>.

*Sic.* Bemock the modest moon.

*Bru.* The present wars devour him : he is grown  
Too proud to be so valiant.

*Sic.* Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,  
His insolence can brook to be commanded  
Under Cominius.

<sup>6</sup> Right worthy you priority.] "Right worthy your priority" in the corr. fo. 1632, but decidedly wrong, though Mason recommended the same change. In the next line Theobald put *Lartius* for "Marcius" of the old editions ; but surely without necessity, for why is not Cominius to be allowed here to express his admiration of the hero of the tragedy ?

<sup>7</sup> — he will not spare to GIRD the gods.] i. e. To reproach, taunt, or gibe. See Vol. iii. p. 434, where Falstaff says, "Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me." For the use of the substantive, see Vol. ii. p. 522, and Vol. iii. p. 689.



*Bru.* Fame, at the which he aims,  
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot  
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
A place below the first; for what miscarries  
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure  
Will then cry out of Marcius, "Oh, if he  
Had borne the business!"

*Sic.* Besides, if things go well,  
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
Of his demerits rob Cominius<sup>1</sup>.

*Bru.* Come:  
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,  
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults  
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,  
In aught he merit not.

*Sic.* Let's hence, and hear  
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,  
More than his singularity<sup>2</sup>, he goes  
Upon his present action.

*Bru.* Let's along. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-House.

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,  
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels<sup>3</sup>,  
And know how we proceed.

*Auf.* Is it not your's?  
What ever have been thought on in this state,  
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome  
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,  
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,

<sup>1</sup> Of his DEMERITS rob Cominius.] *Merits* and "demerits" had anciently the same meaning. Compare "Macbeth," A. iv. sc. 3, and "Othello," A. i. sc. 2.

<sup>2</sup> More than HIS singularity.] Most modern editors read "in singularity," contrary to all the old authorities.

<sup>3</sup> That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,] *i. e.* Are informed of our purposes: the phrase was not very unusual.

I have the letter here ;—yes, here it is :— [Reads.  
 “They have press’d a power, but it is not known  
 Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great ;  
 The people mutinous ; and it is rumour’d,  
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,  
 (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)  
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,  
 These three lead on this preparation  
 Whither ’tis bent ; most likely, ’tis for you :  
 Consider of it.”

1 *Sen.* Our army’s in the field.  
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready  
 To answer us.

*Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,  
 To keep your great pretences veil’d, till when  
 They needs must show themselves ; which in the hatching,  
 It seem’d, appear’d to Rome. By the discovery,  
 We shall be shorten’d in our aim<sup>3</sup> ; which was,  
 To take in many towns<sup>4</sup>, ere, almost, Rome  
 Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,  
 Take your commission ; hie you to your bands. [Giving it.  
 Let us alone to guard Corioli :  
 If they set down before ’s, for the remove  
 Bring up your army ; but, I think, you’ll find  
 They’ve not prepar’d for us.

*Auf.* Oh ! doubt not that ;  
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more ;  
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.  
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,  
 ’Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike  
 Till one can do no more<sup>4</sup>.

*All.* The gods assist you !

<sup>3</sup> We shall be shorten’d in our aim ;] Shakespeare uses the verb to “shorten” in the same way in “King Lear,” A. iv. sc. 7, “Yet to be known shortens my main intent,” which has hitherto been misprinted “shortens my made intent.”

<sup>4</sup> To TAKE IN many towns,] To “take in” is to subdue, or seize upon. It was used in this sense by many writers of the time of Shakespeare ; and it occurs again in A. iii. sc. 2, of this tragedy.

<sup>4</sup> ——— we shall EVER strike  
 Till one can do no more.] So the folio, 1623 : Malone (Shakespeare by Boswell) gives a directly contrary sense by reading—“we shall never strike.” “We shall ever strike” is, of course, “We shall continue to strike.”

*Auf.* And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.*

Farewell.

2 *Sen.*

Farewell.

*All.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

Rome. An Apartment in the House of MARCIUS.

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA. They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than, picture-like, to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

*Vol.* Then, his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

*Vir.* 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

*Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair ;  
 As children from a bear the Volsces shunning him :  
 Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
 “ Come on, you cowards ! you were got in fear,  
 Though you were born in Rome.” His bloody brow  
 With his mail’d hand then wiping, forth he goes,  
 Like to a harvest-man, that’s task’d to mow  
 Or all, or lose his hire<sup>5</sup>.

*Vir.* His bloody brow ? O, Jupiter ! no blood.

*Vol.* Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man,  
 Than gilt his trophy<sup>6</sup> : the breasts of Hecuba,  
 When she did suckle Hector, look’d not lovelier  
 Than Hector’s forehead, when it spit forth blood  
 At Grecian swords contemning<sup>7</sup>.—Tell Valeria,  
 We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gent.*]

*Vir.* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius !

*Vol.* He’ll beat Aufidius’ head below his knee,  
 And tread upon his neck.

*Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.*

*Val.* My ladies both, good day to you.

*Vol.* Sweet madam,—

*Vir.* I am glad to see your ladyship.

*Val.* How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers.  
 What are you sewing here ? A fine spot, in good faith !—  
 How does your little son ?

*Vir.* I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

*Vol.* He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than  
 look upon his school-master.

*Val.* O’ my word, the father’s son : I’ll swear, ’tis a very  
 pretty boy. O’ my troth, I looked upon him o’ Wednesday

<sup>5</sup> Or all, or lose his hire.] Like the harvest-man who has engaged to mow “all,” or to lose his payment for mowing the part he has already cut down. It is strange that such a passage should have been misunderstood.

<sup>6</sup> Than GILT his trophy :] “ Gilt ” was often used for *gilding* : we have already had it often so employed. See also “ Henry V.,” Vol. iii. p. 612.

<sup>7</sup> At Grecian swords contemning.] The folio misprints “contending” *contemning*, which the second folio alters to *contending*, and prints *sword* “swords;” but “contemning”—Hector’s forehead *contemning* at the Grecian swords—seems the word which was written by Shakespeare, and misread by the old compositor. In confirmation of this opinion, which we offered in our first edition, we may add that in the corr. fo. 1632 *contending* is amended to “contemning.” Mr. Singer prints “contemning,” merely observing that the passage is thus “improved,” but he gives no hint of the source of the improvement, by reference either to our note of 1844, or to our corr. fo. 1632.

half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; Oh, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

*Vir.* A crack, madam<sup>a</sup>.

*Val.* Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

*Vir.* No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

*Val.* Not out of doors!

*Vol.* She shall, she shall.

*Vir.* Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

*Vol.* Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

*Vir.* I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

*Vol.* Why, I pray you?

*Vir.* 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come: I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

*Vir.* No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

*Val.* In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

*Vir.* Oh! good madam, there can be none yet.

*Val.* Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

*Vir.* Indeed, madam?

*Val.* In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

<sup>a</sup> A CRACK, madam.] A "crack" means a boy generally. See Vol. iii. p. 476. Here it is to be taken for a fine forward boy. See Gifford's note to "The Un-natural Combat," Massinger's Works, Vol. i. p. 129.

*Vir.* Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

*Vol.* Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

*Val.* In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

*Vir.* No, at a word; madam, indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

*Val.* Well then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

*Enter with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers.*

*Mar.* Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have met.

*Lart.* My horse to your's, no.

*Mar.*

'Tis done.

*Lart.*

Agreed.

*Enter a Messenger\*.*

*Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

*Mess.* They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

*Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

*Mar.*

I'll buy him of you.

*Lart.* No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him I will, For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

*Mar.* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess.*

Within this mile and half.

*Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they our's.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,  
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,  
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

\* Enter a Messenger.] The Messenger is mentioned at the opening of the scene, and Marcius sees him coming, but, according to a note in the corr. fo. 1632, he did not appear upon the stage until after Lartius had said, "Agreed:" then he enters, and the hero puts his question. Characters, as we have seen (p. 490), were often announced before they actually arrived.

*A parley sounded. Enter, on the walls, two Senators, and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,  
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Drums afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,  
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,  
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;  
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Alarum afar off.*

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.

*Mar.* Oh! they are at it.

*Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

*The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage.*

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:  
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:  
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,  
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS enraged*<sup>10</sup>.

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome! Unheard of boils and plagues  
Plaster you o'er<sup>1</sup>, that you may be abhorr'd

<sup>10</sup> Re-enter Marcius enraged.] The stage-direction of the old copy is, "Enter Marcius cursing."

<sup>1</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ UNHEARD of boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er,] This is a valuable emendation furnished by the corr. fo. 1632. The reading of the folios is—

\_\_\_\_\_ "You heard of byles and plagues

Plaster you o'er;"

and it has been usual to print it thus—

\_\_\_\_\_ "You herd of—Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er;"

but the annotator on the fo. 1632 tells us that "you heard" was a misprint for

Farther than seen, and one infect another  
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!  
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,  
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
 And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;  
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
 As they us to our trenches. Follow<sup>1</sup>!

*Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds.  
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
 Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

*All.* To the port, I warrant him<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS.*

*Lart.* What is become of Marcius?

*All.* Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,

*unheard*, and he puts the passage, with little violence and much plausibility, as it stands in our text. It has always been a stumbling-block to commentators, and, we apprehend, that it is now removed. Certainly, Marcius could never have intended to call his flying soldiers "You herd of boils and plagues," as in the fo. 1623: therefore, Malone put a now needless line before "boils."

<sup>1</sup> As they us to our trenches. FOLLOW!] The folio has *follows*—a typographical error, perhaps, for *Follow us!* The ordinary reading is in the past tense, *followed*, as in the third folio; but it should most likely be in the present—an invitation from the hero to his soldiers.

<sup>2</sup> To the port, I warrant him.] This is said in reply to "See, they have shut him in," i. e. they have shut him into the "port" or gate, a word constantly employed in that way. In the folio, 1623, the letter *r* had dropped out in "port," and it was always ridiculously misprinted *pot*—"To the *pot*, I warrant him." To what *pot*? "To go to pot" is certainly an old vulgarism (relied upon by Mr. Singer); but here it is not "to pot," but "to the pot," as if some particular *pot* were intended: "to the *port*" makes all clear, and is only the completion by other soldiers of what had been commenced by one of their comrades: "See, they have shut him in—to the port, I warrant him."



With them he enters ; who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp'd-to their gates : he is himself alone,  
To answer all the city.

*Lart.* Oh, noble fellow !  
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art lost, Marcius<sup>4</sup> :  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish<sup>5</sup>, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*The gates open. Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir !

*Lart.* Oh, 'tis Marcius !  
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

## SCENE V.

Within the Town. A Street.

*Enter certain Romans, with spoils.*

- 1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
- 2 *Rom.* And I this.

<sup>4</sup> Thou art *lost*, Marcius :] We proposed "lost" as the language of the poet in 1844 : it is "Thou art *left*, Marcius," in the old editions, but the printer mistook the long *s* for *f*, and composed *left* for "lost." Mr. Singer prints "lost" very properly, but he might have added, with no less propriety, that the suggestion of the change was derived from our first impression. It would not have materially lengthened his note ; and his unwillingness to give credit to others may do him some wrong, by leading to the supposition that he has a much smaller claim to credit for himself than he really possesses.

<sup>5</sup> Even to Cato's wish.] In the old copy it stands, "Even to *Calves* wish ;" but it is clearly a misprint, and Theobald pointed out the passage in North's Plutarch, from which Shakespeare took, not only the thought, but almost the very words of the text. "He was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine be ; not only terrible and fierce to laye about him, but to make the enemy asfear'd with the sound of his voyce, and grimmes of his countenance." Edit. 1579, p. 240.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

*Enter* MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

*Mar.* See here these movers, that do prize their hours<sup>a</sup>  
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons;  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!—  
And hark, what noise the general makes.—To him!  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,  
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city,  
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste  
To help Cominius.

*Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;  
Thy exercise hath been too violent  
For a second course of fight.

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not;  
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess Fortune  
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposer's swords! Bold gentleman,  
Prosperity be thy page!

*Mar.* Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

*Lart.* Thou worthiest Marcius!— [Exit MARCIUS.

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;

Call thither all the officers of the town,

Where they shall know our mind. Away! [Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> — that do prize their hours] So the old copies: Pope changed "hours" to *honours*; but Steevens showed, by a reference to North's Plutarch, that Coriolanus reproached the Romans with losing their time in collecting spoil:—"He cried out to them that it was no time now to looke after spoyle," &c. "With a trumpet," in the old stage direction, rather means with a Trumpeter, to whom Titus Lartius at the end of the scene gives orders.

## SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

*Enter COMINIUS and Forces, as in retreat.*

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends. Well fought: we are  
come off  
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,  
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard  
The charges of our friends.—Ye Roman gods',  
Lead their successes as we wish our own,  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,  
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy news?

*Mess.* The citizens of Corioli have issued,  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:  
I saw our party to their trenches driven,  
And then I came away.

*Com.* Though thou speak'st truth,  
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

*Mess.* Above an hour, my lord.

*Com.* 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:  
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mess.* Spies of the Volsces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*Enter MARCIUS.*

*Com.* Who's yonder,  
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!

' Ye Roman gods,] So the corr. fo. 1632 for "*the* Roman gods" of the folios. It is but justice to the Rev. Mr. Dyce to state that he saw the fitness of this emendation in 1844. See his "*Remarks*," p. 160.

He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have  
Before-time seen him thus.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue  
From every meaner man.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* Oh! let me clip you  
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

*Com.* Flower of warriors!

How is't with Titus Lartius?

*Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*Com.* Where is that slave,  
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?  
Where is he? Call him hither.

*Mar.* Let him alone,  
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them?)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think it.  
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?  
If not, why cease you till you are so?

*Com.* Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,  
And did retire to win our purposes.

*Mar.* How lies their battle? Know you on which side  
They have plac'd their men of trust?

\* I do not think it.] The pronoun "it," having escaped at the end of the line, is wanting in the old impressions: "it" is supplied by the corr. fo. 1632; and, four lines below, it alters *purpose* to "purposes," with manifest improvement to the measure, and no change of the meaning.

\* They have plac'd their men of trust?] So, in the old translation of Plutarch by North, p. 241, edit. 1579:—"Martius asked him howe the order of their

*Com.* As I guess, Marcius,  
 Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,  
 Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,  
 Their very heart of hope.

*Mar.* I do beseech you,  
 By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
 By the blood we have shed together, by the vows  
 We have made to endure friends, that you directly  
 Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates;  
 And that you not delay the present, but,  
 Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,  
 We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
 You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
 And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
 Deny your asking. Take your choice of those  
 That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
 That most are willing.—If any such be here,  
 (As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting  
 Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
 Lesser his person than an ill report;  
 If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
 And that his country's dearer than himself;  
 Let him, alone, or so many so minded,  
 Wave thus, to express his disposition,  
 And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him  
 in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

Of me alone<sup>10</sup>? make you a sword of me?  
 If these shows be not outward, which of you

enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul made him answer, that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valliant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul graunted him, greatly praysing his corage." We have quoted this passage, not merely because it shows how closely Shakespeare adhered to his original, but because it enables us decisively to correct an error in the folio, 1623, where *antients*, in the next line, is misprinted for "Antiates," although it occurs just afterwards, and is there properly spelt. The mistake would correct itself, if "ancients" had not of old meant *standards* and *standard-bearers*.

<sup>10</sup> Of me alone?] It is "O me alone" in the folios, but it is most probable that the letter *f* had dropped out. Coriolanus asks, in effect, if the soldiers were about to make him alone a sword to be used against the enemy?

But is four Volsces? None of you, but is  
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest  
 Shall bear the business in some other fight,  
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you, march before;  
 And I shall quickly draw out my command<sup>1</sup>,  
 Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.*

March on, my fellows:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
 Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

*Lart.* So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,  
 As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch  
 Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve  
 For a short holding: if we lose the field,  
 We cannot keep the town.

*Lieu.*

Fear not our care, sir.

*Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—  
 Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> ———— Please you, march BEFORE;

And I shall quickly draw out my command.] In the old copies the words are—

————— "Please you to march;

And four shall quickly draw out my command."

Why were "four" to draw out his command, and who were the "four" to be so employed? Marcius intended himself to select the soldiers willing to follow him, and for this purpose he called upon them to march "before" him, or past him. The old printer blundered with the last syllable of "before," and composed what has hitherto been taken for the text. The corr. fo. 1632 shows us what were, most probably, the terms of the poet, and those we adopt.

## SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

*Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS<sup>2</sup>.*

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee  
Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike:  
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
More than thy fame I envy<sup>3</sup>. Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
And the gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
Halloo me like a hare.

*Mar.* Within these three hours, Tullus,  
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood,  
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge  
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

*Auf.* Wert thou the Hector,  
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny<sup>4</sup>,  
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

*[They fight, and certain Volscies come to the aid of  
AUFIDIUS.*

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me  
In your condemned seconds.

*[Exeunt fighting, all driven in by MARCIUS.*

<sup>2</sup> Enter Marcius and Aufidius.] "At several doors," adds the stage-direction of the folio. In the next scene, representing the Roman camp, Cominius, &c. enter "at one door," and Marcius, &c. "at another door."

<sup>3</sup> More than thy fame I envy.] So the corr. fo. 1632, the ordinary reading being "More than thy fame and envy," which, if not nonsense, is not far removed from it: the compositor mistook "I" for the contraction for *and*. Aufidius says that Africa contains no serpent he abhorred more than he envied, or *hated* (which was then the most ordinary meaning of the word) the fame of Marcius.

<sup>4</sup> That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,] *i. e.* The "whip" or scourge on behalf of the boasted Trojan progenitors of the Romans.

## SCENE IX.

## The Roman Camp.

*Alarum. A Retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,  
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,  
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,  
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,  
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,  
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,  
That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours,  
Shall say, against their hearts,—“We thank the gods,  
Our Rome hath such a soldier!”  
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,  
Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS with his Power, from the pursuit.*

*Lart.* Oh general!  
Here is the steed, we the caparison<sup>\*</sup>:  
Hadst thou beheld—

*Mar.* Pray now, no more: my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,  
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd  
As you have been; that's for my country:  
He that has but effected his good will  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know  
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment  
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,

<sup>\*</sup> Here is the steed, we the caparison:] The meaning (says Johnson) is, “this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.”



In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done, before our army hear me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*Com.* Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all  
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,  
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution,  
At your only choice.

*Mar.* I thank you, general;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, "Marcius!  
Marcius!" cast up their caps and lances:  
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*

May these same instruments, which you profane,  
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall  
I' the field prove flatterers: let courts and cities be  
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:  
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk  
Let it be made a coverture for the wars<sup>6</sup>!  
No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd  
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,  
Which without note here's many else have done,  
You shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical;  
As if I loved my little should be dieted  
In praises sauc'd with lies.

<sup>6</sup> Let it be made A COVERTURE for the wars!] The comparatively small emendations in this line, viz. "it" for *them*, and "coverture" (which was Tyrwhitt's proposal) for *overture*, make the whole meaning of a passage, which has been much discussed, as evident as it is excellent. The hero, unwilling to receive the applauses of the army, tells them he wishes that drums and trumpets may never sound again, if they are thus to be converted into flatterers: let soothing, he adds, be confined to courts and cities; for when steel becomes as soft as the parasite's silk, it is fit that silk should be applied to the purpose of armour—"a coverture for the wars." When steel became soft, silk, on the other hand, ought to become hard; and silk was just as well adapted to defend, as steel ought to be capable of flattery. If we were at all authorised to read "silk" in the plural, it would not be necessary even to alter *them* to "it."

*Com.* Too modest are you :  
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful  
 To us that give you truly. By your patience,  
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you  
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,  
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,  
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius  
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which  
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,  
 With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,  
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,  
 With all th' applause and clamour of the host,  
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—  
 Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

*All.* Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

*Cor.* I will go wash ' ;  
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
 Whether I blush, or no : howbeit, I thank you.—  
 I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,  
 To undercrest your good addition  
 To the fairness of my power.

*Com.* So, to our tent ;  
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write  
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,  
 Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome  
 The best, with whom we may articulate ' ,  
 For their own good, and our's.

*Lart.* I shall, my lord.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I, that now  
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
 Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it : 'tis your's.—What is't ?

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
 At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :  
 He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;  
 But then Aufidius was within my view,

' *Cor.* I will go wash ;] In the prefixes of the folio he is nevertheless still called Marcius. Lartius also afterwards says, " Marcius, his name ? " as it were, forgetting " the addition " just before made by Cominius.

' The best, with whom we may articulate,] i. e. The principal persons of Corioli, with whom we may enter into articles. For a similar use of " articulate," see Vol. iii. p. 404.

And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* Oh, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time

It should be look'd to. Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volsces.

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with  
two or three Soldiers.*

*Auf.* The town is ta'en!

*1 Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

*Auf.* Condition!—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat me;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way\*,

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

\* I'll potch at him some way.] It is spelt *potche* in the folio, 1623, and has been understood as another form of poke, which is from the Fr. *pocher*. Tollet refers us to Carew's "Survey of Cornwall," 1602, where it is said, "They use also to *poche* them with an instrument, somewhat like a salmon spear." Aufidius, of course, means that instead of contending in fair fight with the hero, he will stab him in any way that may be effectual.

1 *Sol.*

He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour, poison'd  
With only suffering stain by him, for him  
Shall fly out of itself<sup>1</sup>. Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements all of fury<sup>2</sup>, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,  
Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city:  
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must  
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.*

Will not you go?

*Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you,  
(Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither  
How the world goes, that to the pace of it  
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.*

I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

*Men.* The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

*Bru.* Good, or bad?

*Men.* Not according to the prayer of the people, for they  
love not Marcius.

*Sic.* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

*Men.* Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

<sup>1</sup> Shall fly out of itself.] This is Tyrwhitt's emendation, which we prefer, not only to the words in the old copies, but to the change suggested in the corr. fo. 1632. The folio reads "My valour's poison'd," and all that is required is to strike out the letter *s* and its apostrophe, and then "valour" becomes the nominative case to "Shall fly out of itself."

<sup>2</sup> EMBARQUEMENTS all of fury.] "Embarquements" is to be taken here in the sense of *embargoes* or impediments. Coleridge (*Lit. Rem.* Vol. ii. p. 135) was disposed to think this speech out of nature.

*Sic.* The lamb.

*Men.* Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

*Bru.* He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

*Men.* He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men : tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

*Both Trib.* Well, sir.

*Men.* In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance ?

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*Sic.* Especially, in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file ? Do you ?

*Both Trib.* Why, how are we censured ?

*Men.* Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry ?

*Both Trib.* Well, well, sir ; well.

*Men.* Why, 'tis no great matter ; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience : give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ?

*Bru.* We do it not alone, sir.

*Men.* I know, you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single : your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride : Oh ! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! Oh, that you could !

*Bru.* What then, sir ?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

*Sic.* Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, without a drop of allaying Tyber in't ; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the thirst complaint<sup>3</sup> ; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion ;

<sup>3</sup> — to be something imperfect, in favouring the THIRST complaint ;] This passage has puzzled all commentators, who, reasonably enough, could not under-

one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say 'your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadlly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough, too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities<sup>4</sup> glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

*Bru.* Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

*Men.* You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourne the controversy of three-pence<sup>5</sup> to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy pleading<sup>6</sup>,

stand what was meant by "the *first* complaint," as it is printed in all the folios. The corr. fo. 1632 enables us at once, and for ever, to remove the difficulty, by instructing us to read "thirst complaint" for "*first* complaint." In the same way just above we are told to read "without" for *with not*, an immaterial variation, but still to be adopted on the same authority. Mr. Singer allows that *first* may have been intended for "thirst," and he adds that "thirst" was sometimes so written. This is a mistake; and it would pose him to show where *first* was put for "thirst," excepting in this very place in the folio, 1623, where it is a decided misprint. While stating that *first* may have been intended for "thirst," he does not add that the emendation of "thirst," for *first*, is contained in the corr. fo. 1632; and he is thus content to render his work imperfect, rather than admit what is the fact. We heartily thank the old annotator on the folio, 1632.

<sup>4</sup> I CANNOT say.] In the old copies, "I can say."

— BISSON conspectuities] "Bisson," *blind*; from the Sax. *bison*. In the old copies it is *beesome*: Theobald made the change. See also A. iii. sc. 1, p. 687.

<sup>5</sup> — and then REJOURN the controversy of three-pence] In the corr. fo. 1632 "rejourne" is altered to *adjourn*: "rejourne" is the older form of the word, and was probably that used by Shakespeare, but not repeated by the performer of the part of Menenius, when the old annotator on the folio, 1632, perhaps saw "Coriolanus" acted. Drayton may be quoted to prove that "rejourne" was altered, in common parlance, to *adjourn* between the years 1596 and 1603, for he used the word "rejourne" in his "Mortimeriados," printed in 1596, but changed it to *adjourn* in the year 1603, when he reprinted his historical poem.

<sup>6</sup> — dismiss the controversy PLEADING,] *i. e.* In debate or discussion: the old

the more entangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

*Bru.* Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

*Men.* Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships<sup>\*</sup> : more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.  
[BRUTUS and SICINIUS stand back.]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast ?

*Vol.* Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go.

*Men.* Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

*Vol.* Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

*Men.* Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Ho ! Marcius coming home ?  
[*Throwing up his cap.*]

*Two Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

*Vol.* Look, here's a letter from him : the state hath another, his wife another ; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me ?

text is *bleeding* for "pleading," an error probably from mishearing ; for how could a matter between party and party be termed, with any fitness, a "controversy *bleeding*." it was a controversy then in a course of argument. "Pleading," for *bleeding*, is the incontrovertible emendation of the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>\*</sup> GOOD DEN to your worships :] i. e. *Good even*, properly ; but it was also used for *good day*. The expression occurs in "Much Ado about Nothing," "King John," "Titus Andronicus," and "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Dyce is triumphant on the misprint of "herdsman" for "herdsmen" in our former edition.

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

*Men.* A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric physic<sup>9</sup>, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

*Vir.* Oh! no, no, no.

*Vol.* Oh! he is wounded; I thank the gods for't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

*Vol.* On's brows<sup>1</sup>: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

*Men.* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol.* Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

*Men.* And 'twas time for him too; I'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

*Vol.* Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

*Vol.* In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

*Men.* Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

*Vir.* The gods grant them true!

*Vol.* True! pow, wow.

*Men.* True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he

<sup>9</sup> — the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but *EMPIRIC PHYSIC*.] Here we are indebted to the corr. fo. 1632 for a curious and valuable restoration of the words of the poet, hitherto misrepresented in the old copies by *emperickquitique*, a most uncouth word, the meaning of which could only be guessed by the context. It appears that the old printer, or copyist, not being able to make out "*empirick physique*," as it, no doubt, stood in the MS., made a guess, and a bad one, at what was intended. There cannot be a moment's doubt that "*empiric physic*," often spelt *physique* of old, is the genuine text; and when Mr. Singer says that "*such may have been the true reading*," he altogether forgets to say where he had found it recommended, viz. in the corr. fo. 1632. He could not deny the excellence of the emendation, and was therefore perhaps reluctant to state its origin, but he may have forgotten it, when he penned his note.

<sup>1</sup> On's brows:] This is Volumnia's answer to the question, "*Brings 'a victory in his pocket?*" It is clear from what is said subsequently that Coriolanus was not wounded on his brows.



wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who are standing back.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark! the trumpets. [*A shout, and flourish.*]

*Vol.* These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears. Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

*A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows Coriolanus<sup>2</sup>:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*Cor.* No more of this; it does offend my heart: Pray now, no more.

*Com.* Look, sir, your mother,—

*Cor.* Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

*Vol.* Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd, What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But oh! thy wife—

<sup>2</sup> In honour follows Coriolanus:] The folio gives this line erroneously, by reading, "In honour follows Marcius Caius Coriolanus." In the preceding line, instead of Caius Marcius, it has Marcius Caius. From henceforward he is called Coriolanus in the prefixes of the old editions.

*Cor.* My gracious silence, hail !<sup>3</sup> [*Rises.*  
 Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,  
 That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,  
 Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,  
 And mothers that lack sons.

*Men.* Now, the gods crown thee!

*Cor.* And live you yet?—Oh, my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To VALERIA.*

*Vol.* I know not where to turn:—Oh! welcome home;  
 And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all.

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,  
 And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome!  
 A curse begin at very root on's heart,  
 That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,  
 That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,  
 We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not  
 Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!  
 We call a nettle, but a nettle; and  
 The faults of fools, but folly.

*Com.* Ever right.

*Cor.* Menenius, ever, ever.

*Her.* Give way there, and go on!

*Cor.* Your hand,—and your's:  
 [*To his Wife and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
 The good patricians must be visited;  
 From whom I have receiv'd, not only greetings,  
 But with them charge of honours<sup>4</sup>.

*Vol.* I have lived  
 To see inherited my very wishes,  
 And the buildings of my fancy:  
 Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,  
 But our Rome will cast upon thee.

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
 I had rather be their servant in my way,  
 Than sway with them in their's.

<sup>3</sup> My gracious silence, hail!] Here Coriolanus ought to rise, after having knelt to his mother. In all editions Coriolanus never recovers from his knees.

<sup>4</sup> But with them CHARGE of honours.] "Change of honours" in the old copies, but amended to "charge of honours" in the corr. fo. 1632. It was also Theobald's word, and the fitness of it can hardly be disputed, though Warburton preferred *change*.

Com.

On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*  
*The Tribunes remain, and come forward*].

*Bru.* All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights  
 Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse  
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry<sup>5</sup>  
 While she cheers him: the kitchen malkin<sup>7</sup> pins  
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck<sup>8</sup>,  
 Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,  
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
 With variable complexions, all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens  
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
 Commit the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton spoil  
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pothor,  
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,  
 Were sily crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

*Sic.*

On the sudden

I warrant him consul.

*Bru.*

Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

<sup>5</sup> The Tribunes remain, and come forward.] In the old copies, the Tribunes, Brutus and Sicinius, are made to "enter" after the departure of Coriolanus, &c.; but they had in fact only stood back on the entrance of Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria, and now come forward.

<sup>6</sup> Into a RAPTURE lets her baby cry] In reference to the word "rapture" in this line, Steevens made the following apposite quotation from "The Hospital for London's Follies," 1602, where Gossip Luce says, "Your darling will weep itself into a *rapture*, if you take not good heed." In the next line *chats* is properly altered to "cheers" in the corr. fo. 1632. Mr. Singer, again without mentioning the authority, says, that "it has been proposed to read 'while she *cheers* him,' but we must probably understand 'while she *chats about* him.'" Surely this suggestion was only made in the distress of the case, rather than insert in the text, from the corr. fo. 1632, the word "cheers," which it was so easy to misprint *chats*.

<sup>7</sup> — the kitchen MALKIN] "Malkin" observes Ritson, is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *hare*: *grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is the scullion. In Holloway's "Provincial Dictionary," 8vo, 1838, we are informed that *Malkin* or *Maukin*, in Norfolk and Suffolk, signifies "a scarecrow," and that it is also applied to "a dirty ragged blouzy wench."

<sup>8</sup> Her richest LOCKRAM 'bout her REECHY neck.] "Lockram" was a species of cheap linen used by the lower orders, not unfrequently mentioned. "Reechy" means *dirty* or *smoky*.

*Sic.* He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin, and end; but will  
Lose those he hath won.

*Bru.* In that there's comfort.

*Sic.* Doubt not, the commoners for whom we stand,  
But they, upon their ancient malice, will  
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;  
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question  
As he is proud to do't.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
The napless vesture of humility;  
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*Sic.* 'Tis right.

*Bru.* It was his word. Oh! he would miss it, rather  
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,  
And the desire of the nobles.

*Sic.* I wish no better,  
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it  
In execution.

*Bru.* 'Tis most like, he will.

*Sic.* It shall be to him, then, at our good wills<sup>9</sup>,  
A sure destruction.

*Bru.* So it must fall out  
To him, or our authorities. For an end,  
We must suggest the people, in what hatred  
He still hath held them; that to his power he would  
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and

<sup>9</sup> The NAPLESS vesture of humility;] Steevens raised a laugh against the play-  
editors of the folio, 1623, for printing "napless" *Naples*, as if they had con-  
founded the "vesture of humility" with the Italian city. The fact is that the only  
error was printing *naples* (as "napless" was then often spelt) with a capital  
letter. The mistake of supposing that "Naples" meant only *Neapolitan* has been  
made in our own day by a very experienced editor, the Rev. Mr. Dyce, who in his  
"Middleton's Works," Vol. iv. p. 425, speaks of "Naples breeches," made out of  
"Naples fustian," as if Neapolitan fustian had been intended, when all that was  
meant (in the old "Rates of Merchandizes" which he cites) by "Naples  
fustians," was "napless fustians," as distinguished from fustians with a nap. We  
shall see, in the next scene but one, that this "napless vesture" is there called a  
"woolless togue," hitherto universally misprinted *wolvish*, or *wolfish* togue.

<sup>10</sup> — AT our good wills,] It is "as our good wills" in the folios, but the corr.  
fo. 1632 puts it "at our good wills:" we still say "at our good will and plea-  
sure," and the change is trifling.

Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,  
 In human action and capacity,  
 Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
 Than camels in their war; who have their provand<sup>1</sup>  
 Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
 For sinking under them.

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
 At some time when his soaring insolence  
 Shall touch the people<sup>2</sup>, (which time shall not want,  
 If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,  
 As to set dogs on sheep) will be his fire  
 To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
 Shall darken him for ever.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Mess.* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,  
 That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen  
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
 To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,  
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
 Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,  
 As to Jove's statue, and the commons made  
 A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts.  
 I never saw the like.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol;  
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,  
 But hearts for the event.

*Sic.* Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> — who have their PROVAND] "Provand" is the old word for *provender*, which some editors have substituted. It was often printed *provant*, when used adjectively, as in Massinger's "Maid of Honour," A. i. sc. 1, and in Fletcher's "Elder Brother," A. v. sc. 1, where "provant swords" are mentioned, meaning common swords, such were *provided* at the expense of the state.

<sup>2</sup> Shall touch the people,] "Shall *teach* the people" in the folios, and amended to "touch the people" in the corr. fo. 1632. It is only justice to Mr. Knight to state that he saw the fitness of altering *teach* to "touch" long before the publication of our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations," though we were not aware of the fact. Theobald has it "shall *reach* the people," but the text is intelligible, even without an emendation, which seems indisputable when it is stated.

## SCENE II.

The Same. The Capitol.

*Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, 'if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite<sup>3</sup>. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any farther deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

<sup>3</sup> — their OPPOSITE.] i. e. Usually put for their adversary, or enemy.

*A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also, by themselves<sup>4</sup>.*

*Men.* Having determin'd of the Volsces, and  
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,  
As the main point of this our after-meeting,  
To gratify his noble service, that  
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you,  
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire  
The present consul, and last general  
In our well-found successes, to report  
A little of that worthy work perform'd  
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus<sup>5</sup>; whom  
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember  
With honours like himself.

*1 Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:  
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think  
Rather our state's defective for requital,  
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,  
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,  
Your loving motion toward the common body,  
To yield what passes here.

*Sic.* We are convented  
Upon a pleasing treaty<sup>6</sup>; and have hearts  
Inclinable to honour and advance  
The theme of our assembly.

*Bru.* Which the rather  
We shall be prest to do', if he remember  
A kinder value of the people, than  
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

<sup>4</sup> — the Tribunes take theirs also, by themselves.] The stage-direction of the folio adds, "Coriolanus stands," but at all events he takes his seat before we come to the stage-direction, "Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away."

<sup>5</sup> By Caius Marcius Coriolanus;] Here again the folio transposes the two first names. In the next line it reads *met* for "meet."

<sup>6</sup> Upon a pleasing TREATY;] For "treaty" the corr. fo. 1632 has *treatise*, but there is surely no room for change: indeed, the old word seems preferable.

<sup>7</sup> We shall be PREST to do,] It is "*blest* to do" in all the folios, but all are certainly wrong, as it is shown by the corr. fo. 1632, which has "prest," *i. e.* ready, for "blest." Mr. Singer's corrected folio, 1632 (of which, unfortunately for us, we never had the confirmatory advantage, until sometime after the publication of our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations" in 1853), also has "prest."

*Men.* That's off, that's off :  
I would you rather had been silent. Please you  
To hear Cominius speak ?

*Bru.* Most willingly ;  
But yet my caution was more pertinent,  
Than the rebuke you give it.

*Men.* He loves your people ;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—  
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

*1 Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to hear  
What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honours' pardon :  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope,  
My words dis-bench'd you not.

*Cor.* No, sir : yet oft,  
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.  
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not<sup>\*</sup>. But, your people,  
I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,  
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit.]

*Men.* Masters of the people,  
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,  
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now see,  
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,  
Than one on's ears to hear it<sup>†</sup> ?—Proceed, Cominius.

*Com.* I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus  
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,

<sup>\*</sup> You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not.] You did not flatter me, and therefore did not offend me. We have had "false-fac'd soothing" on p. 626 of this play.

<sup>†</sup> Than one on's ears to hear it?] In the folio, 1623, this is misprinted "Than on one's ears to hear it." It was corrected to our text in the folio, 1664.



When with his Amazonian chin<sup>1</sup> he drove  
 The bristled lips before him. He bestrid  
 An o'er-pressed Roman, and i' the consul's view  
 Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,  
 And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the scene,  
 He prov'd best man i' the field ; and for his meed  
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age  
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;  
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
 He lurch'd all swords of the garland<sup>2</sup>. For this last,  
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the fliers,  
 And by his rare example made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport. As weeds before<sup>3</sup>  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
 And fell below his stem : his sword, death's stamp,  
 Where it did mark, it took : from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was timed with dying cries. Alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate of the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny<sup>4</sup>, aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
 Corioli like a planet. Now all's his ;  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense : then, straight his doubled spirit  
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
 And to the battle came he ; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if

<sup>1</sup> When with his Amazonian CHIN] It is "Amazonian *shinne*" in the two earliest folios, but corrected by the old annotator on the second, and it is "chin" in the third folio, 1664.

<sup>2</sup> He lurch'd all swords of the garland.] Ben Jonson, as Steevens remarked, has the same expression in "The Silent Woman :—" —you have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of the garland." (Works by Gifford, Vol. iii. p. 495.) Malone truly adds, that "to lurch all swords of the garland" was to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and incontestable superiority. Coles, in his Dictionary, 1677, has, "A lurch, *duplex palma, facilis victoria*."

<sup>3</sup> As WEEDS before] A just and beautiful image to those who understand sailing, and know how worthless rubbish often obstructs the progress of a vessel through the water, until at last it falls below the stem, and is seen no more. The folio, 1632, has *waves* for "weeds" of the folio, 1623.

<sup>4</sup> With shunless DESTINY,] So the folio, 1623 : it was misprinted *defamy* in the folio, 1632, and so afterwards, but the old annotator in his copy of the folio, 1632, restored the true reading "destiny."

'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd  
Both field and city our's, he never stood  
To ease his breast with panting.

*Men.*

Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours  
Which we devise him.

*Com.*

Our spoils he kick'd at;  
And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
The common muck o' the world: he covets less  
Than misery itself would give, rewards  
His deeds with doing them, and is content  
To spend the time to end it.

*Men.*

He's right noble:

Let him be called for.

1 *Sen.*

Call Coriolanus.

*Off.* He doth appear.

*Re-enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Men.* The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd  
To make thee consul.

*Cor.*

I do owe them still

My life, and services.

*Men.*

It then remains,

That you do speak to the people.

*Cor.*

I do beseech you,

Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot  
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,  
That I may pass this doing.

*Sic.*

Sir, the people

Must have their voices; neither will they bate  
One jot of ceremony.

*Men.*

Put them not to't:

Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and  
Take to you, as your predecessors have,  
Your honour with your form.

*Cor.*

It is a part

That I shall blush in acting, and might well  
Be taken from the people.

*Bru.*

Mark you that?

[*To SICIN.*

*Cor.* To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;—  
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire  
Of their breath only.—

*Men.* Do not stand upon't.—  
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,  
Our purpose: to them, and to our noble consul  
Wish we all joy and honour.

*Sen.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cor. and Senators.*]

*Bru.* You see how he intends to use the people.

*Sic.* May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,  
As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give.

*Bru.* Come; we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,  
I know they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

The Same. The Forum.

*Enter several Citizens* <sup>1</sup>.

1 *Cit.* Once <sup>2</sup>, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shows us his wounds, and tells us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help

<sup>1</sup> Enter several Citizens.] The number the theatre could afford would seem by the old stage-direction to have been "seven or eight."

<sup>2</sup> Once,] *i. e.* I say at once, or perhaps once for all. This mode of expression was not very uncommon. Just below "once" is used in the sense of *when* once:—"for once we stood up about the corn," &c. Perhaps "once," for *when* once, was growing obsolete in the time of the old corrector of the folio, 1632, for he inserts *when*, in order to make clear what was intended.

will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will: 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

*Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.*

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Men.* Oh! sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done 't?

*Cor.*

What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir;—my wounds;— I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

*Men.*

Oh me, the gods!

You must not speak of that: you must desire them

To think upon you.

*Cor.* Think upon me? Hang 'em!  
I would they would forget me, like the virtues  
Which our divines lose by 'em.

*Men.* You'll mar all:  
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,  
In wholesome manner. [Exit.

*Enter two Citizens'.*

*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces,  
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.—  
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to't.

*Cor.* Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

*Cor.* Ay, not  
Mine own desire<sup>1</sup>.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

*Cor.* No, sir: 'twas never my desire yet,  
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope  
to gain by you.

*Cor.* Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

*Cor.* Kindly?  
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,  
Which shall be your's in private.—Your good voice, sir;  
What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy sir.

*Cor.* A match, sir.—  
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—  
I have your alms: adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[Exit the two Citizens.]

<sup>1</sup> Enter two Citizens.] The old copy says "three Citizens;" but wrongly, as Coriolanus observes, "here comes a brace." Besides, two only engage in the dialogue.

<sup>2</sup> Nor mine own desire.] The first and second folios have, "*But mine own desire,*" which the observation of the 1st Citizen shows to have been an error of the press: it was corrected in the third folio of 1664. The matter was also set right in the corr. fo. 1632, and it is one of the many instances in which "not" and *but* were confounded by early printers or copyists.

*Enter two other Citizens.*

*Cor.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

*3 Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

*Cor.* Your enigma?

*3 Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

*Cor.* You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother<sup>9</sup>, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

*4 Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

*3 Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

*Cor.* I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

*Both Cit.* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily. [*Exeunt.*]

*Cor.* Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolless togue should I stand here<sup>1</sup>,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

<sup>9</sup> I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother,] From the corr. fo. 1632 we learn that a negative was accidentally omitted here, "I will *not*, sir, flatter," &c.; but the insertion of it is, at least, questionable; as well, indeed, as the alteration of "brother" to *brothers* in the same volume.

<sup>1</sup> Why in this woolless togue should I stand here,] It is *woolvish* tongue in the folio, 1623, and *woolvish* gown in the folio, 1632: "togue" is, of course, right, and has never been doubted; but much difficulty (now happily overcome) has been occasioned by the epithet *woolvish*: it turns out, like *tongue* for "togue," to be a mere error of the press, the compositor having read "woolless" as it must have stood in the MS., *woolvish*. The corr. fo. 1632 has both words set right, viz. "woolless togue," and it is impossible that any doubt should hereafter be entertained upon the point. The togue has before been called "napless," (p. 637,) and here it is termed "woolless." The new German translation, *schab'gem Kleid*, by Prof. Mommsen, is in accordance with this change.

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—  
 What custom wills, in all things should we do't,  
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
 For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,  
 Let the high office and the honour go  
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through:  
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

*Enter three other Citizens.*

Here come more voices.—  
 Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear  
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
 I have seen,—and heard of<sup>1</sup>: for your voices,  
 Have done many things, some less, some more.  
 Your voices; for, indeed, I would be consul<sup>2</sup>.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any  
 honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore, let him be consul. The gods give him  
 joy, and make him good friend to the people.

*All.* Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

*Cor.*

Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes  
 Endue you with the people's voice: remains  
 That, in th' official marks invested, you  
 Anon do meet the senate.

*Cor.*

Is this done?

*Sic.* The custom of request you have discharg'd:

<sup>1</sup> ————— battles thrice six

I have seen,—and heard of:] Dr. Farmer would lose a fine characteristic  
 turn by Coriolanus, when he proposed to read,

—————"battles thrice six  
*I've seen, and you have heard of."*

By the text, as it stands in the old copies, we perceive that the hero, instantly on  
 his mention of the thrice six battles he has seen, becomes ashamed of his apparent  
 boasting, and adds therefore the qualifying words "—and heard of," meaning that  
 some of the thrice six battles he had not so much seen, as heard of.

<sup>2</sup> Your voices; for, indeed, I would be consul.] The preposition (so to call  
 it) is from the corr. fo. 1632: it is necessary for the measure, and utterly harmless  
 as regards the sense: we are convinced that it had fallen out in the press.

The people do admit you ; and are summon'd  
To meet anon upon your approbation.

*Cor.* Where ? at the senate-house ?

*Sic.*

There, Coriolanus.

*Cor.* May I change these garments ?

*Sic.* You may, sir.

*Cor.* That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself again,  
Repair to the senate-house.

*Men.* I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

*Bru.* We stay here for the people.

*Sic.*

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,  
'Tis warm at's heart.

*Bru.*

With a proud heart he wore  
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people ?

*Re-enter Citizens.*

*Sic.* How now, my masters ! have you chose this man ?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

*Bru.* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.*

Certainly,

He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech ; he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says  
He us'd us scornfully : he should have show'd us  
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

*Sic.* Why, so he did, I am sure.

*All.*

No, no ; no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show in  
private ;

And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,  
" I would be consul," says he : " aged custom,  
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;  
Your voices therefore." When we granted that,  
Here was,—" I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—  
Your most sweet voices :—now you have left your voices,  
I have no farther with you."—Was not this mockery ?

*Sic.* Why, either, were you ignorant to see't,  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices ?



*Bru.* Could you not have told him—  
 As you were lesson'd—when he had no power,  
 But was a petty servant to the state,  
 He was your enemy; ever spake against  
 Your liberties, and the charters that you bear  
 I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving  
 A place of potency, and sway o' the state,  
 If he should still malignantly remain  
 Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might  
 Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,  
 That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less  
 Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature  
 Would think upon you for your voices, and  
 Translate his malice towards you into love,  
 Standing your friendly lord.

*Sic.* Thus to have said,  
 As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,  
 And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd  
 Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
 As cause had called you up, have held him to,  
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,  
 Which easily endures not article  
 Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,  
 You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,  
 And pass'd him unelected.

*Bru.* Did you perceive,  
 He did solicit you in free contempt,  
 When he did need your loves, and do you think,  
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies  
 No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry  
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

*Sic.* Have you,  
 Ere now, denied the asker; and, now again,  
 Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
 Your sued-for tongues?\*

\* Or him that did not ask, but mock, bestow

Your sued-for tongues?] We have more than once observed upon the licence formerly exercised in the use of prepositions: "bestow of him your sued-for tongues" was the language of the time, instead of "bestow on him," to which modern editors have changed it. On page 652 we have "in" used where we should now insert *of*—"Repent in their election." In "Much Ado about Nothing," A. iii sc. 5, Vol. ii. p. 54, we have the phrase "bestow it all of your worship" for "bestow it all on your worship."

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,  
They have chose a consul that will from them take  
Their liberties; make them of no more voice  
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore kept to do so.

*Sic.* Let them assemble;  
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke  
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,  
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;  
How in his suit he scorn'd you, but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance,  
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion  
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

*Bru.* Lay  
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd  
(No impediment between) but that you must  
Cast your election on him.

*Sic.* Say, you chose him  
More after our commandment, than as guided  
By your own true affections; and that, your minds,  
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do,  
Than what you should, made you against the grain  
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

*Bru.* Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,  
How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came  
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.  
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,  
That our best water brought by conduits hither;  
[And Censorinus, darling of the people<sup>5</sup>,]

<sup>5</sup> [And Censorinus, darling of the people,] It is evident that something is here wanting, for "And nobly nam'd so," &c. cannot apply to Publius or Quintus, but does apply to Censorinus, who is the very person mentioned in North's Plutarch, from which this speech is taken. The line was therefore inserted by Pope, to make sense of the passage, and as it will not read without some addition

And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor<sup>6</sup>,  
Was his great ancestor.

*Cic.* One thus descended,  
That hath beside well in his person wrought  
To be set high in place, we did commend  
To your remembrances; but you have found,  
Scaling his present bearing with his past<sup>7</sup>,  
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke  
Your sudden approbation.

*Bru.* Say, you ne'er had done't,  
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on<sup>8</sup>;  
And presently, when you have drawn your number,  
Repair to the Capitol.

*All.* We will so: almost all  
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Bru.* Let them go on:  
This mutiny were better put in hazard,  
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.  
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage  
With their refusal, both observe and answer  
The vantage of his anger.

*Sic.* To the Capitol.  
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the people;  
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,  
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

of the kind, we adopt it, including it between brackets. It may be fit, in justification, to quote what we refer to in North's Plutarch, by which it will be seen that Shakespeare almost verbally follows him:—"The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which had sprong many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, king *Numae's daughter's sonne*, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conducts. Censorinus also came of that familie, that was *so surnamed, because the people had chosen him censor twice.*"

<sup>6</sup> And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,] Steevens printed "being censor twice" to suit his own notions of rhythm, but with notice: Mr. Singer interpolates *chosen*—"twice being *chosen* censor," perhaps to suit his notions of rhythm, but without notice, or authority.

<sup>7</sup> Scaling his present bearing with his past,] "Scaling" here means balancing, or weighing the present against the past.

<sup>8</sup> — by our putting on;] *i. e.* By our *incitement*. So in "Measure for Measure," A. iv. sc. 2, the Provost says that "Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on." The same expression occurs in various other places, and in various other authors.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. A Street.

*Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?

*Lart.* He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd  
Our swifter composition.

*Cor.* So then, the Volscs stand but as at first;  
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road  
Upon us again.

*Com.* They are worn, lord consul, so,  
That we shall hardly in our ages see  
Their banners wave again.

*Cor.* Saw you Aufidius?

*Lart.* On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse  
Against the Volscs, for they had so vilely  
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How? what?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword to sword;  
That of all things upon the earth he hated  
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes  
To hopeless restitution, so he might  
Be call'd your vanquisher.

*Cor.* At Antium lives he?

*Lart.* At Antium.

*Cor.* I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,  
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To LARTIUS.*]

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,  
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them,  
For they do prank them in authority,  
Against all noble sufferance.

*Sic.* Pass no farther.

*Cor.* Ha! what is that?

*Bru.* It will be dangerous to go on : no farther.

*Cor.* What makes this change ?

*Men.* The matter ?

*Com.* Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common \* ?

*Bru.* Cominius, no.

*Cor.* Have I had children's voices ?

*Sen.* Tribunes, give way : he shall to the market-place.

*Bru.* The people are incens'd against him.

*Sic.* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

*Cor.* Are these your herd ?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues ?—What are your offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?

Have you not set them on ?

*Men.* Be calm, be calm.

*Cor.* It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility :

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

*Bru.* Call't not a plot :

The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

*Cor.* Why, this was known before.

*Bru.* Not to them all.

*Cor.* Have you inform'd them sithence ?

*Bru.* How ! I inform them ?

*Cor.* You are like to do such business <sup>10</sup>.

*Bru.* Not unlike,

Each way, to better your's.

*Cor.* Why, then, should I be consul ? By yond' clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

*Sic.* You show too much of that,

\* Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common ?] It may not be worth while to make the change, but still worth while to state, that in the corr. fo. 1632 "noble" and "common" are both made plural.

<sup>10</sup> You are like to do such business.] Malone transferred this speech to Coriolanus from Cominius, to whom it is given in the old copies. The prefixes could not very easily have been mistaken by the printer, as that of Coriolanus in this part of the scene is *Corio.*, and that of Cominius, *Com.*; but we are inclined to think Malone right, though the corr. fo. 1632 has no such change.

For which the people stir. If you will pass  
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,  
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;  
Or never be so noble as a consul,  
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

*Men.*

Let's be calm.

*Com.* The people are abus'd.—Set on.—This paltering  
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely  
I' the plain way of his merit.

*Cor.*

Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

*Men.* Not now, not now.

1 *Sen.*

Not in this heat, sir, now.

*Cor.* Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,  
I crave their pardons:—  
For the mutable, rank-scented many<sup>1</sup>, let them  
Regard me as I do not flatter, and  
Therein behold themselves. I say again,  
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate  
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,  
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,  
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;  
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that  
Which they have given to beggars.

*Men.*

Well, no more.

*Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

*Cor.*

How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
Coin words till they decay against those meazels<sup>2</sup>,  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.*

You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not  
A man of their infirmity.

<sup>1</sup> For the mutable, rank-scented MANY,] The etymology of "many" is said by Douce to be the Fr. *mesnie* (Sax. *menigo*), and in this place it is spelt *meynie* in the folio, 1623: in the folios of 1632 and 1664 it stands *meyny*; and it did not appear in its form of "many" till the folio of 1685. It was not very usual in the time of Shakespeare to spell it *meynie* or *meyny*.

<sup>2</sup> — against those MEAZELS,] A "meazel" in old English was equivalent to a *leper*. It is so used by Chaucer, (who also has *meselrie* for leprosy,) and the word is found in various later writers.

*Sic.* 'Twere well,  
We let the people know't.  
*Men.* What, what? his choler?  
*Cor.* Choler!  
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,  
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.  
*Sic.* It is a mind,  
That shall remain a poison where it is,  
Not poison any farther.  
*Cor.* Shall remain!—  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you  
His absolute "shall?"  
*Com.* 'Twas from the canon.  
*Cor.* "Shall!"

Oh, good but most unwise patricians! why,  
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus  
Given Hydra leave to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory "shall," being but  
The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit  
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,  
And make your channel his? If he have power,  
Then vail your impotence: if none, revoke  
Your dangerous bounty<sup>s</sup>. If you are learned,  
Be not as common fools; if you are not,  
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,

<sup>s</sup> ————— if none, REVOKE

Your dangerous BOUNTY.] The whole of this passage stands as follows in the folio, 1623:—

"Shall? O God! but most unwise Patricians: why  
You grave, but wreakelesse Senators, have you thus  
Given Hidra heere to choose an officer,  
That with his peremptory Shall, being but  
The horne and noise o' th' Monsters, wants not spirit  
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,  
And make your Channel his? If he have power,  
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake  
Your dangerous Lenity."

Our text is that of the corr. fo. 1632, and we have every confidence that it is what the poet wrote, his language here having been most strangely mangled and misrepresented. The modes in which the sense became perverted will be pretty evident on comparing the old words of the folio, 1623; and it is fit to add that Theobald for *O God* / suggested and printed "Oh, good," but that was the only change he made. Our emendations present, besides "good" for *God*, "leave" for *heere*, "monster" for *monsters*, "impotence" for *ignorance*, "revoke" for *awake*, and "bounty" for *lenity*. The whole passage presents, as it seems to us, a most satisfactory and fortunate instance of restoration, upon which, as we have printed both texts, it would be waste of time and space to argue.

If they be senators ; and they are no less,  
 When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste,  
 Most palates their's. They choose their magistrate ;  
 And such a one as he, who puts his " shall,"  
 His popular " shall," against a graver bench  
 Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,  
 It makes the consuls base ; and my soul aches,  
 To know, when two authorities are up,  
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
 The one by the other.

*Com.* Well ; on to the market-place.

*Cor.* Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth  
 The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd  
 Sometime in Greece,—

*Men.* Well, well ; no more of that.

*Cor.* Though there the people had more absolute power,  
 I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed  
 The ruin of the state.

*Bru.* Why, shall the people give  
 One that speaks thus their voice ?

*Cor.* I'll give my reasons,  
 More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn  
 Was not their recompence<sup>4</sup>, resting well assur'd  
 They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to the war,  
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,  
 They would not thread the gates : this kind of service  
 Did not deserve corn gratis : being i' the war,  
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd  
 Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation  
 Which they have often made against the senate,  
 All cause unborn, could never be the motive  
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?  
 How shall this *bisson multitude* digest<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Was not THEIR recompence.] All editions, ancient and modern, read "our recompence;" but in a copy of the fourth folio, which formerly belonged to Southern, that poet has substituted "their" in the margin for *our*, with every appearance of propriety, and the change is also made in the corr. fo. 1632.

<sup>5</sup> How shall this *BISSON MULTITUDE* digest] "*Bisson multitude*" the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, is *bosom multiplied* in the old editions. The emendation is invaluable ; and Mr. Singer was compelled to adopt it,—in this instance, with due acknowledgment. The wonder is that his own corrected copy of the folio, 1632, elsewhere referred to by him, contains no hint of the change ; and that Mr. Singer should not have seen that, if "*bisson multitude*" must be received into



The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express  
 What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;  
 We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
 They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase  
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
 Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope  
 The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows  
 To peck the eagles.—

*Men.* Come, enough.

*Bru.* Enough, with over-measure.

*Cor.* No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,  
 Seal what I end withal.—This double worship,—  
 Where one part<sup>6</sup> does disdain with cause, the other  
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,  
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no  
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit  
 Real necessities, and give way the while  
 To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,  
 Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,  
 You that will be less fearful than discreet,  
 That love the fundamental part of state,  
 More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer  
 A noble life before a long, and wish  
 To jump a body with a dangerous physic<sup>7</sup>  
 That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out  
 The multitudinous tongue: let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour  
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state

the text, it warrants, to a certain extent at least, various other changes made by the old annotator in our copy of the second folio: however, logic has seldom formed any part of the qualifications of a commentator. Two lines above, *M. Mason* proposed to alter *native* of the old copies, to "motive," and that alteration is also inserted in the corr. fo. 1632. We have already had the word "bisson," i. e. *blind*, in A. ii. sc. 1 of this play, p. 631: there it was misprinted *beesome*, here *bosome*.

<sup>6</sup> Where one part] No doubt this is the correct reading, as is shown by the context; but all the folios have "Whereon part," &c. It is amended to "Where one part" in the corr. fo. 1632, and such has been the received text, since the edition of Rowe in 1709.

<sup>7</sup> To jump a body with a dangerous physic] Steevens quoted the following from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History, b. xxv. c. 5, to show that "to jump" here means *to risk*, as in "Macbeth," A. i. sc. 7, "We'd jump the life to come,"—"If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jump* or great hazard." In "Antony and Cleopatra," A. iii. sc. 8, a similar use of the substantive occurs:—"Our fortune lies upon this *jump*," i. e. upon this *hazard*.

Of that integrity which should become it,  
Not having the power to do the good it would,  
For th' ill which doth control it.

*Bru.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—  
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?  
On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,  
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,  
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,  
And throw their power i' the dust.

*Bru.* Manifest treason.

*Sic.* This a consul? no.

*Bru.* The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

*Enter an Ædile\*.*

*Sic.* Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name,  
myself  
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,  
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,  
And follow to thine answer.

*Cor.* Hence, old goat!

*Sen.* We'll surety him\*.

*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments.

*Sic.* Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter the Ædile, with others, and a rabble of Citizens.*

*Men.* On both sides more respect.

*Sic.* Here's he, that would  
Take from you all your power.

\* Enter an Ædile.] So the folios. In modern editions, Brutus is made to go out, on the order of Sicinius, to "call the people;" but it seems much more proper that he should remain on the scene. We are glad to see that Mr. Singer conforms, though silently, to our notion upon this point.

\* We'll surety him.] These words have the prefix of "All" in the old copies, meaning the senators, who offer to become surety for Coriolanus. In other parts of this scene, where the senators speak as a body, the prefix in the folio is *Sen.* or *Senat.*

*Bru.* Seize him, Ædiles.

*Cit.* Down with him! down with him! [*Several exclaim.*

*2 Sen.* Weapons! weapons! weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

*Cit.* Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

*Men.* What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

*Sic.* Hear me, people! peace!

*Cit.* Let's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak, speak.

*Sic.* You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

*Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?

*Cit.* True;

The people are the city.

*Bru.* By the consent of all we were establish'd

The people's magistrates.

*Cit.* You so remain.

*Men.* And so are like to do.

*Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

*Sic.* This deserves death.

*Bru.* Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power

We were elected their's, Marcus is worthy

Of present death.

*Sic.* Therefore, lay hold of him.

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

*Bru.* Ædiles, seize him.

*Cit.* Yield, Marcus, yield.

*Men.* Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

*Ædi.* Peace, peace!

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous .  
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*Cor.* No; I'll die here.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting:  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

*Men.* Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw a while.

*Bru.* Lay hands upon him.

*Men.* Help Marcius, help,  
You that be noble; help him, young, and old.

*Cit.* Down with him! down with him!

[*In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the  
People, are beat in.*]

*Men.* Go, get you to your house: be gone, away!  
All will be naught else.

*2 Sen.* Get you gone.

*Com.* Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

*Men.* Shall it be put to that?

*1 Sen.* The gods forbid!

I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

*Men.* For 'tis a sore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

*Com.* Come, sir, along with us.

*Cor.* I would they were barbarians<sup>1</sup>, as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not,  
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol!

*Men.* Be gone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:  
One time will owe another.

*Cor.* On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

<sup>1</sup> I would they were barbarians,] This speech by Coriolanus (as appears by the corr. fo. 1632, and as Tyrwhitt had speculated) is erroneously coupled with another by Menenius in the old editions, and both are given to the latter. Menenius begins at "Be gone," &c.

*Men.* I could myself  
Take up a brace of the best of them ; yea, the two tribunes.

*Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic ;  
And manhood is called foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,  
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend  
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

*Men.* Pray you, be gone.  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little : this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

*Com.* Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

*Men.* His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth :  
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]  
Here's goodly work !

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

*Men.* I would they were in Tyber !—What, the vengeance,  
Could he not speak them fair ?

*Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.*

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself ?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes,—

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
With rigorous hands : he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial  
Than the severity of the public power,  
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*Cit.* He shall, sure on't.

*Men.* Sir, sir,—

*Sic.* Peace !

*Men.* Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt  
With modest warrant.

*Sic.* Sir, how comes't, that you  
Have help to make this rescue?

*Men.* Hear me speak.—  
As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults.—

*Sic.* Consul!—what consul?

*Men.* The consul Coriolanus.

*Bru.* He a consul!

*Cit.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Men.* If, by the tribunes' leave, and your's, good people,  
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;  
The which shall turn you to no farther harm,  
Than so much loss of time.

*Sic.* Speak briefly then;  
For we are peremptory to dispatch  
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence  
Were but one danger, and to keep him here  
Our certain death: therefore, it is decreed  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children<sup>2</sup> is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own!

*Sic.* He's a disease, that must be cut away.

*Men.* Oh! he's a limb, that has but a disease;  
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?  
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country:  
And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,  
A brand to th' end o' the world.

<sup>2</sup> Towards her DESERVED children] The *passive* is here used for the active participle, and such has frequently been the case before: such was the practice of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, "deserved children" being taken in the sense of children who have deserved; but in the time of the old annotator on the fo. 1632, we may infer that the usage was different, or at all events that *deserving* was recited instead of "deserved." Of course we adhere to what we believe our poet to have written, and it is needless to quote trite instances in which one participle was used for the other.

*Sic.* This is cleam kam<sup>3</sup>.

*Bru.* Merely awry. When he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

*Men.* The service of the foot,  
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected  
For what before it was.

*Bru.* We'll hear no more.—  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread farther.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,  
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;  
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

*Bru.* If it were so,—

*Sic.* What do ye talk?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—come!—

*Men.* Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd  
In boulded language; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,  
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him<sup>4</sup>  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,  
In peace, to his utmost peril.

*1 Sen.* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way: the other course  
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning.

*Sic.* Noble Menenius,

<sup>3</sup> This is cleam KAM.] i. e. Beside the question, or "Merely awry," as Brutus just afterwards interprets it: Cotgrave translates *Tout va à contrepoil*, *All goes clean contrary, quite kam*. "Vulgar pronunciation (says Steevens) has corrupted cleam kam into kim kam," and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's Translation of Virgil, 1582:—

*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*

"The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled."

Hence *camous* and *camused*, which last occurs, among other places, in Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd," A. ii. sc. 1. (Works by Gifford, Vol. vi. p. 276.)

<sup>4</sup> I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him] After "him" the old copies add "in peace:" Pope omitted the words as injurious to the verse, and as needless to the sense, because they occur again in the next line but one. We think he was right: it was probably a printer's error.

Be you, then, as the people's officer.—

Masters, lay down your weapons.

*Bru.*

Go not home.

*Sic.* Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed

In our first way.

*Men.*

I'll bring him to you.—

Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must  
come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.*

Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

A Room in CORIOLANUS's House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.*

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears : present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

1 *Pat.*

You do the nobler.

*Cor.* I muse my mother  
Does not approve me farther, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals ; things created  
To buy and sell with groats ; to show bare heads  
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,  
When one but of my ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace, or war.

*Enter VOLUMNIA* <sup>1</sup>.

I talk of you :

Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have me

<sup>1</sup> Enter Volumnia.] This seems a place where, in the old copies, an entrance is marked too early. According to them Volumnia was present when her son speaks of her in the third person, as if she were not by, "I muse my mother does not approve me farther," &c. According to the corr. fo. 1632, she did not come



False to my nature? Rather say, I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* Oh, son, son, son!<sup>6</sup>  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the man you are,  
With striving less to be so: lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions<sup>7</sup>, if  
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.*

*Men.* Come, come; you have been too rough, something too  
rough:

You must return, and mend it.

*1 Sen.* There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city  
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

*Vol.* Pray be counsell'd.

I have a heart as little apt as your's  
To brook reproof without the use of anger<sup>8</sup>,  
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger  
To better vantage.

*Men.* Well said, noble woman.

Before he should thus stoop o' the heart<sup>9</sup>, but that

upon the stage, until Coriolanus, seeing her, addresses himself to her, "I talk of you," &c. This seems more natural as well as more respectful, and not liable to any counteracting objection.

<sup>6</sup> O, son, son, son!] It is "O, *sir, sir, sir*!" in the folios, but amended to "son, son, son!" in the corr. fo. 1632, which most likely here truly represents the language of Shakespeare. The words were easily mistaken for each other, and Volumnia would surely be more apt to call Coriolanus "son" than *sir*.

<sup>7</sup> The THWARTINGS of your dispositions.] The old copies have *things* for "thwartings," introduced by Theobald: it would be difficult to find a better word, considering sense, metre, or the probability that the compositor misread the manuscript from which he printed.

<sup>8</sup> To BROOK REPROOF WITHOUT THE USE OF ANGER,] This line is from the corr. fo. 1632, and is clearly wanted, since the sense is incomplete without it. The eye of the old compositor was doubtless misled by the words "use of anger" at the end of two following lines. Those who are unwilling to insert the line are obliged to suppose Volumnia to speak elliptically; but until the discovery of the corr. fo. 1632 nobody suspected even an ellipsis. We rejoice in the recovery.

<sup>9</sup> Before he should thus stoop o' the HEART,] It is "to the heart" in the

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic  
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear.

*Cor.* What must I do ?

*Men.* Return to the tribunes.

*Cor.* Well, what then ? what then ?

*Men.* Repent what you have spoke.

*Cor.* For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods ;

Must I then do't to them ?

*Vol.* You are too absolute ;

Though therein you can never be too noble,  
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,  
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
I' the war do grow together : grant that, and tell me,  
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,  
That they combine not there ?

*Cor.* Tush, tush !

*Men.* A good demand.

*Vol.* If it be honour in your wars to seem  
The same you are not, (which for your best ends  
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,  
That it shall hold companionship in peace  
With honour, as in war, since that to both  
It stands in like request ?

*Cor.* Why force you this ?

*Vol.* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
To the people ; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,  
But with such words that are but roted in  
Your tongue<sup>1</sup>, though but bastards, and syllables  
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,

folio, and Theobald amended it "to the *herd*;" but the corr. fo. 1632 gives us a better change, in reference to the required submission of Coriolanus, viz. "stoop o' the heart," which only supposes the misprint of the preposition *to*, instead of "o'" or *of* by the early printer: to "stoop o' the heart" is a very strong and intelligible expression. The hero had been called upon to make his heart stoop to the demands of the populace.

<sup>1</sup> But with such words that are but *ROTED* in

Your tongue.] The Rev. Mr. Dyce proposes an emendation here, which seems to show that he did not understand the drift of the passage: he wishes "roted in your tongue" to be printed "*rooted* in your tongue" ("Remarks," p. 161), but the words were to be said by *rote* by the tongue, and not to be *rooted* in it. Besides, Mr. Dyce's proposal is not novel, since Boswell formerly hinted at *rooted*, but did not venture to print it. The spelling of the old copy is *roated*.

Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune, and  
The hazard of much blood.—  
I would dissemble with my nature, where,  
My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd  
I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;  
And you will rather show our general lowts  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard  
Of what that want might ruin.

*Men.* Noble lady !—

Come, go with us: speak fair; you may salve so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss  
Of what is past.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)  
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant  
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,  
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest mulberry<sup>1</sup>  
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,  
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,  
In asking their good-loves; but thou wilt frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter their's, so far  
As thou hast power, and person.

*Men.* This but done,  
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were your's;  
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free  
As words to little purpose.

*Vol.* Pr'ythee now,

<sup>1</sup> Now humble as the ripest mulberry] M. Mason observed upon the want of a verb in this sentence, and proposed to read *Now* for "Now;" but perhaps the true emendation is contained in the corr. fo. 1632, where the line is made to run thus:—

"*Now's* humble as the ripest mulberry."

But we are rather disposed to think with Steevens that no alteration is necessary, though we may not go so far with him as to say positively, that the lines are "printed exactly as the author wrote them." The whole speech is more or less involved, and parenthetical.

Go, and be rul'd ; although, I know, thou hadst rather  
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,  
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* I have been i' the market-place ; and, sir, 'tis fit  
You make strong party, or defend yourself  
By calmness, or by absence : all's in anger.

*Men.* Only fair speech.

*Com.* I think, 'twill serve ; if he  
Can thereto frame his spirit.

*Vol.* He must, and will.—  
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce<sup>3</sup> ?  
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart  
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do't :  
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,  
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place !  
You have put me now to such a part, which never  
I shall discharge to the life.

*Com.* Come, come, we'll prompt you.

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, sweet son : as thou hast said,  
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Cor.* Well, I must do't.  
Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep ! The smiles of knaves  
Tent in my cheeks<sup>4</sup> ; and school-boys' tears take up  
The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips ; and my arm'd knees,  
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his

<sup>3</sup> — my UNBARBED sconce ?] *i. e.* My uncovered head. Upon this point the commentators are discordant, but it seems generally admitted that "unbarbed" here means *unhooded*, as a barbed hawk meant a *hooded* hawk. But see Dyce's "Skelton," ii. 252. We should rather have been disposed to understand "unbarbed sconce" as the bare, rough, untrimmed head.

<sup>4</sup> TENT in my cheeks ;] To "tent," says Johnson, here is to *take up residence*. Shakespeare does not elsewhere use it as a verb in this sense.

That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And by my body's action teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Vol.* At thy choice, then :  
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin : let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness ; for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,  
But owe thy pride thyself<sup>1</sup>.

*Cor.* Pray, be content :  
Mother, I am going to the market-place ;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home below'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery farther.

*Vol.* Do your will. [*Exit.*  
*Com.* Away ! the tribunes do attend you : arm yourself  
To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd  
With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.

*Cor.* The word is, mildly :—pray you, let us go.  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

*Men.* Ay, but mildly.

*Cor.* Well, mildly be it then ; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

The Same. The Forum.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* In this point charge him home ; that he affects  
Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,

<sup>1</sup> But owe thy pride thyself.] i. e. You are only indebted to yourself for your pride. The corr. fo. 1632 puts it "But ow'st thy pride thyself," but the alteration is hardly required.

Enforce him with his envy to the people<sup>6</sup>;  
And that the spoil got on the Antiates  
Was ne'er distributed.—

*Enter an Ædile.*

What! will he come?

*Æd.*

He's coming:

*Bru.*

How accompanied?

*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

*Sic.*

Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procur'd,  
Set down by the poll?

*Æd.*

I have; 'tis ready.

*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Æd.*

I have.

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither:  
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so,  
't the right and strength o' the commons," be it either  
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,  
If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"  
Insisting on the old prerogative'  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

*Æd.*

I shall inform them.

*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to cry,  
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.

*Æd.*

Very well.

*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give't them.

*Bru.*

Go; about it.—

*[Exit Ædile.]*

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd  
Ever to conquer, and to have his mouth<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — his ENVY to the people;] "Envy" was of old constantly used in the sense of *hatred*: of this we have had many examples, and the word is met with again in the same sense in this scene.

<sup>7</sup> Insisting on THE old prerogative] "On *their* old prerogative" in the corr. fo. 1632, but the text is clear as it stands in the folio, 1623.

<sup>8</sup> Ever to conquer, and to have his MOUTH

Of contradiction:] The old reading is—

—————"to have his *word*  
Of contradiction;"

[but

Of contradiction : being once chaf'd, he cannot  
 Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks  
 What's in his heart ; and that is there, which looks  
 With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, and Patricians.*

*Sic.* Well, here he comes.

*Men.*

Calmly, I do beseech you.

*Cor.* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
 Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods  
 Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
 Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !  
 Throng our large temples<sup>9</sup> with the shows of peace,  
 And not our streets with war !

*1 Sen.*

Amen, amen.

*Men.* A noble wish.

*Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.*

*Sic.* Draw near, ye people.

*Æd.* List to your tribunes. Audience : peace ! I say.

*Cor.* First, hear me speak.

*Both Tri.*

Well, say.—Peace, ho !

*Cor.* Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present ?  
 Must all determine here ?

*Sic.*

I do demand,

but the printer mistook *m* for the *w*, and composed *worth* for "mouth." The whole figure is from horsemanship, as "chaf'd" and "rein'd" in the next line bear witness ; and a horse is said to have his "mouth" given to him, when he is freed from the restraint of the bridle. So John the Bastard says, in "*Much Ado about Nothing*," A. i. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 20, "If I had my *mouth* I would bite," speaking of himself as a dog with a muzzle. Some singular blunders have been occasioned by the mistake of *w* for *m*, and *vice versâ*, by old printers. In Middleton's "*More Dissemblers besides Women*," A. ii. sc. 1 (Dyce's edit. iii. 578), the dying Duke says to his wife—

"I here expect a work of thy great faith

At my last parting,"

when it ought to be "a *mark* of thy great faith," although the editor did not detect the error. This blunder of *worth* for "mouth" reminds us that in the edit. of Milton's *Prose Works* (8 vols. 8vo. 1851) in *Areopagitica*, "iron *moulds*" is absurdly misprinted for "iron mouths;" how could "iron *moulds*" "gnow out the choicest periods of exquisitest books?" (Vol. iv. p. 425.)

<sup>9</sup> THRONG our large temples] The folio, 1623, has "*Through* our large temples," which Theobald corrected. The error exists in all the folios, but is set right by the old annotator on that of 1632.

If you submit you to the people's voices,  
 Allow their officers, and are content  
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
 As shall be prov'd upon you ?

*Cor.* I am content.

*Men.* Lo, citizens ! he says, he is content.  
 The warlike service he has done, consider ;  
 Think upon the wounds his body bears, which show  
 Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

*Cor.* Scratches with briars ;  
 Scars to move laughter only.

*Men.* Consider farther,  
 That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
 You find him like a soldier. Do not take  
 His rougher accents <sup>1</sup> for malicious sounds,  
 But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
 Rather than envy you.

*Com.* Well, well ; no more.

*Cor.* What is the matter,  
 That being pass'd for consul with full voice,  
 I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour  
 You take it off again ?

*Sic.* Answer to us.

*Cor.* Say then : 'tis true, I ought so.

*Sic.* We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take  
 From Rome all season'd office, and to wind  
 Yourself into a power tyrannical ;  
 For which you are a traitor to the people.

*Cor.* How ! Traitor ?

*Men.* Nay, temperately ; your promise.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !  
 Call me their traitor ?—Thou injurious tribune,  
 Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

<sup>1</sup> His rougher ACCENTS] *Actions* in all the old copies, and properly corrected by Theobald. We meet with an easier misprint of a similar kind in the commencement of Webster's "Devil's Law Case" (Works by Dyce, Vol. ii. p. 11), where *action* is put for "axiom." It is where Romeo tells Contarino—

"The chiefest action for a man of great spirit  
 Is never to be out of action."

Here "action" in the first instance ought to be *axiom*, (as *actions* in our text ought to be "accents") the poet's meaning being, that it is a fixed principle, or "axiom," that a man of great spirit ought never to be out of action. However, the editor allowed "action" to stand, apparently not seeing the absurdity of making a character say, that the chiefest action was never to be out of action. The error, like *actions* for "accents," was caused by mishearing.



In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,  
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

*Sic.* Mark you this, people ?

*Cit.* To the rock ! to the rock with him !

*Sic.* Peace !

We need not put new matter to his charge :  
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,  
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,  
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying  
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,  
So criminal, and in such capital kind,  
Deserves th' extremest death.

*Bru.* But since he hath  
Serv'd well for Rome,—

*Cor.* What do you prate of service ?

*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.

*Cor.* You ?

*Men.* Is this

The promise that you made your mother ?

*Com.* Know,

I pray you,—

*Cor.* I'll know no farther.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,  
Nor check my carriage for what they can give<sup>1</sup>,  
To have't with saying, good morrow.

*Sic.* For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time.

Envied against the people, seeking means

<sup>1</sup> Nor check my CARRIAGE for what they can give,] *i. e.* Nor check my *deportment* : the corr. fo. 1632 indisputably substitutes "carriage" for *courage* of the old copies, a quality for which Coriolanus would be the last to have given himself credit. The very same blunder was committed in "Henry VI., Part III.," A. ii. sc. 2 (this Vol. p. 143), and corrected on the same authority. On the other hand, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Island Princess," A. ii. sc. 7 (Works by Dyce, vii. 448), the opposite error found its way into the text, and has never been removed : it is where the Governor of Ternata speaks of—

"A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,

One without courage, or common sense."

Here, strange as it may seem considering the context, *carriage* has always kept possession of the place where "courage" ought to have stood.

To pluck away their power ; as now at last  
 Given hostile strokes, and that, not in the presence  
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
 That do distribute it ; in the name o' the people,  
 And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,  
 Even from this instant, banish him our city,  
 In peril of precipitation  
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
 To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,  
 I say, it shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so, it shall be so : let him away.  
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Hear me, my masters, and my common friends ;—

*Sic.* He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

*Com.*

Let me speak.

I have been consul, and can show for Rome<sup>1</sup>,  
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love  
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,  
 More holy and profound, than mine own life,  
 My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,  
 And treasure of my loins ; then, if I would  
 Speak that—

*Sic.* We know your drift. Speak what ?

*Bru.* There's no more to be said ; but he is banish'd,  
 As enemy to the people, and his country.  
 It shall be so.

*Cit.* It shall be so : it shall be so.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate  
 As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;  
 And here remain with your uncertainty.  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !  
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
 Fan you into despair ! Have the power still  
 To banish your defenders ; till, at length,  
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels)  
 Making not ' reservation of yourselves,

<sup>1</sup> — and can show for Rome.] In our first edition we preserved the preposition *from* before "Rome," as it stands in all the old copies ; but we amend it to "*for* Rome" on the strength of a similar change in the corr. fo. 1632. We are convinced that we were formerly in error.

<sup>2</sup> Making not] "Making *but*" in old copies, another proof of the facility

(Still your own foes) deliver you as most  
Abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.  
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,  
*Senators, and Patricians.*

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone; is gone!

*Cit.* Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their caps.*

*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates; and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite:  
Give him deserv'd vexation.—Let a guard  
Attend us through the city.

*Cit.* Come, come; let us see him out at gates: come.—  
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,  
COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell.—The beast  
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits<sup>1</sup>;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle-minded craves

with which "not" and *but* were formerly confounded. Capell altered *but* of the folios to "not;" and that he was right we have the evidence of the old corrector of the fo. 1632.

<sup>1</sup> To say, EXTREMITY was the trier of spirits;] So the second folio: the first has *extremities*. Malone, nevertheless, persevered in reading, "*extremities* was the trier of spirits."

A noble cunning<sup>6</sup>. You were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Vir.* Oh heavens! Oh heavens!

*Cor.* Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

*Vol.* Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish!

*Cor.* What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,  
Droop not: adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!  
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,  
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well,  
My hazards still have been your solace; and  
Believe't not lightly, though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your son  
Will or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice.

*Vol.* My first son<sup>7</sup>,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee a while: determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure<sup>8</sup> to each chance,

<sup>6</sup> ————— "fortune's blows,

When most struck home, being gentle-MINDED craves

A noble cunning.] This is a passage that, not having been correctly printed, has always presented an obstacle: for "gentle wounded" of the folio, 1623, read "gentle-minded" of the corr. fo. 1632, and nothing more is wanted. The sense is, that it requires a noble cunning to be gentle-minded, when the blows of fortune are most struck home. The mistake of the old compositor was printing *wounded* for "minded," again (see page 671), probably, from misreading the first letter.

<sup>7</sup> My first son.] "First" seems here to be taken in the sense of *noblest*.

<sup>8</sup> More than a wild exposure.] The old copies all read *exposure*, and it is unaltered in the corr. fo. 1632: nevertheless we have ventured, like Mr. Knight, to leave out the letter *t*, being on the whole satisfied that it was a mere accidental insertion. *Exposure* has been found in no other author, that we are aware of, nor elsewhere in Shakespeare.

That starts i' the way before thee.

*Cor.* Oh the gods !

*Com.* I'll follow thee a month ; devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,  
And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,  
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool  
I' the absence of the needer.

*Cor.* Fare ye well :

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.—  
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and  
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

*Men.* That's worthily  
As any ear can hear.—Come ; let's not weep.—  
If I could shake off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot.

*Cor.* Give me thy hand.—  
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

The Same. A Street near the Gate.

*Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.*

*Sic.* Bid them all home : he's gone, and we'll no farther.—  
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided  
In his behalf.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*Sic.* Bid them home :  
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they  
Stand in their ancient strength.

*Bru.*

Dismiss them home.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

*Sic.*

Let's not meet her.

*Bru.*

Why?

*Sic.* They say, she's mad.

*Bru.* They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

*Vol.* Oh! y'are well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods  
Requite your love!

*Men.*

Peace, peace! be not so loud.

*Vol.* If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—  
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To BRUTUS.*]

*Vir.* You shall stay too. [*To SICIN.*] I would I had the  
power

To say so to my husband.

*Sic.*

Are you mankind?

*Vol.* Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—  
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship  
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,  
Than thou hast spoken words?

*Sic.*

Oh, blessed heavens!

*Vol.* More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;  
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what—yet go:—  
Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son  
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,  
His good sword in his hand.

*Sic.*

What then?

*Vir.*

What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

*Vol.* Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

*Men.* Come, come: peace!

*Sic.* I would he had continued to his country,  
As he began; and not unknit himself  
The noble knot he made.

*Bru.*

I would he had.

\* Are you MANKIND?] i. e. Are you of the male sex? are you masculine?  
See Vol. iii. p. 44. Volumnia in her reply to Sicinius takes "mankind" merely  
in the sense of human. In the note to which we have referred in Vol. iii.,  
"mankind" is accidentally printed as two words.

*Vol.* I would he had. 'Twas you incens'd the rabble :  
Cats, that can judge<sup>1</sup> as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries, which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*Bru* Pray, let us go.

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone :  
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this :—  
As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—  
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—  
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

*Bru.* Well, well ; we'll leave you.

*Sic.* Why stay we to be baited  
With one that wants her wits ?

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—  
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do,  
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em  
But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
Of what lies heavy to't.

*Men.* You have told them home,  
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me ?

*Vol.* Anger's my meat : I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go.  
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

*Men.* Fie, fie, fie ! [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

*Enter a Roman and a Volsc, meeting.*

*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me. Your name,  
I think, is Adrian.

*Vols.* It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

<sup>1</sup> Cats, that can judge] In the corr. fo. 1632 "Cats" is altered to *Curs* with such appearance of probability, that we are almost tempted to put the latter in the text. It seems unlikely that Volturnia should call either the Tribunes or the mob "Cats," and few misprints, in the writing of the time, could well be easier than "Cats" for *Curs*.

*Rom.* I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

*Vols.* Nicanor? No.

*Rom.* The same, sir.

*Vols.* You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue<sup>1</sup>. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well sav'd me a day's journey.

*Rom.* There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

*Vols.* Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy, Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

*Vols.* Coriolanus banished?

*Rom.* Banished, sir.

*Vols.* You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now: I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

*Vols.* He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

*Rom.* I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

*Vols.* A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

*Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the

<sup>1</sup> — but your favour is well APPROVED by your tongue.] It is "well appeared by your tongue" in all the early editions, but nobody has been satisfied by *appeared*, and various changes have been proposed; none certainly so good as the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, where *appeared* is altered to "approved," for which it might be readily mistaken. "Your favour is well approved by your tongue" means your appearance is well supported by your speech.



man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

*Vols.* You take my part from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of your's.

*Rom.* Well, let us go together. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

Antium. Before AUFIDIUS's House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled* <sup>3</sup>.

*Cor.* A goodly city is this Antium.—City,  
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan, and drop: then, know me not,  
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

*Enter a Citizen.*

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

*Cit.* And you.

*Cor.* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

*Cit.* He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,  
At his house this night.

*Cor.* Which is his house, beseech you?

*Cit.* This, here before you.

*Cor.* Thank you, sir. Farewell.

[Exit Citizen.

Oh world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise <sup>4</sup>,  
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out

<sup>3</sup> — in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.] These are precisely the terms of the old introduction to the scene.

<sup>4</sup> Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,] The corr. fo. 1632 has "house" for *hours* of the old copies, and we may be sufficiently satisfied that it was the word of the poet: the error may here have arisen either from mishearing or misprinting. Coriolanus is clearly not referring to time.

To bitterest enmity : so, fellest foes,  
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep  
 To take the one the other, by some chance,  
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,  
 And interjoin their issues. So with me :—  
 My birth-place hate I <sup>5</sup>, and my love's upon  
 This enemy-town. I'll enter : if he slay me,  
 He does fair justice ; if he give me way,  
 I'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.

The Same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS'S House.

*Music within. Enter a Servant.*

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here ! I  
 think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

*Enter a second Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus ? my master calls for him.—Cotus !  
 [*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.* A goodly house. The feast smells well ; but I appear  
 not like a guest.

*Re-enter the first Servant.*

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ? Whence are you ?  
 Here's no place for you : pray, go to the door.

*Cor.* I have deserv'd no better entertainment,  
 In being Coriolanus <sup>6</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> My birth-place HATE I.] The old copies read, "My birth-place have I." The emendation was left for Steevens in print, but it was originally made in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632. Precisely the same blunder occurs in "Romeo and Juliet," A. iii. sc. 5, where, in the folio, 1623, "hate" is misprinted have: in the 4tos. it is correctly "hate." In the comedy of "Patient Grissil," 1603, A. v. sc. 2, Sir Owen is made to say, "And all that have scolds, as Sir Owen does, and all that love fair ladies, as Sir Owen does;" but he ought to say, "And all that hate scolds," &c. The error is in the original edition, but is repeated in the reprint by the Shakespeare Society in 1841, p. 90.

<sup>6</sup> In being Coriolanus.] Referring, of course, to the derivation of his name from his service in the capture of Corioli.

*Re-enter second Servant.*

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

*Cor.* Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

*Cor.* Now, th'art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

*Enter a third Servant: the first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

*Cor.* Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

*Cor.* A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

*Cor.* True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid: come.

*Cor.* Follow your function; go, and batten on cold bits.

*[Pushes him away.]*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall.

*[Exit.]*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

*Cor.* Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

*Cor.* Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

*Cor.* I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then, thou dwellest with daws too?

<sup>1</sup> — that he gives entrance to such COMPANIONS?] "Companion" was often used in Shakespeare's time derogatorily, as the 3 Servant and Aufidius use *fellow* afterwards. Another instance occurs in this play, A. v. sc. 2, where Menenius calls the guard, who keeps him back from Coriolanus, "companion." So in "All's Well that Ends Well," Vol. ii. p. 625, the King says of Parolles, "What an equivocal *companion* is this!" It would be easy to encumber our note with other examples.

*Cor.* No; I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

*Cor.* Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher. Hence!

[*Beats him away.*]

*Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.*

*Auf.* Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

*Cor.* If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*]

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself\*.

\* Commands me name myself.] How closely Shakespeare followed the very words he found in North's "Plutarch" (edit. 1579, p. 249), may be seen by the following extract, which contains the speeches of Coriolanus to Aufidius:—"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me dost not perhappes beleve me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitie bewraye my selfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volscas generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence of all the true and paynefull service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have benein, but this only surname; a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In dede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the envie and crueltye of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driven me to come as a poore suter to take thy chimney hearthe, not out of any hope I have to save my life thereby; for if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to have put my life in hazard, but prickt forward with spite and desire I have to be revenged of them that have thus banished me, whom now I beginne to be avenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou haste any harte to be wrecked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, spede thee now, and let my miserie serve thy turne; and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volscas: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than ever I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who knowe the force of their enemye, then such as have never proved it. And if so be thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any lenger; and it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemye, and whose service now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee."

Steevens copied the above with unusual exactness from the folio, 1579, even to the misprint of "enemies" for *enimities*—"putting my persone betweene thy

*Auf.*

What is thy name ?

[*The Servants retire.*]

*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears<sup>9</sup>.  
And harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.*

Say, what's thy name ?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face  
Bears a command in't : though thy tackle's torn,  
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name ?

*Cor.* Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet ?

[*Throwing off the rest of his disguise.*]

*Auf.* I know thee not.—Thy name ?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,  
Great hurt and mischief ; thereto witness may  
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,  
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood  
Shed for my thankless country, are requited  
But with that surname ; a good memory,  
And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name remains :  
The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;  
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity  
Hath brought me to thy hearth : not out of hope,  
Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if  
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world  
I would have 'voided thee ; but in mere spite,  
To be full quit of those my banishers,  
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast  
A heart of wreak in thee<sup>10</sup>, that will revenge  
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims  
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,  
And make my misery serve thy turn : so use it,  
That my revengeful services may prove

enemies ;" but he corrected "wrecked" to *wreaked* (i. e. revenged), and altered "lenger" improperly to *longer*. Shakespeare's verbal obligations to the whole harangue are manifest.

<sup>9</sup> — to the Volscians' ears.] We would fain read "to Volscian ears."

<sup>10</sup> A heart of WREAK in thee,] i. e. A heart of *revenge* ; from the Sax. *wracan*. It is of perpetual occurrence in writers of the time, both as a verb and a noun, but seems to have gone out of general use prior to the Restoration. Shakespeare uses it again as a substantive in "Titus Andronicus," A. iv. sc. 4, in the plural.

As benefits to thee ; for I will fight  
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be  
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes  
 Thou art tir'd ; then, in a word, I also am  
 Longer to live most weary, and present  
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :  
 Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,  
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,  
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,  
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless  
 It be to do thee service.

*Auf.*

O Marcius, Marcius !

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart  
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
 Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,  
 And say, "'Tis true ;" I'd not believe them more  
 Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body, where against  
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
 And scar'd the moon with splinters' ! Here I clip<sup>1</sup>  
 The anvil of my sword ; and do contest  
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,  
 I lov'd the maid I married : never man  
 Sighed truer breath ; but that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,  
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
 Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out

<sup>1</sup> And SCAR'D the moon with splinters!] The words are printed in the folio, 1623, "And scarr'd the moon with splinters," as if wounding the moon were intended : the corr. fo. 1632 alters *scarr'd* to "scar'd," and so we print it. From a passage in "The Winter's Tale," Vol. iii. p. 60, it would seem that *scarr'd* was the usual mode of spelling "scar'd" in the time of Shakespeare. Mr. Singer quotes Minshew's "Guide into the Tongues" to the same effect, referring to an edition in 1611. There was no such edition : it first came out in 1617 ; so that the date of 1611 is either a misprint, or Mr. Singer had it second-hand from some authority to which he injudiciously trusted, and did not rely upon his own better knowledge.

<sup>2</sup> Here I CLIP] i. e. Here I embrace. See Vol. iii. pp. 106. 194, and this Vol. p. 71. Few words were in more common use.

Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me :  
 We have been down together in my sleep,  
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy **Marcus**,  
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all  
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war  
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear<sup>3</sup>. Oh! come; go in,  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands,  
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,  
 Though not for Rome itself.

*Cor.*

You bless me, gods!

*Auf.* Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have  
 The leading of thine own revenges, take  
 Th' one half of my commission; and set down,—  
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st  
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;  
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,  
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,  
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :  
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall  
 Say "yea," to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,  
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;  
 Yet, **Marcus**, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him  
 with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made  
 a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with  
 his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something  
 in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot  
 tell how to term it.

<sup>3</sup> Like a bold flood o'er-BEAR.] Steevens conjectured that the true reading was probably "Like a bold flood o'er-beat," but he observed that the old copy has "o'er-beat." Such is the case with the folio, 1623, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, while that of the Earl of Ellesmere has "o'er-beare." "O'er-beat" is the reading of the second, third, and fourth folios; but Southern altered the word in his copy of the fourth folio to "o'er-bear," and we apprehend that there can be no doubt about it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six on him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

*Re-enter third Servant.*

3 *Serv.* Oh, slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too<sup>4</sup>.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand

<sup>4</sup> — he might have BROILED and eaten him too.] The old copies have *boiled*; but a carbonado was a piece of meat "scotched" and "notched" for broiling, and Pope was certainly right in supposing *boiled* a misprint.



bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears<sup>1</sup>. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled<sup>2</sup>.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't! he will do't; for, (look you, sir,) he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in dejectitude.

1 *Serv.* Dejectitude! what's that?<sup>3</sup>

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like coney after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking<sup>4</sup>, audible, and full of

<sup>1</sup> — sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears.] "That is, I suppose (says Johnson), drag him down by the ears into the dirt:" *souiller*, Fr. Heywood, in his "Love's Mistress," 1636, has this line:—

"Venus will sowle me by the ears for this."

The word is still employed in Norfolk, Suffolk, Sussex, and Hants; and it is probably derived from *sow*, which in Lancashire signifies a head. See Holloway's "General Provincial Dictionary," 8vo, 1838.

<sup>2</sup> — and leave his passage POLLED.] *i. e.* Bared, taken from *polling*, or *baring* the head.

<sup>3</sup> DEJECTITUDE! what's that?] The servant might well ask what his fellow meant by "dejectitude," but when the word was misprinted *directitude*, as in the folios, it must have been utterly unintelligible: the fact doubtless was, that the word was spelt with *i* instead of *j*, as was common at that date, and the old compositor misread "deiectitude" *directitude*, and so printed it. The blunder is set right in the corr. fo. 1632, and there can be no hesitation in adopting this necessary, and intelligible change. By "dejectitude" the 3 Servant, of course, meant a state of dejection, using a fine word which 1 Servant did not understand, and therefore asked for an explanation.

<sup>4</sup> — it's spritely, WAKING.] In the folios, "waking" is misprinted *walking*.

vent<sup>9</sup>. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

*All.* In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

*Sic.* We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;  
His remedies are tame i' the present peace<sup>1</sup>  
And quietness o' the people, which before  
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends  
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,  
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold  
Dissensious numbers pestering streets, than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
About their functions friendly.

*Enter MENENIUS.*

*Bru.* We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

<sup>9</sup> — and full of VENT.] So the old copies, but the corr. fo. 1632 has *vaunt* for "vent" meaning full of *boast* or matter for boasting. We do not make the change, not because it is not plausible, but because Shakespeare elsewhere ("Twelfth Night," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 704) ridicules the use of "vent" as an affected word, and we may readily suppose that the 1 *Servant* employed it. "Full of vent" means, as Johnson explains it, "full of materials for discourse."

<sup>1</sup> His remedies are tame i' the present peace] There is some defect in this line as it stands in the old copies, in its application to those that follow, and we adopt Theobald's trifling emendation, which makes all clear: the folios read, "His remedies are tame, the present peace." "Tame" is to be taken in the sense of *ineffectual*, and it was perhaps introduced on account of its direct opposition to "wild" two lines lower. The corr. fo. 1632 has "*tamed by the present peace,*" but we prefer the smaller change, with just the same meaning.

*Sic.* 'Tis he, 'tis he. Oh! he is grown most kind  
Of late.—Hail, sir!

*Men.* Hail to you both!

*Sic.* Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,  
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand,  
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

*Men.* All's well; and might have been much better, if  
He could have temporiz'd.

*Sic.* Where is he, hear you?

*Men.* Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife  
Hear nothing from him.

*Enter three or four Citizens.*

*Cit.* The gods preserve you both!

*Sic.* Good-den, our neighbours.

*Bru.* Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees  
Are bound to pray for you both.

*Sic.* Live, and thrive!

*Bru.* Farewell, kind neighbours. We wish'd Coriolanus  
Had lov'd you as we did.

*Cit.* Now the gods keep you!

*Both Tri.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time,  
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,  
Crying confusion.

*Bru.* Caius Marcius was  
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,  
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,  
Self-loving,—

*Sic.* And affecting one sole throne,  
Without assistance.

*Men.* I think not so.

*Sic.* We should by this, to all our lamentation,  
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

*Bru.* The gods have well prevented it; and Rome  
Sits safe and still without him.

*Enter an Ædile.*

*Æd.* Worthy tribunes,  
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,  
Reports, the Volscies with two several powers

Are enter'd in the Roman territories ;  
And with the deepest malice of the war  
Destroy what lies before them.

*Men.*

'Tis Aufidius,

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,  
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;  
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,  
And durst not once peep out.

*Sic.*

Come, what talk you

Of Marcius ?

*Bru.* Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,  
The Volsces dare break with us.

*Men.*

Cannot be !

We have record that very well it can ;  
And three examples of the like have been  
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this ;  
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,  
And beat the messenger who bids beware  
Of what is to be dreaded.

*Sic.*

Tell not me :

I know, this cannot be.

*Bru.*

Not possible.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The nobles in great earnestness are going  
All to the senate house : some news is come in <sup>2</sup>,  
That turns their countenances.

*Sic.*

'Tis this slave.

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !  
Nothing but his report !

*Mess.*

Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded ; and more,  
More fearful, is deliver'd.

*Sic.*

What more fearful ?

*Mess.* It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,  
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,  
And vows revenge as spacious, as between  
The young'st and oldest thing.

<sup>2</sup> — some news is come in,] Steevens tells us that the second folio reads coming for "come in : " all the folios contain the misheard error.

*Sic.* This is most likely !

*Bru.* Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish  
God Marcius home again<sup>3</sup>.

*Sic.* The very trick on't.

*Men.* This is unlikely :  
He and Aufidius can no more atone<sup>4</sup>,  
Than violentest contrariety.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* You are sent for to the senate.  
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,  
Associated with Aufidius, rages  
Upon our territories ; and have already  
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took  
What lay before them.

*Enter COMINIUS.*

*Com.* Oh ! you have made good work.

*Men.* What news ? what news ?

*Com.* You have help to ravish your own daughters, and  
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;  
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

*Men.* What's the news ? what's the news ?

*Com.* Your temples burned in their cement ; and  
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd  
Into an auger's bore.

*Men.* Pray now, your news ?—  
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news ?  
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

*Com.* If !

He is their god : he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better ; and they follow him  
Against us brats, with no less confidence

<sup>3</sup> God Marcius home again.] This is the happy emendation of the corr. fo. 1632, instead of " Good Marcius " of the folios. Brutus refers to the sort of worship paid by " the weaker sort " to Coriolanus : Cominius just afterwards uses the expression, " He's their god ; " and in this play (p. 656) we have already seen the converse blunder, *god* for " good." Precisely in the same spirit Ulysses, in " Troilus and Cressida," A. i. sc. 3 (this Vol. p. 499), speaks of " god Achilles," but it is not there tamely printed "*good* Achilles."

<sup>4</sup> He and Aufidius can no more atone,] i. e. At one or agree, as in previous instances : see Vol. ii. p. 430, and Vol. iii. p. 225.

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Men.* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlic-eaters<sup>1</sup>!

*Com.* He will shake  
Your Rome about your ears.

*Men.* As Hercules  
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work.

*Bru.* But is this true, sir?

*Com.* Ay; and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other. All the regions<sup>2</sup>  
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist  
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?  
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it?  
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people  
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they  
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him, even  
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,  
And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'Tis true.  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face

<sup>1</sup> The breath of GARLIC-eaters!] As Steevens observed, in the time of Juvenal (Sat. iii.) it was a mark of vulgarity to smell of garlic; but when he quoted from Dekker's comedy, "If it be not Good, the Devil is in it," 1612 (not 1512 as misprinted in the Variorum Shakespeare), the passage about "the fortune and garlic," he was not aware that the old dramatist referred to a jig which had been brought out at the Fortune Theatre under the title of Garlic. Taylor, the Water-poet, mentions it by name in his "Cast over the Water" (Works, p. 159):—

"And for his action he eclipseth quite

The Jig of Garlic, or The Punk's delight."

"Greene's *Tu Quoque* and those Garlic Jigs" are mentioned as having been extraordinarily successful in H. Parrot's "*Laquei Ridiculosi*," 1613; and Dekker, in his "*Satiromastix*," 1602, calls Ben Jonson's "strong garlic comedies." See also Robert Taylor's "Hog hath Lost his Pearl," 1614, where Haddit, offering a piece to the player, and wishing to recommend it, says, "Garlic stinks to this," &c. Dodsley's "Old Plays," vi. 337, edit. 1825.

<sup>2</sup> All the regions] "All the *legions*" in the corr. fo. 1632; but we adhere to the old and received text, no change being necessary.

To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair hands;  
You, and your handy-crafts have crafted fair<sup>1</sup>.

*Com.* You have brought  
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
So incapable of help.

*Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

*Men.* How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts  
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,  
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

*Com.* But I fear  
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his officer. Desperation  
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,  
That Rome can make against them.

*Enter a troop of Citizens.*

*Men.* Here come the clusters.—  
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter:  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very  
many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though  
we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against  
our will.

<sup>1</sup> ———— You have made fair hands;

You, and your HANDY-crafts have crafted fair.] Our reading is obtained  
from the corr. fo. 1632, the point of the speech having been much injured by the  
lame way in which it appears in the folio, 1623:

————— "You have made fair hands,

You, and your crafts; you have crafted fair."

Menenius only used the expression "have made fair hands" for the sake of his  
subsequent fling at "handy-crafts."

*Com.* Y' are goodly things, you voices !

*Men.* You have made  
Good work, you and your cry !—Shall's to the Capitol ?

*Com.* Oh ! ay, what else ? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

*Sic.* Go, masters, get you home ; be not dismay'd :  
These are a side, that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,  
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us ! Come, masters, let's  
home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banished  
him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

*Bru.* I do not like this news.

*Sic.* Nor I.

*Bru.* Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth  
Would buy this for a lie !

*Sic.* Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

A Camp ; at a short distance from Rome.

*Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.*

*Auf.* Do they still fly to the Roman ?

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but  
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,  
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now,  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,  
Even to my person, than I thought he would  
When first I did embrace him ; yet his nature  
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*Lieu.* Yet I wish, sir,  
(I mean for your particular) you had not  
Join'd in commission with him ; but either



As the vulgar eye, that doth see things as they are,  
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,  
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon  
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone  
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,  
Whene'er we come to our account.

*Lieu.* Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

*Auf.* All places yield to him ere he sits down;  
And the nobility of Rome are his:  
The senators and patricians love him too.  
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people  
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty  
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,  
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature<sup>1</sup>. First he was  
A noble servant to them, but he could not  
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,  
Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,  
To fail in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace,  
Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war; but one of these  
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,  
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,  
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,  
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues  
Live in the interpretation of the times

And power, in itself most commendable,  
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a cheer  
 To extol what it hath done.  
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;  
 Rights by rights suffer, strengths by strengths do fail.<sup>9</sup>  
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,  
 Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.*

*Men.* No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said,  
 Which was sometime his general<sup>1</sup>; who lov'd him  
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me father,  
 But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,  
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee  
 The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd

<sup>9</sup> Rights by rights *suffer*, strengths by strengths do fail.] Our text of the last six lines is that of the corr. fo. 1632. Every body admits that there is some gross corruption as the whole passage stands in the folio, 1623, where it runs thus:—

————— “ So our virtue  
 Lie in th' interpretation of the time,  
 And power unto it selfe most commendable,  
 Hath not a tombe so evident as a Chaire  
 T' extoll what it hath done.  
 One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;  
 Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.”

The emendations of the old annotator on the fo. 1632 make the meaning of the lines perspicuous, viz. that our virtues live in the estimation of the time, and that power, commendable in itself, evidently becomes buried in the very applause, or cheer, which extols it. The closing couplet only requires “fouler” to be altered to *suffer* (the long *s* having misled the compositor, who took it for *f*), and that too is completely cleared. It is certain that the printer did not comprehend what he was composing, and part of his difficulty might arise out of the blunders of the copyist. In the fourth line “cheer” was misprinted *chair*, the opposite of the corruption in “Macbeth,” A. v. sc. 3, where *cheer* ought to be “chair.”

<sup>1</sup> Which was sometime his general:] i. e. You hear what he hath said, who was formerly general to Coriolanus. The old annotator of the fo. 1632 did not understand the passage when he altered it, “*To one* sometime his general:” “he” refers to Cominius, not to Coriolanus.

To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

*Com.* He would not seem to know me.

*Men.*

Do you hear ?

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by my name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we have bled together. Coriolanus

He would not answer to ; forbad all names :

He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire

Of burning Rome.

*Men.*

Why, so ; you have made good work :

A pair of tribunes, that have wreck'd for Rome,

To make coals cheap, a noble memory<sup>3</sup> !

*Com.* I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon

When it was less expected<sup>3</sup> : he replied,

It was a bare petition of a state

To one whom they had punish'd.

*Men.* Very well : could he say less ?

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard

For his private friends : his answer to me was,

He could not stay to pick them in a pile

Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,

For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,

And still to nose th' offence.

*Men.*

For one poor grain or two ?

I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,

And this brave fellow too ; we are the grains :

You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt

Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

*Sic.* Nay, pray, be patient : if you refuse your aid

In this so never-needed help<sup>4</sup>, yet do not

<sup>3</sup> — a noble memory !] The meaning of this passage seems to have been hitherto mistaken, and therefore always printed,

" A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,

To make coals cheap : A noble memory !"

Menenius intends to say that the tribunes have wrecked a noble memory for Rome by occasioning its expected destruction by fire, and thus, as it were, making coals cheap. In the old copies it is printed *wreck'd*, the ordinary orthography of the time for "wreck'd." There is little or no meaning in the usual text ; for how had the tribunes "*rack'd* a noble memory for Rome," and how had they made coals cheap by it ? The Rev. Mr. Dyce has been confused by the old spelling.

<sup>3</sup> When it was less expected :] The corr. fo. 1632 is probably right where "less" is altered to *least* ; but, nevertheless, we cannot deem it a necessary alteration. M. Mason, in the next line, was for "*base* petition."

<sup>4</sup> In this so never-needed help,] It is strange to see all modern editions, since

Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,  
More than the instant army we can make,  
Might stop our countryman.

*Men.* No; I'll not meddle.

*Sic.* Pray you, go to him.

*Men.* What should I do?

*Bru.* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome towards Marcius.

*Men.* Well; and say that Marcius  
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard, what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot  
With his unkindness? say't be so?

*Sic.* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure  
As you intended well.

*Men.* I'll undertake it:  
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.  
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore, I'll watch him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Men.* Good faith, I'll prove him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge<sup>5</sup>  
Of my success.

[*Exit.*

*Com.* He'll never hear him.

*Sic.* Not?

Capell's time, print "never-headed" for "never-needed," when the sense so clearly requires the latter, and it is in every old copy. Mr. Singer, following our text, seems to be the first exception.

<sup>5</sup> I shall ere long have knowledge] Meaning, perhaps, he will not keep me long in suspense; but the corr. fo. 1632 reads, "You shall ere long have knowledge of my success:" here again, perhaps, we have the actor's mode of delivering the words, when the old annotator saw the tragedy.

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold<sup>6</sup>, his eye  
 Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury  
 The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;  
 'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me  
 Thus, with his speechless hand; what he would do,  
 He sent in writing after me; what he would not,  
 Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions<sup>7</sup>:  
 So that all hope is vain,  
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife<sup>8</sup>;  
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him  
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,  
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

The Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guards at their  
 Stations.

*To them enter MENENIUS.*

1 *G.* Stay! Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

*Men.* You guard like men: 'tis well; but, by your leave,  
 I am an officer of state, and come  
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

*Men.* From Rome.

<sup>6</sup> I tell you, he does sit in gold,] *i. e.* says Johnson, "enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour." Steevens, quoting a line from Pope's *Homer* (*Iliad*, 8. 442),

"The eternal Thunderer sat thron'd in gold," observes that Pope was, perhaps, indebted to Shakespeare: why so, when Homer gave him the exact words, as may be seen by reference to the original? Yet we have since had the note of Steevens repeatedly copied, when, if any thing be proved by it, it is that Shakespeare was indebted to Homer, and not Pope to Shakespeare: Chapman has it,

"The far-seer us'd his throne of gold," &c.

We quote from the undated folio, containing the first Twelve Books, p. 129.

<sup>7</sup> Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:] The meaning appears to be, that Coriolanus bound himself by an oath that Rome should yield to his conditions. Various changes of the text have been proposed from time to time, but none seems absolutely necessary.

<sup>8</sup> UNLESS his noble mother, and his wife:] *i. e.* Except that hope be his noble mother, and his wife.

1 *G.* You may not pass; you must return: our general  
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before  
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

*Men.* Good my friends,  
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,  
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks<sup>9</sup>,  
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name  
Is not here passable.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
Thy general is my lover<sup>1</sup>: I have been  
The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;  
For I have ever magnified my friends<sup>2</sup>,  
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,  
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise  
Have almost stamp'd the leasing<sup>3</sup>. Therefore, fellow,  
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf,  
as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass  
here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely.  
Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,  
always factiionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you  
have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you  
cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

<sup>9</sup> — it is lots to blanks,] In other words, "the chance is every thing to nothing," or, perhaps, prizes to blanks.

<sup>1</sup> Thy general is my lover:] The word "lover" formerly meant any person who had a strong regard for another, and such of course is its sense here. In "The Merchant of Venice," Vol. ii. p. 317, Portia says of Antonio, that he is "the bosom lover of my lord," meaning, of course, the bosom friend. It would be easy to multiply instances, but they are needless. Coriolanus afterwards says, p. 706, that Menenius was his *below'd*.

<sup>2</sup> For I have ever magnified my friends,] "*Verified* my friends" in the old copies, but it clearly ought to be "magnified my friends" from what follows: Menenius had magnified their merits as far as truth would permit. "Magnified" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and seems indisputable.

<sup>3</sup> Have almost stamp'd the leasing.] "*Leasing*" is *lying*. Menenius means, that he has almost given the stamp of truth to what was false. The reference just before is to a bowling ground, purposely made uneven.

*Men.* Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am, as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the queasy groans of old women<sup>4</sup>, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon,

*Men.* Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

*Men.* I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood,—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

*Men.* Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

*Cor.* What's the matter?

*Men.* Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering: behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! Oh, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move

<sup>4</sup> — with the QUEASY groans of old women,] It is "easy groans" in the folios, but "queasy groans," from the corr. fo. 1632, can hardly fail to be right. So, two lines lower, we have, on the same authority, substituted "dotard" for *dotant*, a mere misprint which some would perpetuate.

thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

*Cor.* Away?

*Men.* How! away?

*Cor.* Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs are servanted to others: though I owe my revenge properly, my remission lies in Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone: Mine ears against your suits are stronger than your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a paper.*] And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—  
*Auf.* You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent<sup>1</sup> for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon<sup>2</sup>?

*Men.* I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Do you hear how we are SHENT] "Shent" is *reproved, rebuked*. See Vol. ii. p. 709. The reference there made to "*Troilus and Cressida*," Vol. iv. p. 519, is an error, the poet's word having probably been "*sent*," and not *shent*.

<sup>2</sup> — I have to swoon?] It is printed *swoond* in the folios, but *swoond* seems to have been the vulgar pronunciation: see "*Romeo and Juliet*," A. iii. sc. 2.



## SCENE III.

## The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.*

*Cor.* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow  
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly  
I have borne this business.

*Auf.* Only their ends  
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome; never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*Cor.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Loved me above the measure of a father;  
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have  
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd  
The first conditions, which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only  
That thought he could do more. A very little  
I have yielded, too: fresh embassies, and suits,  
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter  
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*]  
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young  
MARCUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then, the honour'd mould  
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand  
The grand-child to her blood. But out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature break!  
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—  
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,

As if Olympus to a molehill should  
 In supplication nod; and my young boy  
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
 Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volsces  
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never  
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,  
 As if a man were author of himself,  
 And knew no other kin.

*Vir.* My lord and husband!

*Cor.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Vir.* The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,  
 Makes you think so.

*Cor.* Like a dull actor, now,  
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say  
 For that, "Forgive our Romans."—Oh! a kiss,  
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!—  
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate',  
 And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*  
 Of thy deep duty more impression show  
 Than that of common sons.

*Vol.* Oh, stand up bless'd!  
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,  
 I kneel before thee, and improperly  
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while'  
 Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

*Cor.* What is this?  
 Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
 Then, let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
 Fillip the stars; then, let the mutinous winds  
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,  
 Murdering impossibility, to make  
 What cannot be, slight work.

*Vol.* Thou art my warrior;

' I PRATE.] The old copies, "I pray." The alteration was by Theobald.  
 "Prate" occurs afterwards (p. 711) in just the same sense.

' — AS MISTAKEN all this while] In the corr. fo. 1632 the active participle  
*mistaking* is put for the passive participle "mistaken," but there is no need of  
 change: "mistaken" is having mistaken. See also p. 663.

I help to frame thee<sup>9</sup>. Do you know this lady ?

*Cor.* The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,  
That's curd<sup>10</sup> by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple : dear Valeria !

*Vol.* This is a poor epitome of your's,  
Which, by the interpretation of full time,  
May show like all yourself.

*Cor.* The god of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou mayst prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw<sup>11</sup>,  
And saving those that eye thee !

*Vol.* Your knee, sirrah.

*Cor.* That's my brave boy !

*Vol.* Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you.

*Cor.* I beseech you, peace ;  
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before :  
The things I have forsworn to grant may never  
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics : tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges with  
Your colder reasons.

*Vol.* Oh ! no more, no more !  
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already : yet we will ask ;  
That, if you fail in our request<sup>12</sup>, the blame  
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us.

*Cor.* Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

*Vol.* Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,

<sup>9</sup> I HELP to frame thee.] *i. e.* *Help'd*: old copy, *hope*. Corrected by Pope.

<sup>10</sup> That's CURD<sup>d</sup> by the frost] *Curdied* in the old copies ; possibly, for *curdled*.

<sup>11</sup> — standing every FLAW,] *i. e.* Every violent gust of wind : the word is frequent in Shakespeare. See this Vol. p. 55.

<sup>12</sup> That, if you fail in our request,] So the folios, meaning, if you fail us in our request, by refusing to grant it. We presume that the old annotator on the fo. 1632 had heard the passage on the stage as he puts it, "That if we fail in our request," which is certainly more popularly intelligible.

And state of bodies, would bewray what life  
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,  
 How more unfortunate than all living women  
 Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should  
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,  
 Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;  
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
 His country's bowels out; and so poor we,  
 Thine enemies most capital<sup>1</sup>: thou barr'st us  
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
 That all but we enjoy; for how can we,  
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,  
 Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,  
 Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose  
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,  
 Our comfort in the country. We must find  
 An evident calamity, though we had  
 Our wish, which side should win; for either thou  
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
 With manacles through our streets, or else  
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,  
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
 These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee  
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
 March to assault thy country, than to tread  
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
 That brought thee to this world<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> ————— And so poor we,

Thine ENEMIES most capital:] There is a strange solecism in grammar (even for an age when the rules were neither firmly fixed, nor strictly observed) in this passage as given in all the early editions, viz.

————— "And to poor we,  
 Thine enmity's most capital,"

meaning, and to poor *us* thine enmity is most capital. We may be confident that Shakespeare did not so write what has been imputed to him; and two very small emendations, which we meet with in the corr. fo. 1632, may be accepted as rendering the extract grammatical and perspicuous: altering *to* to "*so*," and *enmities* (as it is printed in the folio, 1623) to "*enemies*," nothing more can be desired, for it makes Volumnia say, in effect, "and so poor we are thy most capital enemies." In note 8, p. 685, we have seen "*enmities*" misprinted *enemies*.

<sup>2</sup> That brought thee to this world.] A brief quotation will serve to show farther

*Vir.* Ay, and mine  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.

*Boy.* He shall not tread on me:  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

*Cor.* Not of a woman's tenderness to be  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

*Vol.* Nay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so, that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy  
The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemn us,  
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit  
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscies  
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,  
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side  
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd  
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,  
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,  
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,  
Whose chronicle thus writ, "The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,  
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains  
To the ensuing age abhorr'd."—Speak to me, son!  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur<sup>3</sup> with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;

how closely Shakespeare applied to his purpose the very words he found in Sir T. North's Plutarch:—"For my selfe (my sonne) I am determin'd not to tarie till fortune in my life time doe make an ende of this warre: for if I cannot perswade thee rather to doe good unto both parties than to overthrow and destroye the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamities of warres, thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foote shall treade upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into this world." Edit. 1579, p. 257.

<sup>3</sup> And yet to CHARGE thy sulphur] The old copy has *change*. The correction was made by Warburton. In Vol. ii. pp. 368. 485, the opposite error is pointed out, *charge* having been misprinted for "*change*."

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy :  
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more  
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world  
 More bound to's mother ; yet here he lets me prate  
 Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life  
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;  
 When she, (poor hen ! ) fond of no second brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,  
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,  
 And spurn me back ; but, if it be not so,  
 Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,  
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which  
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :  
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.  
 To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride, [ *They kneel.*  
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;  
 This is the last ;—so we will home to Rome,  
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :  
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,  
 Does reason our petition with more strength  
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go. [ *They rise.*  
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;  
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child  
 Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch :  
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
 And then I'll speak a little.

[*He holds VOLUMNIA by the hand, silent* <sup>4</sup>.

*Cor.*

O mother, mother !

What have you done ?—Behold ! the heavens do ope,  
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at.—Oh, my mother ! mother ! oh !  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome ;  
 But, for your son,—believe it, oh ! believe it,—  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard

<sup>4</sup> He holds Volumnia by the hand, silent.] Such is the stage-direction in the folio, 1623, to which the old annotator on the folio, 1632, adds these expressive words, "long and self-struggling," to denote more clearly the deportment of the actor of the part of Coriolanus.

A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

*Auf.* I was mov'd withal.

*Cor.*

I dare be sworn, you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing to make

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,

What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

*Auf.* [*Aside.*] I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work

Myself a former fortune<sup>1</sup>.

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

*Cor.*

Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear

A better witness back than words, which we

On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us.—Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you<sup>2</sup>: all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

*Men.* See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

<sup>1</sup> Myself a FORMER fortune.] For "former," which is the word in all the old impressions, the corr. fo. 1632 has *firmer*; but Aufidius may mean, as Johnson says, that he will thus restore himself to his former credit and power: we therefore make no change. See also p. 717, "And I'll renew me in his fall."

<sup>2</sup> ——— Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you:] It was built accordingly: "whereupon the Senate ordained that the magistrates, to gratifie and honour these ladyes, should graunte them all that they would require. And they only requested that they would build a temple to Fortune of the women, for the building whereof they offered themselves to defraye the whole charge of the sacrifices, and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the goddess" (i. e. goddess). North's Plutarch, edit. 1579, p. 258.

*Sic.* Why, what o' that?

*Men.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him: but I say, there is no hope in't. Our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

*Sic.* Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

*Men.* There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

*Sic.* He loved his mother dearly.

*Men.* So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding: he wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*Sic.* Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

*Sic.* The gods be good unto us!

*Men.* No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house. The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Sic.*

What's the news?

*Mess.* Good news, good news!—The ladies have prevail'd, The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.



A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*Sic.* Friend,  
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Mess.* As certain, as I know the sun is fire:  
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide',  
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten,  
all together. Shouting also within.*]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,  
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,  
Make the sun dance.—Hark you! [*Shouting again.*]

*Men.* This is good news.

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia  
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,  
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,  
A sea and land-full. You have pray'd well to-day:  
This morning for ten thousand of your throats  
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!  
[*Shouting and music.*]

*Sic.* First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,  
Accept my thankfulness.

*Mess.* Sir, we have all  
Great cause to give great thanks.

*Sic.* They are near the city.

*Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

*Sic.* We will meet them,  
And help the joy. [*Going.*]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and  
People. They pass over the stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!  
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,  
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them.

' Ne'er through an arch so hurried the BLOWN tide,] Malone quoted the following parallel passage from our poet's "Lucrece:"—

"As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste."

The epithet "blown," as applied to "tide" in our text, gives the passage, and the water, additional impulse. Malone was decidedly wrong when he construed "blown" *swelled*: it refers to the power of the wind, united with the strength of the tide in the arch.

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;  
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:  
 Cry,—Welcome, ladies! welcome!

*All.*

Welcome, ladies!

Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

Corioli. A Public Place\*.

*Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.*

*Auf.* Go tell the lords of the city, I am here.  
 Deliver them this paper: having read it,  
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,  
 Even in theirs' and in the commons' ears,  
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,  
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and  
 Intends t' appear before the people, hoping  
 To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' faction.*

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.*

Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
 And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.*

Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent, wherein  
 You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you  
 Of your great danger.

*Auf.*

Sir, I cannot tell:

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst  
 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either  
 Makes the survivor heir of all.

*Auf.*

I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits  
 A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd  
 Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,

\* CORIOLI. A Public Place.] Mr. Singer is, we think, quite right in changing the scene from Antium to Corioli: we adopt his emendation willingly.

He water'd his new plants with dew's of flattery,  
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,  
He bow'd his nature, never known before  
But to be rough, unswayable, and free'.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,  
When he did stand for consul, which he lost  
By lack of stooping,—

*Auf.* That I would have spoke of.  
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;  
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;  
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way  
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose  
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,  
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments  
In mine own person; help to reap the fame  
Which he did ear all his<sup>9</sup>; and took some pride  
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,  
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and  
He waged me with his countenance<sup>1</sup>, as if  
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord;  
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,  
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd

<sup>9</sup> But to be rough, unswayable, and FREE.] We give this line as in the folio, 1623, but the corr. fo. 1632 has *fierce* for "free." The change has considerable apparent fitness, but still, as the older word is not objectionable, we do not feel entitled to make the substitution.

<sup>10</sup> ————— help to reap the fame

Which he did ~~EAR~~ all his;] Aufidius complains that he had helped to reap the fame of Coriolanus, who had ploughed the ground for it with the express intention that it should all be his own. To "ear" is often used by Shakespeare thus metaphorically: literally it means to cultivate the soil by ploughing it; but the word in the folios is *end* instead of "ear," which last we obtain from the corr. fo. 1632. Mr. Singer also had it from the same source (without acknowledgment), but he makes "reap" and "ear" change places. We are not satisfied that Shakespeare's word was not *in* instead of *end*: to *in* a harvest is to get it in; and in "All's Well that Ends Well," A. i. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 543, our poet uses both "ear" and *in* technically:—"He that *ears* my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to *in* the crop." So, we might amend the passage before us thus:—

—————"help to reap the fame,

Which he did *in* all his:"]

that is to say, "I helped to reap the crop, which he harvested as entirely his own." Owing, perhaps, to not having understood this term, the Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his edition of "Wit at several Weapons," A. v. sc. 1 (Beaumont and Fletcher, iv. 74), seems to have left a passage altogether unexplained.

<sup>1</sup> He ~~WAGED~~ me with his countenance,] i. e. He paid me, or remunerated me with his countenance. To "wage," in this sense, was not in unfrequent use.

For no less spoil, than glory,—

*Auf.* There was it ;  
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour  
Of our great action : therefore shall he die,  
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.]*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear  
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*Auf.* Say no more.  
Here come the lords.

*Enter the Lords of the City.*

*Lords.* You are most welcome home.

*Auf.* I have not deserv'd it.  
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you ?

*Lords.* We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.  
What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines ; but there to end,  
Where he was to begin, and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge, making a treaty where  
There was a yielding ; this admits no excuse.

*Auf.* He approaches : you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours ; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

*Cor.* Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;

No more infected with my country's love,  
 Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
 Under your great command. You are to know,  
 That prosperously I have attempted, and  
 With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
 The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,  
 Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
 The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
 With no less honour to the Antiates,  
 Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,  
 Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
 Together with the seal o' the senate, what  
 We have compounded on.

*Auf.* Read it not, noble lords;  
 But tell the traitor in the highest degree  
 He hath abus'd your powers.

*Cor.* Traitor!—How now!—

*Auf.* Ay, traitor, Marcius.

*Cor.* Marcius!

*Auf.* Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think  
 I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,  
 Coriolanus, in Corioli'?—  
 You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
 He has betray'd your business, and given up  
 For certain drops of salt your city, Rome,  
 I say your city, to his wife and mother;  
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
 Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears  
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,  
 That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
 Look'd wondering each at other.

*Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?

*Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

*Cor.* Ha!

*Auf.* No more<sup>3</sup>.

*Cor.* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
 Too great for what contains it. Boy! Oh slave!—  
 Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever

<sup>3</sup> Coriolanus, in Corioli? This passage shows that the scene was not Antium.

<sup>3</sup> No more.] According to Monck Mason, Aufidius does not mean by these words to put a stop to the altercation, but to say that Coriolanus was "no more" than "a boy of tears." There can be no doubt about it.

I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,  
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion  
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that  
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.*

Peace both, and hear me speak.

*Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there  
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli':  
Alone I did it.—Boy!

*Auf.*

Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*All Con.* Let him die for't.

*All People*'. Tear him to pieces; do it presently. He killed  
my son;—my daughter:—he killed my cousin Marcus:—he  
killed my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!

The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us  
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace.

*Cor.*

Oh! that I had him,

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,  
To use my lawful sword!

*Auf.*

Insolent villain!

*All Con.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIO-  
LANUS, who falls: AUFIDIUS stands on him.

<sup>4</sup> FLUTTER'D your VOLSCES in Corioli:] In the two earliest folios "flutter'd" is misprinted *fatter'd*, but amended to "flutter'd" in the corr. fo. 1632, as well as in the folio, 1664. "Volsces" is here also *Volscians* in the folios, but it is "Volsces" elsewhere, even in the first line of the speech before us. We have therefore no hesitation in printing "Flutter'd your Volsces." "Corioli" was made *Corioles* in the folio, 1623, and *Coriolus* in the folio, 1664.

<sup>5</sup> All People.] This is the prefix in the old copies, and it is not only unnecessary, but less forcible, to change it to "*Cit. speaking promiscuously*," as it stands in modern editions. In the same way, *All Con.*, in the preceding line, means all the conspirators, and not "several speaking at once," as Malone and others give it. The different fragments of the speech attributed to "All People" in the corr. fo. 1632 are assigned to four speakers, denoted by the figures 1, 2, 3, 4; but there might be many others on the stage who partook in the accusation.

*Lords.* Hold, hold, hold, hold !

*Auf.* My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus !—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet.—

Put up your swords.

*Auf.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,  
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded,  
As the most noble corse that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience  
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  
Let's make the best of it.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,  
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—  
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—  
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully ;  
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

*Assist.* [*Exeunt bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.*  
*A dead march sounded*<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> A dead march sounded.] So the old stage-direction is worded ; but the early annotator on the fo. 1632, adds, what probably was intended as an instruction to the person we now call stage-manager, in these words, " while they pass round the stage ;" meaning that the dead march was to be sounded, while the actors, bearing the dead body of the hero, passed round the stage in procession.













